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Solem sic reddit debilis umbra suum:
At si nativâ fulgentem luce videbis,
Exhibet en propriâ picta Tabella manu.

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Cha. Unwin

SIX NEW PLAYES,

Viz.

The { BROTHERS. / SISTERS. / DOUBTFULL HEIR. / IMPOSTURE. / CARDINALL. / COURT SECRET.

The Five first were acted at the Private House in *BLACK FRYERS* with great Applause.

The last was never Acted.

All Written by JAMES SHIRLEY

Never printed before.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Armes in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1653.

THE BROTHERS, A COMEDIE,

AS

It was Acted at the private House

IN

BLACK FRYERS.

WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince Armes in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

1652.

To his truly Noble Friend THO: STANLEY Esq;

SIR,

THe Memory and Contemplation of good Offices received, which, by their own nature, and impulsion, have inclined other men to bee active in their returnes, have not wrought me into so much boldness; For when I considered my obligation to your favors I was still deterred by their greatness and number; For in my poverty I had thoughts not without Ambition to reach them with some merit, but when I was studying to proportion my gratitude, I fell much lower than when I was the object of your mercy. The way to releeve my self, is no more to look at what you have confer'd, but on

the beſtower, for I have now learn'd to ſepa-rate you from your benefits, and to convey my ſelf into your pardon, by the exerciſe of your Charity. Thus in place of cancelling my former debts, I put your vertue to a new diſburſ-ment: Witneſs this Compoſition, which after its birth, had in my thoughts a dedication to your name, although it but now took the bold-neſs to wear it in the forehean both as an Or-nament and preſerver. You were pleas'd to grace it with your fair opinion, when it was re-preſented, and though it appear not in that naturall Dreſs of the Scene, nor ſo powerfull, as when it had the ſoul of action, yet your ſmile upon it now will give it ſecond animati-on; by which I ſhall derive after ſo long a ſi-lence, a Confirmation of my happineſs, in be-ing ſtill received

Sir

Your moſt humble

Servant

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The Prologue.

TRoth Gentlemen, I know not what to ſay
Now I am here, but you ſhall have a play;
I hope there are none met but freinds if you
Be pleas'd to hear me firſt, I'le tell you true,
I doe not like the Prologue, 'tis not ſmart,
Not aery, then the play is not worth a——
What witty Prologues have we heard? how keen
Upon the tyme, how tickling o'the ſpleen?
But that wits gone, and wee in theſe ſad dayes
In corſe dull fleam, muſt preface to our playes,
I'le ſhew you what our Author meant ſhould be
His Prologue, —— Gentlemen, he ſhall pardon me
I dare not ſpeak a line, not that you need
To fear a ſatire in't, or wit in deed.
He would have you beleeve no language good,
And artfull, but what's cleerly underſtood,
And then he robs you of much mirth, that lyes
I'th' wonder, why you laugh at Comedies.
He ſaies the tymes are dangerous, who knowes
What treaſon may be wrapt in giant proſe,
Or ſwelling verſe, at leaſt to ſenſe? nay then
Have at you Mr. Poet, Gentlemen,
Though he pretend fair, I diſſemble not,
Y'are all betray'd here to a Spaniſh plot
But doe not you ſeem fearfull; as you were
Shooting the bridge, let no man ſhift, or ſtir,
I'le fetch you of, and two houres hence you may
(If not before) laugh at the plot, and play.

The Persons.

Don Carlos.
Luys his Son.
Don Ramires.
Fernando } Sonnes to Ramyres.
Francisco }
Don Pedro a Noble man.
Alberto, a Gentleman, lover of Jacinta.
Thodoro, brother to Don Carlos.
Jacinta daughter to Don Carlos.
Alsimira, a Noble Widdow.
Felisarda, Teodoros Daughter

Physicians.
Notary.
Confessor.
Servants.

Scene Madrid.

THE BROTHERS.

ACT I.

Enter Franciſco, Jacinta, Feliſarda.

Franciſco.

I Take my leave *Jacinta*, and cannot wiſh you
More happineſs than you poſſeſs.
Jacin. You muſt
Diſſemble, or it is within your wiſhes
To make your ſelf, *Franciſco*, mine; which would be
A fair addition to me, in my faith
Of that moſt noble love you have profeſt.
Fran. When you but dare to own me, I am paſt
The fear of any deſtiny that can
Enter Don Carlos and Servant
Divide us---but your Father. Your own virtue
Be ſtill your guard. I do not like this watch
Upon our meeting, pretty *Feliſarda*. *Exit*
Car. Tel Signior *Franciſco* I would ſpeak with him.
I do not like his frequent viſites: though
His birth and generous parts deſerve to march
With men of honorable name, I am
Without ambition to ſacrifiſe
My daughter to his penſion for life.
Enter Franciſco
Fran. Your pleaſure ſir?
Car. Hath hitherto *Franciſco*
Been to affect you in the liſt of thoſe

I held my freinds.
Fra. I hope no forfeit made
By me, hath loſt that good opinion
You plac'd upon me.
Car. I cannot tell
How you may be tranſported with deſires
Above my thoughts t' allow, I would not have
My ſilence, and the free acceſs y' have had
To my houſe, (which ſtill is open to wiſe gueſts,)
Betray me, or my Daughter to the mirth
And talk of men i'th' *Plaſſa*, My eſtate
Doth walk upon ſound Feet, and though I make
No exception to your blood, or perſon, ſir,
The portion I have fixt upon *Jacinta*,
Beſide the wealth her liberall Aunt bequeath'd her,
Is more than your thin Younger brother's fortune
Should lay a ſiege, or hope to. I am plain.
Fr. And ſomething paſſionate (if I underſtand you)
Without a cauſe. I am a gentleman,
With as much ſenſe of honor, as the proudeſt
Don that doth ride on's foot cloth, and can drop
Gold to the numerous minutes of his age
And let me not be loſt for want of that,
Deſerves not to be nam'd to fill the ballance
Againſt true honour--- let me tell you ſir,
Virtue and blood are weigh'd againſt themſelves,
You cannot know the price of theſe, when either
Scale is not poiz'd with things of the ſame nature.
Car. Y'are very right, and therefore I do weigh
My Daughters wealth againſt your fortunes ſir,
I take it they are things in the ſame ſpecie,
And find it eaſie to diſtinguiſh, yours
Can hold ſmall competition, and by
A conſequence that Fathers uſe t' infer re,
As little hope to equall in affections.
Sir I muſt tell you I eſteem *Jacinta*

Fit

Fit every way to meet your Elder Brother,
Whose Birth will intrest him so much in that
Full fortune which your Father now is Lord of,
Your expectations may prompt you look
Without much curiositie for a *Bride*,
Fran. I shall believe thy soul is made of Atomes,
That placeth so much happiness in Dust. *aside*
Sir, I can quit your Jealousie, my thoughts
Levell beneath your Daughter, and shall be
Happie if you consent I may devote
My applications to *Felisarda*, your Neece.
Car. Is it my Neece? I ask your pardon.
Nay then be welcome, and t'encourage you,
Although her Father a poor Gentleman
My brother, by the malice of the sea
And winds, have lost what might have rank'd him even
With some that ride upon their reverend mules,
I'l find a portion for her, if you strike
Affectionate heartes, and joy to call you Nephew.
Pray be not angry, that I take a care
To place my own, where I may see it answerd
With State, as well as Family.
Fran. You shew
A provident Father. I shall not then
B' indanger'd to your scruple, if I address
My services to her, whose humble fortune,
In the relation to your blood, and nobleness,
Is wealth enough to me? *Car.* I wish it prosper.
Fra. You have much honor'd me. *Exit,*
Car. That scruple's vanish'd.
These are considerings, with which Parents must
Timely prevent the folly, and the fall
Of Children, apt to lose themselves in shadowes
And gaudy apparitions.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Son

Is come from *Salamanca* Sir.
Car. I hope
Philosophy hath by this time tam'd his wildness,
I have been carefull not to feed his riots.
Hee's welcome; my next studie is to choose
A wife for him,
Servant, With him a Gentleman.
That seems of noble quality.
Enter Luys and Alberto.
Luys. Your blessing,
Next which 'twvil be a happiness, if you
Embrace this noble Gentleman *Don, Alberto,*
To whose affection I have been engag'd.
Alber. Our studies grew together, and onr loves.
Car. You do an honour to us.
Lu. If he thrive
Upon his fair intents sir to my Sister,
Whose character he ha's took delight to hear
From me sometimes, it will enlarge our honor.
Car. He has improved in language— his estate?
Lu. Six thousand ducats sir *per Annum* clear
In his possession, beside
The legacie of a Granam when she dyes
That ha's outliv'd 6. cats within their family.
Car. This tasts again of the old humor, hee's
Not setled yet.
Lu. Your pardon sir, I cannot
With any patience think of an old woman,
They are agues to my nature, she that lives
To threescore is a witch, and fit for fuell
By the Civill law. I hope my mother's well.
Sir I beseech you, be not you mistaken,
I am not what I was, I 'm strangely alter'd
From the wild garbe, and can discourse most gravely
Of any thing but old and toothless women.
Do not you think it fit, she should be burn'd sir,

That lives within an Hoſpitall till the roof
Conſume to duſt, and no more left for covering
Than is kept up in one continued Cobweb,
Through which the birds may ſee her when ſhe creeps
Under a ſpiders canopie; what think you?
Speak your own conſcience.
Car. A young wife will cure
This angry heat of blood. You are moſt welcome,
Command my houſe, and if you can affect
My Daughter, for whoſe love (as my Son here
Prepares me) you took this paines, I ſhall
Make equall propoſitions. I knew
Your Father well, *Don Roderigo*, who
Gave up his life with honor 'gainſt the *Moores*.
Once more y' are welcome: Son *Luys* ſhew
The way to your Siſter, and bid her entertain
Your friend with all the love her modeſty,
And my commands may prompt her to.
Alber. You much oblige my ſervices.
Lu. Remember *Don*
Conditions, if my Siſter and you join
Your coppiholds, I have a life muſt be
Maintain'd till the old man dye, hang his penſion,
Two'not keep me in ſalads. I'le conduct you.
Exe. Alb. & Luys.
Car. I like his perſon well, and his calm geſture
Speakes for his other compoſition.
The eſtate is competent, my Daughter is
Obedient, which rich Parents call a bleſſing,
Whoſe wiſdom is to advance their name, and fortunes.
Enter Don Ramyres
My Son is all my ſtudie now.
My noble *Don Ramyres*, you look cheerfull.
Ramy. 'Tis a good *omen*, I ha' buiſneſs w'ee
Such as cannot deſpair your entertaiment;
You have a Daughter.
Car. I would you had one;

ſhould be willing to tranſlate a Son,
d by his mariage be moſt proud to call
ur Daughter mine.
amy. You are next a Prophet, Signior,
nd but the Sexes differ, ſpeak my thoughts;
is harmony on both ſides; to be ſhort
r let our gravities not waſte time, and breath
our affaires, give the Young leave to court
d ſpin out dayes in amorous circumſtance;
Son *Fernando*, I need not call him Heir,
birth concludes it, I would commend
ir *Jacinta*: 't can be no diſhonour
ur Family to mix with mine.
'Tis an addition
d a luſter rather to our blood. (confirm'd
y. Tis my affection to you Daughter, which
rvation of her virtue, makes
ith this tye between 'em; I may ſafely
t you will aſſure a portion that
Fortunes will deſerve, who muſt enjoy
t I poſſeſs, unleſs you diſaffect
perſon, or decline his education,
ich hath not ſpar'd my coffers to advance him
he beſt form of Gentleman.
Cor. I want
bilities of tongue to anſwer this
our freedome, and the bounty of your nature,
Towards my Daughter, and ſo far am from
Exception to *Fernando*, there's no *Cavalliero*
In *Spain* I wiſh to thrive ſo well in her opinion.
Ramy. Twill be his encouragement,
If he entrench upon no'others intereſt,
I mean not to except, how well he can
Deſerve her nobly from a Rivall, if
Her heart be not contracted, this were to
Engage 'em both to loſs of Peace, and Honor,

Per-

Perhaps betray a Life.
Car. You argue nobly,
She is yet Mistris of her thoughts, and free,
While her Obedience doth keep in trust
Her heart; till I direct it, which shall be
To love, and choose your Son to live within it.
Have I said home?
Ramy. You have. When they have met
We may conclude the Doury, and confirm
Our mutuall assurances, till then farewel. *Exit.*
Car. I like this well; *Ramyres* has
A fortune for a Grande. *Don Alberto*
Must now excuse me, if my vote preferre
Fernando, whom my Daughter must accept
Or forfeit me. The new guest is not warm
In his access, and sha'not feel with what
Soft art, and subtle wayes, I steer her passion;
Yet were *Alberto*'s state ten *Maravides*
Above *Ramyre*'s, I should place him first.
Fame is an empty noise, Virtue a word
There's not a Jew will lend two Ducates on.
He is return'd, I must prepare *Jacinta*. *Exit.*

Enter Ramyres and Fernando.

Fer. I hope my past life hath not sir so ill
Deserv'd, you should be jealous of my duty
When you command, although in things of this
High nature, man being nothing more concern'd,
Next the divine considerations,
Than in the choyce of her that must divide
The joyes and sufferings of his life, a Son
May modestly insist upon the privilege
That Love by his great charter hath confer'd
On every heart, not to be forc'd, yet I
Freely resign my will, and what men call
Affection, to that object you present me.
Ramyr. Apply your self then to *Don Carlo*'s daughter

Shee's young, fair, rich, and virtuous, and I 've had
Full treatie with her Father, who expects
Your visit.

Fer. Young, fair, rich, and virtuous,
Four excellencies seldom met in one;
She cannot sure want servants, that commands
Under so many titles. I could wish,
(So much I have ambition to be thought
Obedient sir,) she were but one of those.

Ramy. She is all, and one.

Fer. My duty were not less
If I forgave my self a happiness
To perfect your comands; sir, I am ready,
To try my fortune.

Ramy. There is no fear of thy repulse, and when
Thou dost confirm her gain'd to thy affection,
My greatest act, and care of life is over.
Go on and prosper. *Exit*

Fer. He is passionate,
And like the fury of the winds, more loud
By opposition; such a providence
May be mine one day when I am a Father,
And he for whose advance my cares are meant,
Like me, may with a fair and formall shew
Disguise his thoughts too, yet I am to blame,
For my affection to a dream, a thing
With which my eyes only converst, to hazard
A Fathers love, and the rich peace it brings;

Enter Franciſco.

I'l uncreate the face I dote upon
And be my self, or --- what? my brother?
Now *Franciſco*, you met my father?

Fran. Yes, and he
Lookes as some newes had much exalted him.
You are not so merry in the face, what Is't?

Ferd. Nothing.

Fran. You

Fran. You held no controverſies with him? *Ferd.* no.
Fran. I cannot gueſs he was angry by his ſmiles;
How did you part? *Ferd.* exceding kindly.
Fran. What changes your complexion?
Ferd. Th'art deceived.
Pre'the' how do men look that are in love?
Fran. Why? as they did before; what alteration
Have you obſerv'd in me?
Ferd. You have then a Miſtris,
And thrive upon her favours; but thou art
My brother, I'l deliver thee a ſecret,
I was at St. *Sebaſtians* laſt Sunday
At Veſpers.
Fran. Is it a ſecret that you went to church?
You need not bluſh to tell your ghoſtly Father.
Ferd. I pre'thee leave thy impertinence; there I ſaw
So ſweet a face, ſo harmleſs, ſo intent
Upon her prayers, it froſted my devotion
To gaze on her, till by degrees I took
Her fair Idea through my covetous eye,
Into my heart, and know not how to eaſe
It ſince of the impreſſion. *Fran.* So, proceed.
Fer. Her eye did ſeem to labour with a tear,
Which ſuddenly took birth, but overweigh'd
With it's own ſwelling, drop'd upon her boſome,
Which by reflexion of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her ſorrrw for an ornament;
After her looks grew chearfull, and I ſaw
A ſmile ſhoot gracefull upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'r grief,
And with it many beames twiſted themſelves,
Upon whoſe golden threads the Angells walk
To and again from heaven.
Fran. I do beleeve
By all theſe metaphors, you are in love;
I ſee you have a fancie, but proceed,

And be not melancholy.

Ferd. I have told thee all.

Fran. This is indeed a viſion; you have
But ſeen her all this while, if I may counſell you
You ſhould proceed, her face is nothing when
You have perus'd the reſt.

Ferd. Tis dangerous.

Fran. You muſt excuſe me Brother,
There can be no hurt in a handſome woman,
For if her face delight ſo much, what will
The enjoying of ſo ſweet a pile of beauty?

Ferd. Thou haſt infus'd a confidence, I will
Embrace this counſell, you ſhall with me Brother,
And ſee how I behave my ſelf, the Lady
Is not far off.

Fran. Withall my heart, I'e pawn
My life you ſhall enjoy her; what is ſhe
Of fleſh, and blood, that will deny, when ſhe
Is fairly courted? may I know the name
Of this lov'd Mrs? you may clear your thoughts,
I dare have no deſign to wrong your love.

Ferd. What think you Brother of the fair *Jacinta*?

Fran. Don Carlo's Daughter?

Ferd. To that happy coaſt
I now am ſayling; we loſe time, clap on
More wings thou feather'd God; thou haſt put fire
Franciſco into my drooping thoughts, and as
They had already bargaind with the wind,
They are aloft, and chide loves lazie motion.

Fran. A word before you fly; but is *Jacinta*
Your Miſtris then?

Ferd. The beautifull *Jacinta.*
Doſt think I ſha'not proſper? what is ſhe
Of fleſh and blood, that can deny, when ſhe
Is fairly courted? add to this my happineſs,
That ſhee's the Miſtris, whom, from all her ſex
My Father hath made choice of for my courtſhip;

He hath already treated with *Don Carlos*,
And 'twas his laſt command, I ſhould addreſs
My preſent viſit to her.
Fran. Very well;
If this be truth, you need not trouble wings
To overtake this Lady, to my knowledge
(I 'm ſerious now) ſhe has beſtowd her heart
Vpon a friend, who has already fortified
Himſelf againſt the world, that would oppoſe
His title to't.
Ferd. From what intelligence
Have you gaind this? her Father knows it not.
Come, theſe are but ſubtle pretences ſcattered
By ſome, who cunningly thus hope to make
Themſelves a victory, by cutting off
More fruitfull expectations, this muſt
Not diſingage me, prithee walk.
Fran. I can produce my Author, here, *Fernando.*
And with my blood defend that intereſt
She gave me, with intent I ſhould preſerve it.
Ferd. How, is ſhe yours *Franciſco*?
Fran. Mine, if hearts
Have power to make aſſurance.
Ferd. Tis ſome happineſs
I have no ſtranger to oppoſe, whoſe high
And ſtubborn ſoul would not releaſe this treaſure
But make me force it through his blood. *Franciſco*
And *Fernando* are two rillets from one Spring,
I will not doubt he will reſigne, to make
Me fortunate; or ſhould his will be cold
And ſome cloſe thoughts ſuggeſt I had no privilege
By Eldeſt birth, but came a ſlie Intruder
Upon his right of love, there is a tye
Of Nature and Obedience to a Father
Will make him give this bleſſing from his boſom,
And ſtrip his amorous ſoul of all his wealth
That may Inveſt my wiſhes.

Fran.

Fran. I read not this
In any of the reverend Caſuiſts;
No inequality being in our blood
The law of nature meant we ſhould be equal;
It was firſt tyranny, then partiall cuſtome,
Made you more capable of Land. Would you
Be lord of us, becauſe you are firſt born,
And make our ſouls your tenants too? when I've
Nam'd you my Elder brother, I exclude
All ſervitude; Juſtice that makes me love you
Carries an equall law to both;
Nay I can love you more if I conſider you
(Without the chain of blood) a freind, than all
The bonds of nature can enforce me to;
In both relations give me leave to love you
As much as man, but not reſign my Miſtris.
You aſcend higher, and perſwade by what
Obedience is owing to a Father,
They give us life, a good Son keepes it for him,
And every drop bled in their cauſe, a glory;
I can acknowledge this, and ſacrifiſe
Life, Fortunes, a poor recompence to loſe
(Were they all multipli'd) to ſhew my duty;
But theſe are things may be reſign'd, a Miſtris
Is not a wealth in ballance with the world,
But much above the poize of all it's happineſs,
And equall with our honor, riveted
Into our ſoul, it leaves her not, when death
Hath ſhook this body off, but flies with it
More ſwift, to love it in the other world.

Ferd. You are very paſſionate.

Fran. I am very juſt,
And you ſhall find it brother e'r you twine
With my *Jacinta*, mine, if vowes may give
Poſſeſſion of each other's ſoul.

Ferd. No more

May she be worthy of thy heart, till mine
Do entertain a treason to divide you;
But I, to satisfie my Father, must
Present my self, and trust me, will so manage
My love to her, as thou shalt have no cause
To Interpret me a rivall. *O Francisco*
Our loves are of a kindred, for mine is
Devote to *Felisarda*, to her Cosen
Poor *Felisarda*.

Fran. *Theodoros* Daughter?

Ferd. We never yet chang'd language, nor doth she
Imagin with what thoughts I honour her;
But here is the distraction, thou canst not
Expect more opposition from *Don Carlos*,
Than I must from my Father, if he knew
Where I have plac'd my heart.

Fran. Let us assist
Each other then, till time, and some kind starres
Mature our love.

Ferd. Let Fathers look at wealth, tis all their Saint:
Hearts are freeborn, and love knows no constraint. *Exeunt*

ACT II.

Enter Luys and Jacinta.

Luis HOw do you like *Alberto* Sister? is he not
A gallant Gentleman?

Jacin. For what good Brother?
cannot Judge his Intellectualls,
But we have plentie of more proper men
n *Spain*.

Luys He is an excellent Scholar,
He was still Emperour in the Schooles, and since
He studied Logick and Philosophy,
He was the flow'r of's time at *Salamanca*.

Iacin. Tis pittie he should be gather'd then.

Luis What

Lu What be gather'd?
Ja The flower you talk on.
Lu. If you affect him Sister, he may grow,
And you may keep him still for seed please you.
Ja. And sell him out at sowing time to Gardners.
Lu Come, you must love him.
Ja. Ha's he the Black-art?
I know not how Magick or Philters may
Prevail, and yet he lookes suspitiously.
Lu. You think y' are witty now, d'ee hear, you must
Affect him for my sake.
Ja. Now you speak reason;
I may for your sake dote upon him, Brother,
This is a conjuration may do much.
Lu. Well said,
Thou art my Sister, this good nature shews it.
And now I'le tell thee, I ha' promis'd him
As much as mariage comes too, and I lose
My honor, if my *Don* receive the canvas.
He ha's a good estate, and I have borrow'd
Considerable monies of him Sister,
Peeces of eight, and transitory Ducats.
Ja. Which must be paid.
Lu. Not if you marry him;
Conditions have been thought on.
Ja. How? conditions?
Lu. And some revenew was convenient
To do things like a Gentleman, I may
Tell you, my Father is a litle costive,
Purse-bound, his pension cannot find me tooth-picks,
I must live till he dye 'tis fit you know;
Alberto ha's an Exchequer, which upon
Thy smiles will still be open.
Ja. Very good;
Then you upon the matter have sold me to him
To find you spending money?

Lu. No

Lu. No, not ſold;
W' are at no certain price; ſummes have been lent
In expectation, or ſo, and may again.
Ja. You deſerve Brother I ſhould hate you now.
Lu. 'Tis all one to me, ſo you love him;
For my part I deſire but my expences.
Ja. What if another man ſupply your wants
Upon the ſame conditions of my love?
Lu. I am indifferent, ſo I have my charges,
My neceſſary wine and women paid for,
Love where you pleaſe your ſelf; I am but one,
I would not ſee him want that's all, becauſe
My Father is not yet reſolv'd about
His going to heaven.
Ja. Well ſir, for *Don Alberto*,
You ſhall be his advocate no more, and there's
A Fee to bribe your ſilence in his cauſe.
Lu. Why, thank you ſifter, -- will you dye a virgin?
Ja. Why do yo ask?
Lu. I would ſpeak for ſomebody, tell me but whom
You have a mind to, and I'le plead for him,
And if he be a *Don* he will conſider it;
You may give me what you will, beſides.
Ja. When I
Reſolve, You ſhall be acquainted.
Lu. But d'ee hear,
Untill you do reſolve, I would loſe no time,
'Tis good keeping a freind, and a warm client;
You may look lovingly upon *Alberto*,
And let him hope at all adventures, in
Two moneths you may be otherwiſe provided
And he may hang himſelf, i'th meane time
Some favours now and then to the poor Gentleman
Will doe him good, and me no hurt, beſides
You'l pleaſe my Father in't, whoſe vote is for him,
And that's a thing materiall. I am

To

To meet with *Don Alberto*, and ſome Gentlemen,
I will preſerve his confidence, and tell him
I ha' talkd with thee. Have you any more
Of this complexion? cauſe I know not what
Occaſions I may have to keep my credit
With men of mark and honour, vvhere I am going;
You are my Fathers darling, and command
His yellovv Ingots; tother *Doblon D'oro*.

Ja. So I may bring a rent-charge upon my ſelf.

Lu. The tother drop of orient mercie, come.

Ja. You care not vvhat accounts I give my Father.

Lu. Thou haſt tvventy vvayes to coſen him, vvedge it
Into the next Bill, he vvears Spectacles,
And loves to read--*Item* for pious uſes.
Can it be leſs to help a brother? vvell ſaid.

Ja. Let not this feed your riot.

Luys By no means.
I am for no *Carthuſians* to day.

Enter Carlos, Fernando, Franciſco, and Feliſarda.

Farevvell dear Siſter-- vvho is that?

Ja. My Father

Lu. I cannot indure that old mans company. *Exit*

Car. I am paſt complement, and muſt acknovvledg
Your fair intentions honor us, ſhe is no Goddeſs
Of beauty Sir, but let me without pride
Boaſt my ſelf bleſt, *Fernando*, in her virtues,
And that which crowns em all, obedience:
Jacinta, Entertain this Gentleman
With all becoming thoughts of Love, his merit
(Out of no raſh, but mature judgement,) hath
Prevaild with me, to name him to the firſt
And nobleſt place within your heart.

Ferd. Untill this hour I never had the confidence
More than to think of love, and hide a flame
That almoſt hath conſum'd me. You may think

It worth a ſmile, and that I only flouriſh
To ſhew my vanity of wit or language,
But when you underſtand that I bring hither
No young affection, but a love took in
Long ſince at my ambitious eye, it may
Beget your gentle thought, or will, to cure me.
Jac. Pardon me, if the more you ſtrive to print
A truth on this ſhort ſtory of your paſſion,
The more I find my ſelf inclin'd to wonder,
Since you ſeem to inferre, You took in the
Diſeaſe at ſight of me, I cannot be
So ignorant, as not to have receiv'd
Your Name and Character, but never knew
Before, when you did grace us with a viſit
And how then at ſuch diſtance you contracted
A danger ſo conſuming, is above
My knowledge, not my pittie, if you could
Direct me to the cure with Virgin honor.
Car. So, ſo, I leave you to the amorous Dialogue,
Preſume you have my voice.
Jac. Sir, with your pardon,
You lead me to a Wilderneſs, and take
Your ſelf away, that ſhould be guide; do you
Engage me to affect this *Don Fernando*
In earneſt? *Car.* Yes.
Jac. You did direct my love
To *Don Alberto.*
Car. I diſpence with that
Command; you may by fair degrees, and honor,
Quit his addreſſes, and diſpoſe your ſelf
Miſtris and Bride to *Don Ramyres* heir.
Feliſ. It does not thus become you ſir, to mock
A Virgin never injur'd you; he is
Your elder Brother, I am here beneath
The levell of his thoughts, i'th' nature of
A ſervant to my Coſen, and depend

Upon my Uncles charity.
Fran. May I be
Curst in my own affections, if I
Delude thee, though to atchieve our best desires
We seem to dissemble thus before *Don Carlos.*
This is a secret yet to poor *Jacinta.*
Car. You have my will; obey it.
Ja. Hath *Francisco* broken his faith already? (loves.
Car. May you both joy, where you have plac'd your
You apply close *Francisco.* *Exit*
Fran. With your good favour,
I fairly hope.
Ferd. Your Father's gone *Jacinta.*
Ja. I should be
Equally pleas'd if you would leave me too.
Felis. This is a change.
Ja. Unkind *Francisco* hear me.
Fran. Tis my meaning. Brother I ha' prepard
Your story there with *Felisarda*; lose
No time.
Ferd. Jacinta, clear your thoughts agen,
And pardon that I took a shape to fright you;
I shall not grieve to see *Francisco* prosper,
And merit all your favours, since my hopes
Must thrive, or have their Funerall here.
Ja. Are we
So blest *Francisco*? th'ast a noble Brother.
Ferd. I may suppose my Brother, *Felisarda,*
Hath made it now no secret, that I love you;
And since our stars have so contriv'd, that we
Have means to assist our mutuall ambitions,
Do not you make their influence unprofitable;
Tis the first boldness I ere took to visit you,
Although my eyes have often with delight
And satisfaction to my heart observ'd you:
Felis. You seem a noble Gentleman, and can take

But litle glory to undo a Maid,
Whoſe Fortunes cannot bring you any triumph.
Ferd. How mean you faireſt?
Feliſ. Not to be flattered Sir
Into a ſin, to cure my poverty;
For men whoſe expectations are like yours,
Come not with honour to court ſuch as I am,
(Loſt to the World for want of portion)
But with ſome untam'd heat of blood.
Fer. I dare
With conſcience of my pure intent, try what
Rudeneſs you find upon my lip, tis chaſt
As the deſires that breath upon my language.
I began *Feliſarda* to affect thee
By ſeeing thee at Prayers, thy vertue wing'd
Loves Arrow firſt, and 'twere a ſacrilege
To chooſe thee now for ſin, that haſt a power
To make this place a Temple by thy Innocence.
I know thy poverty, and came not to
Bribe it againſt thy chaſtity; if thou
Vouchſafe thy fair and honeſt love, it ſhall
Adorn my fortunes, which ſhall ſtoop to ſerve it
In ſpight of friends or deſtiny.
Fran. My Brother
Knows my whole Intereſt in thee, to whom
My Fathers care directed him, but we
Thus mutually reſolve to aid each other.
Ja. This muſt be wiſely manag'd of all ſides;
Parents have narrow eyes.
Fran. Our meeting thus
Will happily ſecure us from their Jealouſie;
Our Fathers muſt not know this countermarch.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Ha; I like not this; *Fernando* at buſie courtſhip
With *Feliſarda*, and *Franciſco* ſo
Cloſe with my Daughter.

Jac. Las we are betrai'd.
Felis. My Unkle.
Ferd. You are her Kinswoman, and of her bosom;
I prethee in my absence, plead to fair
Jacinta for me; as an earnest of
My gratitude, accept this trifle from me.
Car. Ha, 'tis a jewell.
Felis. Without this reward
I should solicite sir your cause, and do
My duty to *Don Carlos*, who desires it.
Ferd. I take my leave.
Fran. Madam, I shall be proud
To call you Sister, but you will prepare
Another happiness if you vouchsafe
To speak for me to pretty *Felisarda*,
She 's bound to hear your counsel and obey it,
If I may owe this favour to your charity.
Jacin. Your goodness will deserve more.
Fran. I must follow him. *Exit.*
Car. Do you take notice *Felisarda*, that
You live here on the bounty of an Unkle?
Your Father had but ill news from the Indies.
Felis. Sir, as your goodness wants no testimony,
I shall attend it with all humble services.
Car. How durst you in the presence of my Daughter,
Maintain such whispers with *Fernando*, ha?
Felis. Sir, he was pleas'd-------
Car. No more, I here discharge you.
Jacinta, I'l provide one to attend you
With less relation to your blood. I'l hear
Of no defence, away---out of my dores.
Go to your Father *Signior Teodoro*:
His ships may rise agen were sunk by th' *Hollander*,
And Fleet from St. *Thome*, he may prefer you
To some Rich *Don*, or who knows but you may,
Born on the Plumes of his estate, be made

In time a proud *Condessa*, so *adios*
Mui illustre Sennora Felisarda. *Exit.*

Ja. Thus have I heard a tall ship has been wrack'd
By some strange gust within the *Bay*: his passion
Admits of no dispute. O my poor Cose,
I fear my turn is next to be an exile,
Thy absence must deprive me of *Francisco*,
Who can no more glad his *Jacinta's* eyes,
With a pretence to visit thee.

Felis. Tis not
My fear to suffer want so much afflicts me,
As that I must lose you, but he returnes.

Enter Carlos with a Letter, and Servant.

Car. *Don Pedro de Fuente Calada* comming hither,
With *Don Alberto*, and my Son?

Serv. Yes sir, the Count desires to see *Jacinta*
Whom your Son has so commended, and sent me
To give you notice.

Car. Ha *Iacinta*, retire
To your closet, and put on your richest Jewels,
A Count is come to visit you; *Felisarda*
There may be some more art us'd in her dress,
To take the eyes of greatness.

Iac. Sir you speak
As I were meant for sacrifice, or sale;
The Count *Don Pedro* ——

Car. No reply; be carefull,
And humble in your office *Felisarda*,
And you may live, and eat here, till *Iacinta*
Provide another servant to attend her,
Which may be three whole dayes; my anger is
Not everlasting; bid my Wife come to me.

Enter Athenira.

I expect an honourable guest, the Count *Don Pedro*,
To see our Daughter, whom I have commanded

To appear with all her riches to attract him.

Alsi. If his Intents be honourable, I have heard *Don Pedro* loves a hanſom *Donna.*

Car. He had better cool his hot blood i'the froſen Sea, and riſe thence a rock of Adamant
To draw more wonder to the North, than but Attempt to wrong her chaſtity.

Enter Don Pedro, Luys and Alberto.

This from *Don Pedro* is an honor binds
The ſervice of our lives.

Ped. Noble *Don Carlos.*

Alsi. If we had been prepar'd, we ſhould have met This grace with more becoming Entertainment.

Ped. Tis fair, and equall to my wiſhes,--ſhe Does ſmel of roſted Garlick; this your Siſter? { *He kiſſes Al.*

Enter Jacinta and Feliſarda.

Luys That is my Mother, here is *Jacinta* Sir.

Ped. She has a tempting ſhape, I now am pleas'd. I uſe to kiſs all; hum a pretty thing? *To Phelis.*

Car. I like not his buſie eyes on *Feliſarda.*

Alber. You will be faithfull to me?

Luys Who, I faithfull? how ſhall I live elſe?

Car. Son *Luys.*

Alber. Madam.

Ped. Will you be pleas'd admit *Don Pedro*, by The Title of your ſervant, to preſume Somtime to wait upon you.

Jacin. It were pride
And ſawcy ambition ſir in me, to think
You can deſcend ſo much from your great birth,
To own a name, and office ſo beneath you.

Ped. I that before thought women eaſie trifles,
And things which nature meant only to quench
High flames in man, am taken with this Lady.
Luys thou haſt wrong'd the fair *Jacinta*,
Thy praiſe was thyn, and cold, *Spain* is not rich

Enough

Enough to boaſt her equall: and I love her.
Luys Oh ſhe will be to proud to know it Sir.
Ped. Proud, ſhe muſt be, whoſe eyes have ſuch com-
She has a pretty ſervant too, *Luys*, (mand.
I like 'em both.
Luys How, both?
Ped. They will do well,
One for a Wife, the other for a Concubine.
Luys It will becom your high blood.
Ped. Say I kiſs
Her white hand, and preſent her with theſe Pearls?
Luys Your honor ſhall command.
Ped. Your Daughter has a moſt magnetick face,
And I pronounce her happy, your conſent
Confirmes her mine.
Car. Ther's nothing in my blood, or fortune, but
Don Pedro ſhall command. I was Prophetical!
Come hither *Alſimira*, wouldſt imagine?
Hee's taken with *Jacinta*, and hath praid
Already my conſent.
Aliſ. Believe not all
That great men ſpeak are Oracles, our Daughter----
Car. If ſhe be ſtubborn, uncreates her ſelf,
Be you wiſe, and counſell her to this ambition,
Or thus I looſe you all; ha turn away,
That Faery ſhees a Witch, the Count talks with her.
Alb. I hope you hold me not Sir leſs deſerving
Than when you gave me free acceſs to plead
My ſervice to your Daughter---if that *Don*----
Car. Sir you too much prejudicate my thoughts
I muſt give due reſpects to men of honor,
Nor is it fit I ſhould impoſe upon
The Freedom of *Jacintas* love.
Alb. Y'are noble.
Car. My Lord.
Alb. I do not like this *Don*.

Luys Th'art of my mind, I do not like him neither,
And yet the blackbirds in the bush, see what
present he would give my sister.
Alb. Did she refuse it?
Luys I never mean she shall, what wrong my friend?
Yet I'l take all, and let him hang himself; (*embraces him:*
If he would send his eyes, I would undertake
To carry 'em to the Jeweller, they would off,
For pretty toadstones. Have no fear, my Mother
Is for you too, you must see both your Advocates.
Car. Jacinta.
Jacin. Sir.
Luys She takes her self much honor'd.
Ped. You oblige.
Luys Let me alone to carry things.
Be confident to trust me with your honor,
If it would pawn for any thing. [*aside*]
Iac. I'm not perfect
How to neglect *Alberto* yet, and must I
Throw off *Fernando*, but new Entertain'd
By your command? the World will censure strangely.
Car. The World will praise thy wisdom, & my care;
Or if some giddy tongues condemn what's good,
Must wee be servile to that fear, and lose
That which will make us Judges of their folly,
And damn it with a frown of state? they'r fooles
That dote upon those shaddowes, Idle talk,
The slime of Earth-worms, that doth shine to cosen
Infants, 'tis fit wee raise our thoughts to substances.
Jac. Let modesty and nature plead a little,
If I appear not fond to Entertain him.
I may collect more strength by time and counsell,
And for your satisfaction dare profess
My Lord hath too much grac'd the low *Jacinta*
With a pretence so noble, but I should
Be held not worth his person, and too light

At

At his firſt breath of courtſhip to fall from
My Virgin ſtrength, and give my ſelf his captive.
Car. I ſhall alow that ceremony; the Count
Makes an addreſs. *Ex Alſi. Feliſard.*
Ped. I muſt uſe thrift in my delight, my eyes
Are prowd, and muſt be taught by abſence how
To value ſuch a Miſtris. I do miſs the chambermaid.
Car. It will become me to attend.
Ex. Alber. & Jacin.
Ped. Your pardon.
I'l take it for an honor, if your Sonne
Be pleas'd----but to my coach ?
Luys. Oh my good Lord !
So much I am your creature, if you knew
But where to match me, I would be your coach-horſe.
Exe. Pedro & Luys.
Car. So, ſo, *Iacinta's* ſtarres do ſmile upon her,
'Twil be a match, were but my Son as fair
In expectation of a bride, I'd write
Nil ultra to my cares, he is to aery
And volatile, a wife would timely fix him,
And make him fit to manage my eſtate.

Enter Luys.

But he returnes, I'l feel his pulſe.
Luys, thou ſeeſt how near *Iacinta* is to happineſs.
Luys I did ſome office in't, ſhe may thank me.
I firſt inſpir'd his Lordſhip.
Car. Such a providence
To build thy ſelf a Fortune by ſome brave
And noble mariage would become thy ſtudy ,
And make thy Father willingly reſign
His breath, with confidence to know thee wiſe
To govern what my Induſtry hath gatherd ;
What think'ſt thou of a wife ?
Luys. I think little ſir.

What

What ſhould I do with a Wife?

Car. Imitate me, and ſtudy fame, and wealth
To thy poſterity. Have I with care
Acquir'd ſuch an eſtate, that muſt not laſt
Two Generations?

Luys. The way to make it
Laſt, is not to think of Wiving; for my part
(Sir with your pardon, if I may ſpeak freely)
I had opinion once I was your Son,
But fearing by your narrow exhibition
You lov'd me not, I had a controverſie
Within my thoughts, whether I ſhould reſolve
To geld my ſelf, or turn a begging Frier.

Car. A begging Frier?

Luys Tis as I tell you Sir;
This laſt I fixt upon, and ha' been ſtudying
Where I conveniently might raiſe a ſum
To compaſs a hair ſhirt Sir,
To make triall before I thruſt my ſelf
Point blank into the Order.

Car. Thus wild Sons interpret ſtill
A prudent Father; but you may diſcharge
Your Jealouſies, unleſs it be your own
Devotion to be chaſt, and live a recluſe.

Luys For that I can be ruld; I ha' not liv'd
After the rate of hating any women
But I can hear of Mariage, if it be
Your pleaſure: but theſe Wives Sir are ſuch tickle
Things, not one hardly ſtaid amongſt a thouſand;
Beſide, unleſs you finde one very rich
A man may caſt a way himſelf, and get
A bundle of Beggeries, Mouths, that day and night,
Are open like Hell Gates, to feed; I would not
Hazard my Freedom, and the bleſſings Heaven
Has lent you Sir, upon a Wife with nothing.

Car. Thy penſion doubles for that word; in Earneſt,

How

How much I like this wiſdom; take this Purſe,
I will have no account, and find me out
A wealthy Maid or Widdow but not ugly.
Luys No? not ilfavourd Sir, if ſhe be rich?
A little old or crippel'd?
Car. I wo'not ha' thee
Mary a crooked, deform'd thing, becauſe
She may have children---
Luys Not, unleſs ſhe have
An Infinit wealth to make 'em ſtrait ſir;
I'le marry a witch ſo ſhe have mony ſir.
Car. No, on no terms a Monſter.
Luys Then I wo'not.
And now it comes into my mind, they talk of
A young rich Widdow, *Donna Eſtifaniar*,
What do you think of her?
Car. Thou haſt nam'd one
To my own deſires, ſhe lives a Widdow ſtill,
But ſhe has refus'd many brave *Dons*.
Luys. No matter,
I like her ſir the better.
Car. She gives good entertainment.
Luys I will have her
If you but ſay the word. I wear a charm
To catch a Widdow; but this Purſe will hardly
Laſt till we finiſh, I muſt do things with honor.
Car. Thou ſhalt be furniſh'd like my Son; kneel down
And ask me bleſſing, I do long to give it thee.
Luys I have your bleſſing here.
Car. Ile find thee out
Some Jewells to preſent thy Miſtris too.
Luys 'Two'not be much amiſs, the Gold will go
The farther Sir. I know not how this *Exit Car.*
Came about, unleſs *Don Pedros* coming to
My Siſter ha' made him mad, & wrought this miracle.
How carefull he was I ſhould not mary one
Deform'd,

Deform'd, I ha' chose the handsomest things thus far,
And I mary with a Witch at these years, let the Devill
Ride my wild Mare to death; and now I
Consider on't I wo'not have the Widdow
For fear o'th' worst, yet I'l to her,
And make a business on't to keep the old
Mans Baggs in motion; this with some good
Husbandry, and no play, may last a Fortnight,
Tis very Gold: yes, it will pay some scores,
Maintaine my *Negro*, and a brace of Whores.
Now fiddles do your worst. *Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Ramyres, Fernando.

Ramy. How, no succes? where lies the opposition?
Don Carlos equall with my self profest
His free desires, and to dispose his Daughter
To meet thee with all loving entertainments.
What can she argue to thy birth, or person,
Attended with so plentifull a fortune?
I must believe thy courtship dull and faulty:
When I was at thy years and spring of blood
I wound my self like air among the Ladies,
Commanding every bosom, and could dwell
Upon their lips like their own breath, their eyes
Doubled their Beams on me, and she that was
Of hardest composition, whom no love
Could soften, when I came with charm of language,
Her Frost would strait dissolve, and from her eyes
Her heart came weeping forth to woo me take it.
Ferd. Yet you that did with a *Magnetick* Chain
Attract so many, could possess but one;
I came not to *Don Carlos* house with cold

Or lukewarm thoughts, but arm'd with active fire
That would have melted any heart but hers,
Bound up with ribs of treble Ice againſt me,
By which I found there is another fate
That governs love, againſt whoſe ſecret doom
In vain is eloquence or force.

Ra. So Obſtinate?

Ferd. Nothing that I could ſay
In my own cauſe, could make her tongue or looks
Promiſe an expectation to thrive
By any after ſervice, this diſdain
I did reſent, as it became my honor,
And now confirm'd againſt her pride, have thought
Of ſomthing, that with your conſent, may tame
Her ſcorn, or puniſh it to her repentance.

Ra. Name it.

Ferd. She has a Kinſwoman lives with her,
Feliſarda Daughter to *Signior Teodoro*,
A trade fall'n Merchant, Brother to *Don Carlos*,
This *Feliſ.* that now lives on the charity of her Uncle,
Half ſervant, half companion to *Iacinta*,
And fair, I would pretend to love, obſerve me ſir,
And in their preſence court her as my Miſtris;
Me thinks I ſee already how *Iacinta*
Doth fret and frown.

Ra. I like it well.

Ferd. To ſee her Coſen ſo prefer'd, it is
The nature ſir of women to be vext
When they know any of their ſervants court
Another, and that love they thought not worth
Their own reward, will ſting 'em to the ſoul,
When ti's tranſlated where it meets with love,
And this will either break her ſtubborn heart,
Or humble her.

Ra. But what if this pretence,
By ſuch degrees convay avvay your heart,

That

That when *Jacinta* comes to ſenſe, you cannot
Retrive your paſſion from the laſt, or ſay
Feliſarda ſhould believe you, and give up
Her heart to your poſſeſſion, when you
Are by your firſt deſires invited back,
What cure for *Feliſardas* wound, if you
Affect her not? although I like that part
Of your revenge, I would not have my Son
Carry the hated brand of cruelty,
Or hear *Fernando* broke a Ladies heart;
But live upon his clear, and honeſt truth,
And if *Jacinta* have not valued him,
Find his own eſtimation in ſome other
By fair and noble Courtſhip; Virtue is
Above the gaudy ſhine of Gold; and if
My Son love where his honor cannot ſuffer,
The want of Dower, I can forgive. (Father,
Ferd. You now, read exc'lent charity, and like a
It is the harmony I would hear, I chide
My fears that did ſuſpect you would prefer
Wealth in a Bride; there is no beauty, or eſtate, compar'd
To that reſulteth from the ſoul; I dare
Now ope this narrow Cloſet, and preſent
The name I love above the World, it is
Sir *Feliſarda*, equall in her blood,
Within whoſe vertuous poverty
More Treaſures are containd, than in thoſe veins
Of earth, which opend by our ſlaves, do bleed
Such floods of Gold into the lap of *Spain.*
Pardon my long concealment of her name,
Twas ſin againſt your virtue, and once more
Speak in that bleſſed Language, I may hope
To call this Virgin mine.
Ra. How long have you
Been taken with this female holineſs?
Ferd. Before *Jacinta* was propounded, this

Too

Took firm poſſeſſion of my faith.

Ra. Thou haſt diſcoverd thy deſtruction, fooliſh Boy.
Was this your policy to be reveng'd
Upon *Jacinta*, whom my providence
Elected to preſerve our name and family,
To dote upon a Begger? thou haſt flung
A fire into my brain: either reſolve
To perfect my commands, and throwing off
That trifle thou haſt prais'd, prefer *Jacinta*
To the beſt ſeat within thy hart, and marry her
Or live a ſtranger to me, and diveſted
Of all thoſe rights, which nature, and thy Birth
Have ſtatter'd thee with hope to find; expect not
Alive, the ſtipend of a Groom to feed thee,
Nor dead, the naked charity of a ſhroud
To hide thee from the Worms.

Ferd. O ſir, call back
That murdering ſentence, it were ſin to let
This paſſion dwell upon you, nor would Heaven,
Whoſe eyes ſurvey our frailty, ſuffer
So wild a rage poſſeſſe you.

Ra 'Tis within thy own obedience to divert it.

Ferd. When you have heard what I can ſay more,
You will chide your fierce command.

Ra What Riddles this?

Ferd. Jacinta is already made anothers, and my force
Upon her vowes, can be no leſs than ſacrilege.

Ra. This is ſome new pretence.

Ferd Sir, not to waſt your patience, ſhe hath given
Her ſelf by holy contract to *Franciſco.*

Ra. Thy younger Brother?

Ferd. This I know will calm
Your fury, and thoſe eyes that threatend lightning
With ſmiles applaud *Franciſcos* fate, and praiſe
My diſobedience.

Ra. Franciſcos Miſtris?

Ferd. His

Ferd. His wife confirm'd by vows,& change of hearts,
I had it from themſelves, when either ſtrove
Whoſe circumſtance ſhould credit moſt their ſtory,
Her tear or his concluſive groan, to ſeal
Their mariage, but both were equall ſir,
What curſe had I deſerv'd, that ſhould divorce
This Innocent pair of lovers?
Ra. All this talk
Which fooliſh thou interpret'ſt thy defence,
Hath but inlarg'd thy folly, and that act
Which in *Franciſco* I commend, upbraides
Thy own degenerate baſeneſs: ſhall thy brother
Who carries all his portion in his blood
Look high, and carefull of his honor aim
At fortunes, and with confidence atchieve
His glorious end, and ſhall his Elder brother
Ingag'd by neareſt tye to advance his name,
Lye beating in the common tract of guls,
And ſacrifice his birth and expectations
To a cozening face, and poverty? inſtead
Of adding mon'ments, that to the world
Should be his living Chronicle, to bury
His own, and all the antique honors (he
Ne'r ſweat for, but were caſt into his blood)
Within a dunghill? thou haſt forfeited
Thy birthright, which *Franciſco* ſhall inherit,
Nor ſhall the loſs of my Eſtate be all
Thy puniſhment; hear and believe with horror,
If thou renounce not her that hath bewitch'd
Thy heart, *Feliſarda*, and by ſuch a choice
I ſhall affect, redeem this ſcandall nobly,
Fernando from this minute I pronounce
Heir to his Fathers curſe; be vviſe or periſh.

Exit. Ra.

Ferd. Why does not all the ſtock of thunder fall?

Enter

Enter Franciſco.

Or the fierce winds from their cloſe Caves, let looſe,
Now ſhake me into Atoms ?

Fran. Fy noble Brother, what can ſo deject
Your Maſculine thoughts ? is this don like *Fernando!*
Whoſe reſolute ſoul ſo late was arm'd to fight
With all the miſeries of man, and triumph
With patience of a Martyr? I obſerv'd
My Father late come from you.

Ferd. Yes *Franciſco,*
He hath left his curſe upon me.

Fran. How? (caryes

Ferd. His curſe, doſt comprehend what that word
Shot from a Fathers angry breath ? unleſs
I tear poor *Feliſarda* from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curſes.
Does this fright thee *Franciſco* ? thou haſt cauſe
To dance in ſoul for this, tis only I
Muſt loſe, and mourn, thou ſhalt have all, I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee Son,
Son of his active ſpirit, and applauds
Thy progreſs with *Jacinta*, in whoſe ſmiles
Thou maiſt ſee all thy wiſhes waiting for thee,
Whilſt poor *Fernando* for her ſake muſt ſtand
An excommunicate from every bleſſing,
A thing that dare not give my ſelf a name,
But flung into the Worlds neceſſities,
Untill in time with wonder of my wants
I turn a ragged ſtatue, on whoſe forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

Fran. Will it call
His bleſſing back if you can quit your love
To *Feliſarda*? ſhe is now a ſtranger
To her Unkles houſe, I met one of his ſervants
Who told me on ſome Jealous apprehenſion,

Don Carlos had diſcharg'd and baniſh'd her.
Ferd. He could not be ſo barbarous.
Fran. You know her Fathers Poverty.
Ferd And her Wealth of Virtue.
Fran. It is worth your Counſell,
To examin what you may preſerve, if wiſely
You could perſwade your heart to love ſome nother--
Ferd. What was't *Franciſco* ſaid?
Fran. Whoſe equall Birth,
And Virtues, may invite a noble change.
Ferd. Do not you love *Jacinta*?
Fran. Moſt religiouſly.
Ferd If you can but contrive your hearts at diſtance
And in contempt of honor, and your faith
Sacred to Heaven, and love, diſclaim your Miſtris,
I may be happy yet, what ſay? I know
Jacinta's Wiſe, and when ſhe underſtands
How much it will advance, her charity---
Fra. Our caſe is not the ſame with your's good brother;
Wee have been long acquainted, to contract
Affections, if I underſtand, your loves
Are young, and had no time for growth.
Ferd. Do not wound me.
Tis falſe, by Love it ſelf thou haſt deſerv'd
I ſhould forget thee now; doſt thou conſider
Love, (that doth make all harmony in our ſoul,
And ſeated in that nobleſt place of life,
The heart) with things that are the ſlaves of time,
And that like common ſeedes, thrown into Earth,
It muſt have leiſure to corrupt, and after
Much expectation, riſe to name and vigor.
Love is not like the child that grows, and gets
By ſlow degrees perfection, but created
Like the firſt man, at full ſtrength the firſt minute,
It makes a noble choice, and gains from time
To be call'd only conſtant, not increas'd.

Preſerve

Preſerve thy own affections, and think mine
Noble as they, I ſhall ſuſpect thy love
To me elſe; prethee leave me.
Fran. I'l obey,
And ſtudy how to ſerve you. *Exit.*

Enter Feliſarda.

Ferd. Ha, tis *Feliſarda.*
Feliſ. Turnd out like one that had been falſe, where ſhall
Poor *Feliſarda* wander? were it not
To ask a Fathers bleſſing, I would viſit
Some Wilderneſs, e'r thus preſent my ſelf
His burden and his ſorrow.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Had you no relation to *Jacinta* pretty one?
Feliſ. I was her ſervant.
Ped. Come, you ſhall be my Miſtris; they have us'd
Thee ſcurvily, I will provide thee a lodging.
Feliſ. I ſhall not uſe your bounty ſir for that.
Ped. Thou art a hanſom *Dona*, here's a Piſtolet,
Meet me i'th'evening, wot?
Feliſ. Where, and for what? (honor.
Ped. The where, at thy own choice, the what, thy
Feliſ. You are not noble.
Ped. Don Pedro will Embrace thy buxom body.
Ferd. You muſt unhand this Virgin.
Feliſ. For goodneſs Sir,
Add not your anger to my ſufferings.
Unhappy *Feliſarda.*
Ped. Is ſhe a friend of yours Signior?
Ferd. She is not for your ſinfull knowledge *Don.*
Ped. Baſer los manos, adios Signiora. Diabolo!
My blood is high and hot, unleſs I marry timely,
I muſt ſeek out a Female Julip. *Exit.*
Feliſ. Don Carlo's fear of you was my firſt error,
But I accept my baniſhment, and ſhall
Humble my ſelf to my poor Fathers Fortune;

You will be sir dishonour'd to be seen
With such a walking misery.
Ferd. Thy Unkle
Hath plaid the Tyrant with thee, but lose not
Thy vertuous courage; how our stories meet
And challenge kindred in affliction!
Oh *Felisarda*! I do suffer too,
And for thy sake, thou shalt know more; til I
Salute thee at thy Fathers house, preserve
Good thoughts of thy *Fernando*, and accept
This little Gold, no bribe against thy honor.
Felis. My best return must be, my Prayers. *Exit.*
Ferd. Farewell.
Tis not impossible my Father may
Retract his cruelty, and by time, and some
Discreet wayes yet be wrought to like, what now
His passion wo'not let him see, her virtue.
How many Seas are met to wrastle here? *Exit.*

Enter Jacinta and Alberto.

Jac. I love you sir so well, that I could wish
You were a Witch;
Alb. A Witch, your reason Lady?
Ja. Then twere within the circle of your art
By some device to rid me of *Don Pedro*,
Or if you could by any spell but get
My Father disaffect him--- (his
Alber. A Witch? thats a way about, I were best cut
Throat a little.
Jac You 're much beholding to my Brother sir,
He still commends you; such an Advocate
Deserves his fee.
Alb. Unles my cause succeed
He has been feed too much; your Brother, Lady,
Preserves a noble friendship; if I were sure
You would be mine *Jacinta*, I could tarry
Till your Father dye.

Jac. But

Iac. But how can you procure
Don Pedro to have patience ſo long,
Whom my Father pleads for and prefers?
Alber. There, ther's the miſchief, I muſt poiſon him;
One Fig ſends him to *Erebus*, tis in
Your power and wit to ſpin out time, I may
Invent a means for his conveyance. Ha!

Enter Carlos, Eſtefania, Luys.

Ia. The Lady *Eſtefania.*
Car. Welcome again,
This is an honour to us, where's *Iacinta*?
Salute this noble Lady. Ha, *Luys*,
Haſt thou prevail'd already?
Luys I'm i'th' way you ſee,
She has not been obſerv'd they ſay to walk
So freely with ſome men that boaſt more favour.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. What makes the Lady *Eſtefania* here?
I like not their converſe, this day is ominous. *Exit.*
Car. Was't not the Count *Don Pedro* that retird?
VVhat object here diſpleas'd him?
Alber. Ha, ha, didſt ſee the *Don*?
Car. Preſerve your mirth---I muſt be ſatisfied. *Exit.*
Luys I'l lay a thouſand Ducats that my coſtive
Don has been tampering with my VViddow, I
Obſerv'd (when I by chance let fall diſcourſe)
How much he was an amorous ſervant to
Iacinta, ſhe chang'd her colour and did make
Such buſineſs how my Siſter did affect him,
That I may gueſs, though I make uſe on't otherwiſe
To the old man, to keep the pulſes of
His Purſe in play, ſhe came to examin chiefly
How matters here proceeded; well, if ſhe love him——
Alber. Shee is thy Miſtris.
Luys My Miſtris? yes, but any man ſhall mary her.
Alb. How?

Luys. She is a Widdovv, *Don*, conſider that,
Has buried one vvas thought a *Hercules*,
Tvvo cubits taller, and a man that cut (too,
Three Inches deeper in the ſay, than I, conſider that
She may be cock a tvventy, nay for ought
I knovv ſhe is Immortall.

Alb. What doſt vvith her?

Luys Faith nothing yet,
And have but little hope, I think ſhee's honeſt.

Alb. Do's ſhe love thee?

Luys At her ovvn perill, vv'are not come to articles;
There is no vvit in vviving, give me a vvhore;
But that I ovv thee money, thou ſhouldſt never
Marry my Siſter neither?

Alb. Not *Jacinta*?

Luys No, nor any other ſimpering piece of honeſty,
If I might counſell thee, vvhile any vvench
Were extant, and the ſtewes inhabited;
Is't fit, a Freeborn Gentleman ſhould be chain'd
Tenant for life to one? Hang mariage ſhackles,
Ty the Tovvn Buls to'th'ſtake, vve muſt have concubins.

Jac. Don Pedro vvas too blame, and truſt me Madam
He ſhall find nothing here t' advance his triumph.

Eſtef. You are Virtuous *Jacinta*; I preſum'd
When I ſhould land my ſufferings on your knovvledge,
You vvould excuſe my unexpected viſit.

Jac. My Brother has been Juſt in the relation
Hovv he purſues my love, but I ſhall be
Happy to ſerve your Juſtice, and muſt tell
The noble *Eſtefania*, my heart,
By all that love can teach to bind a faith,
Is plac'd vvhere it ſhall never injure vvhat
Your mutuall vovvs contracted; I ſmile not
With mine ovvn eyes upon him, 'tis my Fathers
Severe command to love him, but this ſtory
Cleer'd to my Father vvould ſecure us both.

Eſtef. If

Eſtef. If any faith or ſervice in me can
Deſerve this goodneſs, cheerfully employ it.
Jac. I will be confident to uſe your Virtue.

Enter Carlos.

Eſtef. I will refuſe no office.
Jac. My Father comes moſt aptly.
Alb. Ha, ha, ha, have pitty on my ſpleen,
I ſhall crack a rib elſe, ha, ha, ha.
Car. You are very mery, *Don Alberto*; Son,
You may be of the counſell too, this houſe
Is mine I take it, I adviſe you would
Frequent it leſs.
Alb. How Sir?
Car. I do not like your viſits,
And to remove the cauſe, my Daughter is
Already ſir diſpos'd, to one above
Your birth and fortune, ſo fare-you-well.
You underſtand, now laugh and pick your teeth.
Daughter------
Alb. Did you hear this *Luys*?
Luys I, the old man raves.
Alber. Muſt not frequent his houſe.
Luys Would 'twere in a flame, ſo his mony and I
Were out on't.
Alb. But thy Siſter---
Luys Would be refin'd i'th' fire, let her burn too.
Alb. My friend, if I have not *Jacinta*,
There are certain ſums of money—— (uncertain.
Luys I am not of your mind *Don*, the ſums are moſt
Come, you did laugh too loud, my Father is
A Stoick, but deſpair not; go to your lodging,
I'l ſee thee anon, and either bring thee money
Or elſe ſome reaſons why I do not bring it,
We won't go to Law, I'l pawn the widdow
Rather than thou ſhalt want; go ſay thy prayers,
And ſhew thy teeth no more, till I come to thee.

Now the buſineſs here? *Exit Alber.*
Car. Wee have agreed *Jacinta*,
And he to morrow privately
Will at the Church expect thee; tis an age
Till I ſalute the Bride to this great *Don*,
Whoſe thoughts are wing'd t' enjoy thee, and reſolve
No more delay, prepare to meet this Honor.
Luys To morrow? this muſt be croſt.
Car. My next ambition Madam will be perfect
To call you by ſome nearer name; my Son--
Eſt. Is a moſt noble Gentleman, I know not
Where lives ſo clear a merit.
Luys Oh ſweet Madam.
Car. Jacinta.
Luys I have a ſute to you.
Eſt. To me? (m
Luys Only that you would not dote too much upo
A gentle eaſie ſober pace in love
Goes far, and is much better than a gallop; if you pleaſe
We may hold one another in hand, and love
This ſeaven yeares, without ſealing and delivering.
Eſt. Withall my heart.
Luys You'l do me a pleaſure Madam.
Eſt. You inſtruct well.
Luys This Courtſhip is not common.
Eſt. I confeſs it.
Car. Son *Luys.*
Luys Sir.
Car. Let her not cool.
Luys And ſhe do,
I know the way to heat her again.
Eſt. I will not yet reveal my abuſe *Iacinta*,
And if you pleaſe to favor a deſign,
I have a plot may ſerve to both our happineſs.
Jac. I'l obey.
There is a trembling in my heart.

Car. You

Car. You muſt not leave us yet Madam.
Eſt. You may command me. (pannier
Luys My *Don* ſo rampart, ther's ſomthing in this
Shall ſpoil your match to morow; *Don Alberto*,
When I diſcloſe, ſhall worſhip me: be drunk,
Cancell arreers, and beg to lend more money. *Exe:*

ACT IV.

Enter Ramyres, Franciſco & Notarie.

Ra. 'Tis moſt exactly done, and firm.
Notar. I could,
Omiting or inſerting but a word, or particle,
Trouble the whole conveyance,
And make work for the law till doom's-day: but---
Fran. Is't poſſible?
Notar You do not know the quirks of a Scrivano,
A daſh undoes a Family, a point,
An artificiall accent i't'h wrong place,
Shall poyſon an Eſtate, tranſlate your Land
In *Spain* now into either of both *Indies*,
In leſs time than our Gallions of Plate
Are ſayling hither; but you are my friend,
And noble benefactor.
Ramy. Ther's more for your reward.
Notar. I humbly thank you Signior. *Su Criado.*
Fran. Farewell.
Notar. Su Servidor. *Exit.*
Ramy. This deed makes thee my Heir *Franciſco*, and
Will like a powerfull ſpell upon *Don Carlos*,
Whoſe ſoul is ſuperſtitious upon Wealth,
Win his conſent to make *Iacinta* thine.
Fran. Sir, I cannot ſay my duty ſhall deſerve it
Since nature, and religion, without all

This bounty challenges my beſt obedience.

Enter Fernando.

Ramy Away, thy ſight
Is my diſeaſe.

Fer. Your bleſſing ſir I kneel for.

Ramy. What Impudence is this? wilt thou ſubſcribe
To take off mine, thy curſe on *Eliſarda*?
For I do hate her heartily; diſclaim
All promiſe, contract, or converſe for ever,
I'm elſe inexorable.

Fer. Sir.

Ramy. His eyes ſhoot poyſon at me, ha? he has
Bewitched me ſure, what coldneſs thus invades me?
Ther's ſomthing creeping to my heart. *Franſciſco*? ha!
Poſſeſs this gift of thy Inheritance;
Convey me to my chamber, oh---*Fernando*,
If thou doſt hope I ſhould take off my curſe,
Do not approach my ſight, unleſs I ſend for thee.

Fran. Forbear good Brother; *Diego*, *Roderigo*,
Your hands t' aſſiſt my Father, one go for his
Phyſician.

Enter two Servants.

Fer This turn is fatall, and affrights me, but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With ſuch a hard heart, 'twere a ſin, next his
Want of compaſſion, to ſuſpect he can
Take his Eternall flight and leave *Fernando*
This deſperate Legacie, he will change
The curſe into ſome little prayer I hope,
And then——

Enter Servant and Phyſician.

Serv. Make haſt I beſeech you Doctor.

Phyſ. Noble *Fernando*.

Fer. As you would have men think your art is mean
Not to abuſe mankind, employ it all
To cure my poor ſick Father.

Phyſ. Fe

Phiſ. Fear it not ſir. *Ex. Phyſ. Serv.*

Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd
To ſtate a health, your Recipes perplex't
With tough names, are but mockeries, and noiſe,
Without ſome dew from Heaven, to mix and make 'em

Enter Servant.

Thrive, in the application: what now?

Ser. Oh ſir, I am ſent for the Confeſſor,
The Doctor fears him much, your Brother ſaies
You muſt have patience, and not Enter Sir;
Your Father is a going, good old man,
And having made him Heir, is loth your preſence
Should interrupt his Journey. *Exit.*

Fer. Franciſco may be honeſt, yet me thinks,
It would become his love to interpoſe
For my acceſs, at ſuch a needfull hour,
And mediate for my bleſſing, not aſſiſt
Unkindly thus my baniſhment. I'l not
Be loſt ſo tamely, ſhall my Father dye
And not *Fernando* take his leave——I dare not.
If thou doſt hope I ſhould take off this curſe,
Do not approach untill I ſend——'twas ſo,
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.

Enter Confeſſor and Servant.

Make haſt good Father, and if heaven deny
Him life, let not his charity dye too.
One curſe may ſink us both, ſay how I kneel
And beg he would bequeath me but his bleſſing;
Then though *Franciſco* be his Heir, I ſhall
Live happy, and take comfort in my tears,
When I remember him ſo kind a Father.

Confeſ. It is my duty. *Exit.*

Fer. Do your holy office.
Thoſe fond Philoſophers that magnifie
Our human nature, and did boaſt wee had

Such

Such a prerogative in our rationall ſoul,
Converſt but little with the World, confin'd
To cells, and unfrequented woods, they knew not
The fierce vexation of community,
Elſe they had taught, our reaſon is our loſs,
And but a priviledge that exceedeth ſenſe,
By nearer apprehenſion, of what wounds,
To know our ſelves moſt miſerable. My heart

Enter Phyſician and Franciſco.

Is teeming with new fears----Ha, is he dead?

Phy. Not dead, but in a deſperate condition,
And ſo that little breath remaines wee have
Remitted to his Confeſſor, whoſe Office
Is all that's left.

Fran. Is there no hope of life then?

Phyſ. None.

Fer. Is he not mercifull to *Fernando* yet? no talk of (me)

Phyſ. I find he takes no pleaſure
To hear you nam'd: *Franciſco* to us all
He did confirm his Heir, with many bleſſings.

Fer. And not one left for me? oh take me in
Thou gentle Earth, and let me creep through all
Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
Another way to come into the World,
For all the Air I breath-in here is poyſon'd.

Fran Wee muſt have patience Brother, it was no
Ambitious thought of mine to ſupplant you;
He may live yet, and you be reconcil'd.

Fer. That was ſome kindneſs yet *Franciſco*; but
I charge thee by the nearneſs of our blood,
When I am made this mockery, and wonder,
I know not where to find out charity,
If unawares a chance direct my weary
And wither'd Feet to ſome fair Houſe of thine,
Where plenty with full bleſſings crowns thy table,
If my thin face betray my want of food,

Do not despise me, cause I was thy Brother.

Enter Confessor.

Fran. Leave these imagin'd horrors, I must not
Live when my Brother is thus miserable.
Fer. Ther's something in that face looks comfortably.
Confes. Your Father sir is dead, his will to make
Francisco the sole Master of his Fortunes
Is now irrevocable, a small Pension
He hath given you for life, which with his blessing
Is all the benefit I bring.
Fer. Ha, blessing; speak it agen good Father.
Confes. I did apply some lenitives to soften
His anger, and prevail'd; your Father hath
Revers'd that heavy censure of his curse,
And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.
Fer. I am new created by his charity.
Confes. Some ceremonies are behind, he did
Desire to be interr'd within our Covent,
And left the Sepulture to me, I am confident,
Your pieties will give me leave----
Fran. His will in all things I obey, and yours
Most reverend Father; order as you please
His Body; wee may after celebrate
With all due obsequies his Funerall.
Fer. Why you alone obey? I am your Brother:
My Fathers Eldest Son, though not his Heir.
Fran. It pleas'd my Father sir to think me worthy
Of such a title, you shall find me kind,
If you can look on matters without Envie.
Fer. If I can look on matters without Envie?
Fran. You may live here still.
Fer. I may live here *Francisco*?

Enter a Gentleman with a letter

Condition's? I would not understand
This Dialect.

Fran. With

Fran. With me, from Madam *Eſtefania*?
Gent. If you be Signior *Franciſco.* (now.
Fer. Sleighted? I find my Father was not dead till
Croud not you Jealous thoughts ſo thick into
My Brain, leſt you do tempt me to an Act
Will forfeit all agen. (meet
Fran. This is *Jacintas* character [*Reads*] --*Fail not to*
As you timely will prevent the danger of my rape.
My ſoul! Eſtefania *can inſtruct you all particulars*——
My ſervice to your Lady, ſay I ſhall obey her commands.
Exit Gent.
Fer. Is that an Inventory you peruſe?
Fran. Fernando you muſt pardon me, ther's ſomthing
Of Eſſence to my life, exacts my care,
And perſon, I muſt leave you, we may ſeaſonably
Confer of things at my return. *Jacinta.* *Exit.*
Fer. Tis clear I am neglected, he did name
Jacinta too, in triumph, and is gone,
Big with his glories to divide 'em there,
And laugh at what my conſtant love hath made me.
My heart is in a ſtorm, and day growes black,
Ther's not a ſtar in Heaven will lend a beam
To light me to my ruine. *Eliſarda*!
That name is both my haven, and my ſhipwrack. *Exit.*
Enter Alberto and Luys.
Alb. Excellent.
Luys You'l give me now a generall releaſe
For all the ſums I ow you?
Alb. Thou haſt bleſt me.
Luys. I was born to do you good; about it preſently
Now you know where to ambuſh, away I ſay
And get comrads: *Jacinta* and my Mother
Is all the carriage, you may know the coach
By the old womans cough ere it come neer you,
She has a deſperate malice to one tooth left
Still in her gums, till ſhe has ſhook that out;

You

You wo'not need a warning peece, farewell. (me;
Alb. Farewel, why whats the matter? you shanot leave
Thy Mother wo'not know thee in a Visard.
Luys You must excuse me friend, I would Joyn w'ee
I'th' surprise, but that ——
Alb. What I prethee?
Luys I have extraordinary business, that concerns me
As neer as life.
Alb. May not I know't? thou art going
To the Widdow now, thy Mistris.
Lu. Tis a business of more consequence;
Dost think I would leave thee, and there were not
Such a necessity?
Alb. For what?
Luys And there were no more Sisters in the World,
You must excuse me.
Alb. Nay, nay, we must not part, unless I know
This mystery, some reason vvhy you leave me.
Luys If you vvill needs knovv, there's a vvench staies
The toy I told thee on; farevvell *Alberto.* (for me,
Alb. But vvill you leave such business and a friend?
Luys Business? art thou a Gentleman & vvouldst have
Me leave a Ladie I ha'not seen this three year
For business or a friend?
I must to her; if I had a heart
Ten Turn of Iron,
This Female Adamant vvould dravv it to her,
I feel it going; I do tell thee *Don,*
There is no business so materiall
In nature as a vvench, and if thou art my friend
Thou vvouldst leave my Sister novv in such a cause
And bear me company, I must be drunk,
And she must pick my pocket too, that is
Another secret vvhen vve meet together
That never failes.
Alb. Why art thou desperate?

Dost

Doſt not thou fear thy body?
Luys A wench is Phyſick
My body has been us'd too, leave thy prating,
And let me take my courſe.
Alb. And you be ſo reſolute ——
Luys I muſt give you one advice before you go;
VVhen my Siſter's in thy cuſtody, obſerve
The time and place, and things convenient,
And ſtand not fooling about ceremonies
But put her to't.
Alb. Thou wouldſt not have me raviſh her?
Luys. Yes but I would,
Shee's no Siſter of mine if ſhe cry out
For ſuch a buſineſs, ſhe has more wit.
Alb. VVas ever ſuch a mad-cap.
Luys I'l not pray for thee.
Alb. I ſha'not proſper if thou doſt.
Luys Thy hand, Ile drink thy health, & hang thy ſelf.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacinta and Eſtefania.

Iac. You tell me wonders Madam, *Don Ramyres*
Dead, his Son *Fernando* diſinherited,
And young *Franciſco* made his heir?
Eſtef. I took
Franciſcos word.
Iac. Tis ſtrange.
Eſtef. Your ſtars ſmile on you.
Iac. Yet I much pitty the poor Gentleman.
Eſt. Buſie your thought about your own, *Franciſco*——
Ia. Hath promis'd not to fail?
Eſt. He waits where he can eaſily obſerve
How ſoon the coaſt is clear to viſit you.
Ja. So, ſo, thus hooded
The day cannot diſtinguiſh our two faces,
And for your voice, you know how to diſguize it
By imitation of my cold and hoarſeneſs,

And

And when you come to Church ——
Este. Let me alone, there I'l produce the Contract,
Which will surprise *Don Pedro*, and your Father,
To see me challenge him, I ha' prepar'd the Priest too,
Whose holy Eloquence may assist, how ever
This will give you opportunity to perfect
Your wishes with your servant, put the rest
To fate *Jacinta.*
Jac. I hear some approach, retire into my Closet.--
Enter Carlos and Pedro.
Car. Jacinta. *Jac.* Sir.
Car. Not thy voice recover'd?
Ja. A violent cold ——
Car. Count *Pedro* must salute you ere we go.
Pedro Impute it to devotion, that I make
Such hast to be within thy armes,
One kiss and I shall carry with me
Another soul, and count with Joy the minutes
I am to expect this happiness. (Coach;
Car. Jacinta you follow with your Mother in the
My Lord I wait you. *Ped* Ther's Heaven upon her lip.
Iac. He has kist, and took his leave I hope.
Enter Estefania.
I must owe all my happiness to you sweet Madam,
I had been lost without your art to help me.
Este Love wo'not leave his votaries. *Cough*
Iac. I hear my Mothers cough, I ha' finish'd *within.*
And you must act your part: *Exit.*
Enter Alsimira.
Als. Come are you ready Daughter? the Coach stayes.
Esty. I attend Cing.
Alsi. Don Pedro will cure your cold before the morn-

Enter Francisco and takes away Iacinta.

Enter Teodoro and Felisarda.
Teo. What duty *Felisarda* shall we pay

To Heaven for this laſt care of us?
Let not thy eyes,
Although thy grief become 'em, be in love
With tears, I Propheſie a joy ſhall weigh
Down all our ſufferings, I ſee comfort break
Like day, whoſe forehead chears the world; if *Don Fernando* love thee, he is a Gentleman,
Confirm'd in all that's honorable, and cannot
Forget whom his own vertue hath made choice
To ſhine upon.

Feliſ. Unleſs my Innocence,
Apt to believe a flattering tongue, ſee not
The Serpent couch, and hide his ſpeckled breſt
Among the flowers; but it were ſin to think
He can diſſemble, Father, and I know not,
Since I was firſt the object of his charity,
I find a pious gratitude diſperſe
Within my ſoul, and every thought of him
Engenders a warm ſigh within me, which
Like curles of holy Incenſe overtake
Each other in my boſom, and enlarge
With their Embrace his ſweet remembrance.

Teo. Cheriſh
Thoſe thoughts, and where ſuch noble worth invites,
Be bold to call it love.

Feliſ. It is too much
Ambition to hope he ſhould be juſt
To me, or keep his honor, when I look on
The pale complexion of my wants; and yet
Vnleſs he loves me dearly, I am loſt,
And if he have but mock'd me into faith,
He might as well have murdered me, for I
Shall have no heart to live, if his neglect
Deface what my affection printed there.

Teo. There is no feare of his revolt, loſe not
His character. I muſt attend ſome buſineſs.

If *Don Fernando* visit thee, preserve
His fair opinion, and thou maist live
Above thy Uncles pitty. *Felis.* Will you leave me?
Teo. My stay shall not be long; the Garden will
With smiling flowres encourage thee to walk,
And raise thy drooping eyes, with hope to see
A spring like theirs, upon thee. *Exit.*
Felis. Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspicions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i'th' air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernandos truth, but with that chearfullness,
My own first clear intents to honour him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
As noble as he promis'd —— Ha! tis he.

Enter Fernando.

My poor heart trembles like a timerous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a Palsey. *Fer. Felisarda!*
Felis. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome?
Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be gratefull, and with humble thoughts,
And Prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here; you have not cast
Your bounty on a Rock, while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your Charity; my joy
May seem ill drest to come like sorrow thus,
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant Innocence, and your hearty welcome.
Fer. Who did prepare thee *Felisarda* thus
To entertain me weeping? sure our soules
Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
Such beauty in that watry circle, I
Am fearfull to come neer, and breath a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that Cristall,

And yet I muſt ſalute thee, and I dare
With one warm ſigh meet, and dry up this ſorrow.
Feliſ. I ſhall forget all miſery; for when
I look upon the World, and race of men,
I find 'em proud, and all ſo unacquainted
With pitty to ſuch miſerable things
As poverty hath made us, that I muſt
Conclude you ſent from Heaven.
Fer. Oh do not Flatter
Thy ſelf poor *Feliſarda*; I'm Mortall,
The life I bear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And ere I go, to clear how much I love thee---
But firſt I have a ſtory to deliver,
A tale will make thee ſad, but I muſt tell it,
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.
Feliſ. One dead
That lov'd not me? this carries ſir in nature
No killing ſound; I ſhall be ſad to know
I did deſerve an Enemy, or he want
A Charity at death.
Fer. Thy cruell Enemy,
And my beſt friend, hath took Eternall leave
And's gone, to heaven I hope, excuſe my tears,
It is a tribute I muſt pay his memory,
For I did love my Father.
Feliſ. Ha! your Father?
Fer. Yes *Feliſarda*, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years, but death
Hath in few hours made him as ſtiff, as all
The winds, and winter, had thrown cold upon him,
And wiſper'd him to marble.
Feliſ. Now truſt me,
My heart weepes for him, but I underſtand
Not how I was concern'd in his diſpleaſure;
And in ſuch height as you profeſs.
Fer. He did

Command me on his bleſſing to forſake thee;
Was't not a cruell precept, to inforce
The ſoul, and curſe his Son for honeſt love?
Feliſ. This is a wound indeed.
Fer. But not ſo mortall;
For his laſt breath was Balſom pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverſe his maledi&ction;
And I that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, ſunk almoſt to deſpair,
Where night and heavy ſhades hung round about me,
Found my ſelf riſing like the morning Star
To view the World.
Feliſ. Never I hope to be
Eclips'd agen. *Fer.* This was a welcom bleſſing.
Fe. Heaven had a care of both; my joyes are mighty.
Vouchſafe me ſir your pardon if I bluſh
And ſay I love, but rather than the peace
That ſhould preſerve your boſom, ſuffer for
My ſake, 'twere better I were dead.
Fer. No, live.
And live for ever happy, thou deſerved'ſt it.
It is *Fernando* doth make haſt to ſleep
In his forgotten duſt.
Feliſ. Thoſe accents did
Not ſound ſo cheerfully.
Fer. doſt love me?
Feliſ. Sir.
Fer. Do not, I prethee do not, I am loſt,
Alas I am no more *Fernando*, there
Is nothing but the Empty name of him
That did betray thee, place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this ſweetneſs.
Feliſ. Did not *Fernando* ſpeak all this? alas
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Deſpiſe me now for that.
Fer. Deſert me goodneſs

When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor;
For I ha' not a ſtock in all the World
Of ſo much duſt, as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to ſhroud a worm; my dying Father
Hath given away my Birthright to *Franciſco*,
I'm diſinherited, thrown out of all,
But the ſmall Earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
And having nothing left, I come to kiſs thee,
And take my everlaſting leave of thee too.
Farewell, this will perſwade thee to conſent
To my Eternall abſence.

Feliſ. I muſt beſeech you ſtay a little ſir,
And clear my faith. Hath your diſpleaſed Father
Depriv'd you then of all, and made *Franciſco*
The Lord of your Inheritance, without hope
To be repair'd in Fortune?

Fer. 'Tis ſad truth.

Feliſ. This is a happineſs I did not look for.

Fer. A happineſs?

Feliſ. Yes Sir, a happineſs.

Fer. Can *Feliſarda* take delight to hear
What hath undone her ſervant?

Feliſ. Heaven avert it.
But 'tis not worth my grief to be aſſur'd
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I moſt honor of the World; and tis
My pride, if you exceed me not in Fortune,
That I can boaſt my heart, as high, and rich,
With noble flame, and every way your equall,
And if you be as poor as I *Fernando*,
I can deſerve you now, and love you more
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and bloſſoms of the ſpring upon it.

Fer. Thoſe ſhadowes will not feed more than our fan-(cies:
Two poverties will keep but a thin table;
And while wee dream of this high nouriſhment,

Wee

Wee do but ſtarve more glorioufly. *Feliſ.* 'Tis eaſe.
And wealth firſt taught us art to ſurfet by;
Nature is wiſe, not coſtly, and will ſpread
A table for us in the Wilderneſs;
And the kind Earth keep us alive, and healthfull,
With what her boſom doth invite us to;
The brooks, not there ſuſpected as the Wine
That ſomtime Princes quaff, are all tranſparent,
And with their pretty murmurs call to taſt 'em.
In every tree a *Choriſter* to ſing
Health to our loves, our lives ſhall there be free
As the firſt knowledge was from ſin, and all
Our dreams as Innocent. *Fer.* Oh *Feliſarda*?
If thou didſt own leſs Virtue, I might prove
Unkind and marry thee, but being ſo rich
In goodneſs, it becomes me not to bring
One that is poor, in every vvorth, to vvaſt
So excellent a Dower, be free, and meet
One that hath Wealth to cheriſh it, I ſhall
Undo thee quite, but pray for me, as I,
That thou maiſt change for a more happy Bridgroom;
I dare as ſoon be guilty of my death,
As make thee miſerable by expecting me.
Farwell, and do not wrong my ſoul, to think
That any ſtorm could ſeparate us two,
But that I have no fortune now to ſerve thee.
Feliſ. This will be no exception ſir, I hope,
When wee are both dead, yet our bodies may
Be cold, and ſtrangers in the Winding ſheet;
We ſhall be married when our ſpirits meets. *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Enter Carlos, Pedro.

Pe. Your daughter does not uſe me well *Don Carlos.*
Car. I know not what to think,

Some great misfortune muſt be the cauſe.
Ped. Not yet appear? they might,
And they had crept like *Tortoyſes*, Ariv'd
Before this time.
Car. There is ſome ſtrange diſaſter.
Ped. The Coach orethrown, and both their lives
Endanger'd, can but excuſe 'm.
Enter Alſimira.
Oh my Lord, *Don Carlos.*
Ped. The Tragick voice of women ſtricks mine eare.
Car. Alſimira? *Ped.* Madam.
Car. Where is our Daughter?
Alſi. My fear almoſt diſtracts me, ſhe is gone,
Stoln, raviſh'd from me. *Ped.* Ha.
Alſi. An armed Troop
In Viſards forc'd her from my coach; and heaven
Knows where they have hurried the poor *Jacinta.*
Car. A troop of armed Devils.
Ped. Let them be
A legion, they are all damn'd.
Al. Nay they were men and mortall ſure.
Ped. I w'on'ot leave one ſoul amongſt them all.
Car. Mine is in torment.
I'th' hope and height of my ambition
To be thus croſs'd! how ſcap'd you?
Alſi. Alas I was not young enough, I offer'd
My ſelf to bear her company, and ſuffer
As much as ſhe did, but one boyſterous fellow
With a ſtarch'd voice, and a worſe vizard, took me
Juſt here above my Sciatica, and quoited me
Into the coach agen upon my head,
I had a larum in't for half an hour,
And ſo I ſcap'd with life.
Ped. Did they uſe her with any rigor?
Alſi. To ſay truth they were gentle enough to her.
Ped. That

Fed. That mollifies and they may live.
Car. Hell overtake 'em, lets return, they had better
Committed inceſt, than this rape.
Ped. They had better raviſh'd *Proſerpine* before
Don Lucifer's own face. I am all fury. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alberto and Eſtefania.

Alb. Pardon my dear *Jacinta*, It was love
That threw me on this act, I had no patience
To ſee thee forc'd into a mariage
By a covetous Father, whoſe devotion
Is only Wealth and Title; I eſteem
No danger, if at laſt the fair *Jacinta*
Smile and allow this duty; let not ſilence
Deprive me longer of thy voice, whoſe every
Accent will pleaſe, though it pronounce my ſentence;
There's death in this Eclipſs too, ſweet diſmiſs
Thy ungentle veil, and let thy eyes make bright
This melancholy air, that droops and dies
For want of thy reſtoring beams.
Eſt. Now ſir,
What think you of your Miſtris?
Al. You are the Lady *Eſtefania* I take it.
Eſt. Yes, you did take me from the coach *Alberto*
But by a conſequence I find, you thought
Jacinta in your power, I could have told you,
Had you diſcover'd ſooner what you were,
Where to have found your Miſtris, but ſhee's now
Above your hope, and by the prieſt ere this
Made wife to *Don Franciſco.*
Alb. To *Don Pedro*?
Eſt. It was not ſir impoſſible that I
(Had not your violence prevented me)
(By a plot between *Jacinta* and my ſelf,
To take her place and perſon in the coach)
Had by this time been married to Count *Pedro*,
Whom I have povver and Juſtice ſir to challenge

If

If Contracts carry weight.
Al. Have I ſo long
Ly'n beating at the buſh, and is the bird
Fled to *Franciſco* ?
Eſt. I ſhould ſhew I had
A paſſion ſir, and ſenſe of this captivity,
But that I find 'twas error, and not will
Lead you to this;and your own loſs now made
Irreparable, helpes to tye up my anger.
Al. Madam, I muſt confeſs a wrong,and dare
Submit to let your anger puniſh me,
For I deſpiſe my ſelf, now I have loſt
My expectation , and if you pleaſe
To think I had no malice in this act
To you, You can propoſe no ſatisfaction
I ſhall eſteem a penance to repair you ,
As far as my poor life,if you'l direct it.
Eſt. 'Tis nobly promis'd ſir. You ſhall redeem
In my thoughts what is paſt, if you be pleas'd
To make my ſtay no longer here; I have
No deſperate aim to make *Don Pedro* yet
Know how to right me,or make publick what
Should bind his honor to perform.
Al. Was not *Luys* Madam entertain'd your Servant ?
Eſt. I ſhall make known the ſtory if you walk
But to *Don Carlos* Houſe.
Al. You ſhall command me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Carlos, Alſimira, and Servant.

Car. No newes yet of *Jacinta*? *Al.* None.
Car. He muſt
Not live in *Spain*, nor in the World, if my
Revenge can overtake him, that has ſtoln
My Daughter; could you not by voice or habit
Gueſs at the raviſher? Ye are traitors all.
Alſi. Now I conſider better, I ſuſpect
Alberto one of the conſpiracie,

Some

Some voice did ſound like his. You know he lov'd her.
Car. Ha! *Alberto?*
Alſi. And how he might engage ſome Ruffians
To croſs *Don Pedro.*
Car. 'Twas he, where's *Luys* ?
I do not like his abſence, thei'r both guilty ;
My own blood turnd a rebell? ſend for the Alcaides,
They ſhall both trot like theeves to the Corrigidor.
Where is Count *Pedro*?
Alſi. Gon in ſearch of his loſt Miſtris.
Car. When all things were ripe,
The very Prieſt prepar'd to ſeal our Ioyes,
A work my brain did labour for, and ſweat
With hope to ſee accompliſh'd, undermin'd ?
And in a Minute all blown up ?
Alſi. Have patience
She may be found agen.
Car. But how my Lord
May be inclin'd to accept her foil'd, or wounded

Enter Luys drunk.

In fame--- *Alſi. Luys* is here.
Car. Borachio, here's a ſpectacle! more affliction?
Where is your Siſter, whats become of *Jacinta* ?
Lu. My Siſter and *Jacinta* are gone together.
I know all the buſineſs. *Alſi.* Where is ſhe ?
Lu. She is very well, I know not where ſhe is.
But *Don Alberto* is an honeſt Gentleman ,
And has by this time done the feat. *Car.* Confuſion---
Lu. You think you had all the wit, it was my plot.
You may thank heaven that you are old,& ugly, } to *Al-*
You had been no Mother of this World. But ſir, } *ſi.*
I have ſome newes would be deliver'd privately.
Mother of mine, avant.
Car. Th'art not my Son.
Was ever man ſo miſerable ? away
Thou ſpunge;get him to ſleeep,

Al.

Alſi I dare not medle with him. *Exit.*
Lu. In ſobriety a word. *Car.* Where is *Alberto*? (Siſter,
Lu. Where every honeſt man ſhould be a bed, with my
Old man, I ha' conſider'd o' the former mater we talk'd on
And would do things like a dutiful ſon, but I find that a
Wife is not altogether ſo convenient for me as a---
Car Will none deliver me?
Lu. They are ſomewhat ſlug,
Now I have found out an excellent tumbler,
That can do the ſomerſet, pleaſe you to be acquainted
with her, and give me your opinion, She ſhall play
with all the ſtews in Chriſtendome, for all you are
worth, if I live, and yet ſhe is but 17 there's a peri-
winkle, I had a Gemini, before I went to travell, And
I am bound in conſcience, if you think fit, to ſee her
well Provided for---
Car. With whips, i'l have her skin flead off.
Lu. Her skin flead off? doſt thou know mortal man
What thou haſt ſaid? I tel the *Don*, nothing can come neer
Her in the ſhape of an Officer, ſhe is a very Baſilisk & wil
Kill em with her eyes 3 ſcore yards point blank, but you
May talk, & do your pleaſure with her, for I came a
Purpoſe to bring her to your lodging, if you love me,
Do but ſee her, it ſhall coſt you nothing, you ſhall
Be my friend, hang money?
Car. Thus will my ſtate conſume, vexation!
What ſhall I do? when you have ſlept, *Luys*
I'l tell you more, attend him to his Chamber
And make his Door faſt. (go
Luys You vvill conſider on't, upon thoſe terms, I vvil
Sleep a t vvinckling. *Exit.*
Car. And vvo'not all this take avvay my ſenſes?
My Son is loſt too, this is all a curſe
For my ambition and my Avarice.
Enter Alſimira and a ſervant with a Letter.
Alſ. Nevvs *Don Carlos* from our Daughter.
Car. Ha, a Letter; 'tis *Iacintas* hand. *Alſi.*

Alsi. Knovv'ſt vvhere ſhe is?
Ser. Yes Madam, and her reſolution *Carl. reads.*
To attend her Father, with my Maſter *Don Franciſco*
If *Don Carlos* pleaſe to admit 'em, the matters done.
Alsi. What matter?
Ser. They are as faſt as any Prieſt can make em.
Car. Wife to *Franciſco*, now his Fathers heir?
That's ſome allay, if it be true, ſhe writes,
Don Pedro was contracted to *Eſtefania*, who ſupplied
Her perſon in the Coach--twas not *Jacinta* was raviſh'd
Then, *Don Pedro* was not noble, after he had made faith,
To intangle my *Iacinta*. Hum, ſay they ſhall
Be welcome. *Ser.* They are preſent ſir.
Enter Franciſco and Iacinta.
Car. I am nor yet collected, but if this
Paper be juſtified, I receive you both.
Peruſe thoſe wonders *Alsimira.* Clenge
Iacin. Sir, though by the tye of nature you may chal-
All duty, this is done ſo like a Father
It exceeds all your care.
Fran. Let this confirme,
I bring a fortune not to be deſpis'd,
But were I Maſter of the World, I ſhould
At price of all my wealth, thiuk this a treaſure
Purchac'd too cheap.
Car. My bleſſing and my prayers, I 'm new created,
And bow to that great providence; all Joy
Spread through your ſoules; this is not much amiſs.
Fran. But what's become of Madam *Eſtefania*
That took *Iacintas* place?
Alsi. Forc'd from the Coach
By *Don Alberto*, thinking her my Daughter
Iacin. That part of our plot fail'd, but my intents
Were fair, and to aſſiſt this injur'd Ladie
Ser. *Don Pedro* ſir. *Enter Servant.*
Car. You ſhall for ſome few minutes.
Withdraw

Withdraw into that Chamber, in his paſſion
He may be violent, leave me to moderate.
Fra. I ſhall obey you ſir. *Exit.*
Enter Pedro.
Fed. Was ever man of my great birth and fortune
Affronted thus? I am become the talk
Of every *Picaro* and *Ladron*, I challenge
A reparation of my honor; where's
Jacinta? tis a plot, a bace contrivement
To make my name ridiculous, the ſubject
Of every ſcurrill language.
Car. My Lord with pardon
Of your *Alteſa*, y'are not Injur'd here,
Unleſs I have been faulty in too much
Obſervance, and deſires to ſerve your perſon,
VVith almoſt ſacrifice of my Daughter.
Ped. Ha! too much to me?
Car. I would you had remembred
How much your Honor was engag'd before,
By Contract to another, when you mock'd
The Innocent *Jacinta*, now not mine.
Ped. VVho hath traduc'd my fame, or mention'd me
VVith that diſhonour? I diſclaim all Contracts.
The unconfin'd Aire's not more free, than I
To all the World, except your beauteous Daughter.
Car. Do you know the Lady *Eſtefania*? (ſolves it
Ped. Dares ſhe make ſaucie claim? my breath diſ-
If every Lady whom we grace with our
Converſe ſhould challenge men of my Nobility------
Car. I wiſh my Lord you could evade it, for
The honor of my Family; if your conſcience
Or Art can nullifie that Ladies sintereſt
I am reſolv'd---my Son *Luys* ſhall *Aſide*,
Then marry With that Widdow, I have no other
Ambition.
Ped. You are wiſe, and I

Am

Am fortified to clear my ſelf thought-free
Enter Alberto, Eſtefania with a Letter.
From any promiſe to that ſullen Madam.
Ha! tis *Jacinta*, and ſhe wears the Jewell
I did preſent, conſpicuouſly; I ask
No reaſor for thy abſence, let me chain
My darling in this amorous curl, tis happineſs
Enough to repoſſeſs thee, not the policie
And power of Hell ſhall ſeparate us agen.
Eſte. It is but Juſtice ſir. *Ped.* Ha! *Eſtefania.*
Alb. Do you know her ſir?
Eſte. Do you know this character? *Ped.* Conſpiracy.
Eſt. When this is read *Don Carlos*
You will imagine he has wrong'd your Daughter.
Car. Is this your hand Count *Pedro*?
Ped. Mine——tis counterfeit
Upon my honor, and I thus diſſolve
Thy inſolent claim.
Eſte. Nothing can bind I ſee
A falſe heart
Car. This muſt give you freedom Madam,
If you releaſe his haſty vow.
Eſte. Faith cannot
Be compeld ſir.
Ped. Theſe are all Impoſtures;
I take my ſelf into my ſelf.
Alb. What ſhall become of her my noble Count?
Ped. I pitty her
But cannot cure her wound, and if you be
Her friend, adviſe her to contain her paſſions,
And wiſely love one that can entertain it.
Alb. You hear this Madam?
Eſte. And can ſmile upon
His violated fath.
Car. Now for *Luys*,
To ſtrike in with the Widdow.

Ser. Hee's

Servant. Hee's a sleep.

Car. Ile wake and quicken him. *Exit.*

Este. Hadst thou bin worth my love, I should have held
Thee worth my anger shadow, of a Lord.
Thy greatness I despise, and think thee now
Too poor for my revenge, and freely give
Thee back thy barren promises, and when
I read in story, one that has beeu perjur'd,
I'l write *Don Pedro* in the place of him (thee.
That brok his faith, and thank my fate t'have mist

Alb. If you please Madam, while he is i'th' humor
Of being base, I'l make him gather up
These paper reliques, which he shall make himself
Up into rolls, and having swallowed 'em
For Pills, thank you, his Physick was so gentle.

Este. It will be too much time & breath lost on him.

Alber. It will become me Madam to attend you.
Exit Este.

Ped. So, she is taken off' and my path free
To *Carlos* Daughter.

Enter Carlos and Luys.

Luys. Contracted to *Don Pedro*? say.

Car. She was, where is *Estefania*?

Ped. Gone with *Alberto*; proud to wait upon
The Lady I neglected.

Car. Follow 'em *Luys*?
I do not like he should insinuate
Now she is free, and his hopes desperat in
Jacintas love. *Luys* How long have I slept sir?

Car. Thou dost dream still, persue the Widdow now
Or never look at such a fortune.

Luys Is she gone with *Alberto*? what if I say,
I have lain with her, and that shee's with child by me?

Car. That would stain both your fames; away and
When thou return'st, and she confirm'd. (welcom

Luys Ile confirm her, or confound somebody,

No

No more, I am awake, this is *Don Pedro*
I'l talk with him firſt, vvill you juſtefie,
The Widdovv is a Widdovv ſtill, and ſweet
For all your Contract, that you have not been
My rivall as they ſay after the fleſh,
And that you did not knovv I had a mind,
Or not a mind, to do the deed of Matrimon y?

Ped. Not I upon my honor.

Luys You are vvitneſs-----novv to *Alberto.*

Car. Manage the buſineſs temperatly.

Luys Let me alone to be temperate, if I do not coſen
Some body, let me never drink Sack agen. (*Exit.*

Car. What think you of *Jacinta* novv my Lord?

Ped. As on the Saint I pay my chief devotions.

Enter Fernando.

Fer. I come to ſeek one, that I late call'd Brother,
But he hath forfeted that Name, and Juſtice
Weary of ſuch a prodigy in nature
Hath arm'd me thus in her revenge, *Don Carlos,*
Obſcure him not, no darkneſs can protect him,
My ſvvord ſhall forrage every room like lightning,
No Cave but it ſhall viſit, and through ribs
Of ſteel compell my paſſage to his heart,
Although I meet him in his Miſtris Armes,
The lovers Sanctuary, I dare force *Franciſco,*
And vvith my Svvord cut the Embrace that chains him,
Rather then he ſhall glory in my ruines,
And revell out, thoſe honors, vvith her, he
Took from my blood.

Enter Franciſco with a Parchment.

Fra. It ſhall not need *Fernando.*

Ped. Hum, here is like to be a bloody buſineſs,
I'l not diſturb 'em. *Exit.*

Car. As you are Brothers, by your Fathers duſt
That ſhould ſleep quiet in his Urne, by her
Dear name that gave you life, that novv prayes for you,

Chide this unnaturall furie.

Fra. VVhat demands *Fernando*?

Fer. My inheritance wrought from me
By thy ſlie creeping to ſupplant my birth,
And cheat our Fathers eaſie ſoul, unvvorthily
Betraying to his anger for thy luſt
Of wealth, the love and promiſe of two hearts,
Poor *Eliſarda* and *Fernando* now
Wither at ſoul, and rob'd by thee of that
Should cheriſh virtue, like to rifled Pilgrims
Met on the way, and having told their ſtory,
And drop'd their even teares for both their loſs,
Wander from one another.

Fra. Tis not ſure
Fernando, but his paſion (that obeys not
The counſel of his reaſon) would accuſe me,
And if my Father now, ſince ſpirits loſe not
Intelligence, but more active when they have (ling,
Shook off their chains of fleſh, would leave his dwel-
And viſit this courſe orbe agen: my Innocence
Should dare the appeal, and make *Fernando* ſee
His empty accuſations.

Fer. He that thrives
By wicked art, has confidence to dreſs
His action with ſimplicity, and ſhapes
To cheat our credulous natures, tis my wonder
Thou dar'ſt do ſo much injury *Franciſco*
As muſt provoke my Juſtice, to revenge,
Yet wear no Sword.

Fra. I need no guard, I know
Thou darſt not kill me. *Fer.* Dare I not? (ciſco
Fra. And name thy cauſe, tis thy ſuſpition not *Fran-*
Hath wrought thee high and paſſionate, to aſſure it,
If you dare violate, I dare poſſeſs you
Withall my title to your Land.

Car. How is that?

Will

Will you reſign the intereſt to ſuch
A fair Eſtate, and wrong my Daughter ſir?
Fra. Let him receive it at his perill. *Fer.* Ha!
Fra. It was my Fathers act, not mine, he trembled
To hear his curſe alive, what horror will
His conſcience feel, when he ſhall ſpurn his duſt,
And call the reverend ſhade from his bleſt ſeat,
To this bad World again, to walk and fright him?
Car. I am abus'd *Fer.* Can this be more than dream?
Fra. Sir you may cancell it, but think withall
How you can anſwer him that's dead, when he
Shall charge your timorous ſoul for this contempt
To nature and Religion, to break
His laſt bequeſt, and breath, that ſeal'd your bleſſings?
Car. Theſe are fine fancies.
Fer. Here, and may it proſper,
Where my good Father meant it, I'm orecome.
Forgive me, and enjoy it, I may find
Some Earth that is not thine, where I may dy
And take up a dark Chamber, love *Jacinta*,
And while I ſeek out where to be forgotten
Live happy, and devide the ſpring between you,
Enter Ramires, Feliſarda, and Teodoro, a loof.
Fra. So, ſo, all's well agen. *Ram. Fernando* ſtay.
Fer. Ha, my Father and *Feliſarda*?
Car. Don Ramyres and my Neece?
Fer. Are they both dead? [*Fer. Kneels.*
I dare kneel too, they do converſe. *Don Carlos*,
Do not you know that ſhape? 'tis wondrous like
Your Neece. *Car.* And that your Father, ha!
Fer. How long hath *Feliſarda* been a ſad
Companion to the ſhades? I did not think
To find thee in this pale ſociety,
Of ghoſts ſo ſoon.
Feliſar. I am alive *Fernando*,

And *Don Ramires* ſtill, thy living Father.
Fra. You may believe it ſir, I was o'th' counſel.
Fer. It is a joy will tempt me, wiſh to live
Here, without more ambition to change
For bleſſings of the other World; and is
My Father willing that wee both ſhould live?
Car. Men thought you dead. (ſome few
Ramir. It lay within the knowledge of *Franciſco* and
By this device to advance my younger Son
To a Mariage with *Jacinta* ſir, and try
Fernando's Piety and his Miſtris Vertue,
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance,
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge.
Receive thy *Feliſarda*.
Fer. 'Tis a joy,
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties,
My ſoul will not contain I fear, but loſe
And leave me in this extaſie. *Car.* I am cheated.
Ra. Not ſo, what dower you add above that fortune,
Deſcends upon her by your Siſters Legacie
Franciſco ſhall deſerve, with a proportion

Enter Franciſco and Jacinta.

Out of my ſtate; live, and be happy both,
You ſhall not want a Father in my care.
Our children thus increas'd *Don Carlos*, 'tis
Our ſhame if we neglect 'em; *Teodoro*
You now may call me Brother. *Theſ.* I'm honor'd.
Car. Well, take my bleſſing too, love her *Franciſco*.
My bounty is to come, and if my Son
But finiſh with his Miſtris--hee's return'd,

Enter Luys.

Where is the Widdow?
Lu. Sure enough. *Car.* And *Don Alberto*.
Lu. I ha made him ſure too, I ha pepper'd him.
Car. How? (me?
Lu. In your ear, I ha cut his throat, do none perſue

Car. I

Car. I hope thou haſt not kil'd him? ha!
Lu. You hope to late, I could not help it, you ſaid
He was my Rivall. *Car.* Not to loud.
Lu. Where, where ſhall I obſcure me, the Alcaides
Will be here preſently, and ſearch for me.
I left him giving up the ghoſt, at a cranny
I made into his ſide, through which a man
Might ſee into his midriff.
Car. Art thou deſperate?
Lu. Beſide one window that did look into his lungs,
From whence his wind came ſtrong enough,
In ſix hours ſail to diſpatch a Carrack to the ſtraightes.
Car. I'm mad. (well
Lu. I ſhould neglect my life, but 'twould not ſound
With your honor that *Don Carlos* Son was hang'd,
Or put into the Gallies; are they not come yet?
Car. I am undone, there is no ſafety here,
Make faſt thoſe doors, and by the Poſtern gate
Thou maiſt eſcape, take the beſt Horſe, away.
Lu. I ſhall want money ſir.
Car. Come follow me?
This accident I fear will quite diſtract me.
Lu. You muſt diſpatch me quickly ſir, there is
No ſtaying to tell the money, gee't me in lump,
I'l count it afterwards, good ſir make haſt. *Exit. Lu.*
Ra. Something hath hapned that doth freſh (*& Car.*
Perplex him. *Fra.* Where is *Don Pedro*?

Enter Pedro.

Fer. Hee's here.
Ped. The ſtorm is over ſure, I hear no noiſe,
Toledos are aſleep, *Jacinta*? have
I found my love?
Fran. Here 'twas loſt indeed,
I muſt allow no ſuch Familiarity
With my Wife. *Ped.* How? married? (me thus?
Ja. 'Tis moſt true my Lord. *Ped.* You have not us'd

Fra. It had been Impious to divorce your heart
From *Eſtefania*; My good Lord, wee know
Your Lordſhip is religious in your promiſes.
Ped. I defy all *Eſtefanias*, Lady you are civill. } *To Fe-*
Fer. It will become my care ſo to preſerve her } *liſ.*
My Honorable Count.
Ped. Honorable?
It appeares not by theſe contempts. (ture.
Ramyr. Your Lordſhip cannot want a Female Furni-
Enter Alberto and Eſtefania. (blood
Ped. I muſt have ſome body now I'm prepar'd, my
Will take it ill, would I had *Eſtefania*;
Shee's here, Madam I hope you have
A better faith than to believe I was in Earneſt,
Don Pedro is only at your ſervice.
Eſte. 'Tis too late ſir, this Gent. is witneſs,
Of your ſurrender, and is now poſſeſt
Of all that's mine.
Al. It was your Noble bounty,
For which I cannot ſtudy a return
More apt than to reſign to your good Lordſhip,
My Intereſt in *Jacinta*, give you joy Count.
Such a rich Widdow ſerves my turn.
Ped. So ſo,
If I conſider well this is but Juſtice.
Enter Carlos.
Car. Ha, are not you *Don Alberto*: fetch back *Luys.*
Al. The very ſame ſir, and this Lady is my Wife,
Pleaſe you ſalute her.
Enter Luys.
Luys Sir for the credit of your wiſdom talk not,
The man you ſee's alive and married too,
With my conſent, alas I ow'd him mony,
That Widdow has paid all, I muſt be honeſt,
I had no heart to leave you ſo unſatisfied,
Theſe ſums muſt go for other debts,

My

My debts do clog my conſcience, and are better
When they are timely paid ſir, then let run
With their long Teeth to bite your ſtate hereafter,
And if when I am free you dare but truſt me——
Car. Was ever Father cheated thus, come hither,
How darſt thou be ſo impudent?
Lu. I cannot help it ſir, unleſs you dye
Or give me better means, I ſhall make bold
With theſe devices, you are my Father ſir,
And I am bound——
Car. To coſen me?
Lu. All muſt be mine, and if
I pay my ſelf a little before the day,
You ſhall be no loſer when you come to reckon,
This ſha'not make a breach twixt you and I,
They are honeſt men I ow this money too,
When I am cleer preſcribe me any method
And rank me like your ſon, I will deſerve
You ſhall forget my wildneſs, and acknowledge me
A convert without blemiſh to your family.
Rami. I muſt be Interceſſor.
Jacin. And we all. *Car.* I'l think upon't.
Ped. Since I cannot have *Jacinta*, I deſire
I may have her Brother.
Lu. Not in marriage.
Fed. I like his wit, his ſpirit, and his humor,
Do not you love a wench? *Lu.* Yes ſir.
Ped. Thou ſha't never want. *Lu.* Wenches?
Ped. Wee'l live together, and if thy Father
Be not bountifull, thou ſhalt command my fortune.
Lu. You ſpeak nobly.
Ped. Ladies, I ask your pardon
Unleſs you hold me deſperate, diſdaine not
That I may this day wait upon your triumph,
And to each Bride offer ſome guift to expiate
My folly and offence.

Rami. You

Rami. You are too bountifull.
Car. Y'are all my gueſts to day.
Rami. I beg your next
Remove may place the Scen of Joy with me,
My houſe ſhall be much honor'd, lead the way
With Verſe and Wine let Poets crown this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue. *Pedro.*

SO ſo, your dangers over, and the ſtate
Secure, as when our Fleet in Eighty Eight
Was fir'd and ſcatter'd, to confirm it true
Here is Don Pedro *taken Priſoner too,*
I'm at your merey Gentlemen, and I
Confeſs without a rack conſpiracy,
So far as my poor part i'th' Play comes too,
But I am innocent from hurt to you,
And I dare quit the reſt from any plot
Meant but to pleaſe, if you believe it not
I dare make oath, your hands can do no leſs
Than certifie your friends what I confeſs.

FINIS.

THE SISTERS, A COMEDIE, AS It was acted at the private House IN *BLACK FRYERS*,

WRITTEN By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.
1652.

To the moſt worthily Honoured *William Paulet* Eſquire.

SIR,

COmpoſitions of this nature, have heretofore been graced by the acceptance, and protection of the greateſt Nobility (I may ſay Princes) but in this age, when the Scene of Drammatick Poetry is changed into a wilderneſs, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muſe. Many that were wont to encourage Poems, are faln beneath the proverbiall want of the compoſers, and by their ruins are only at leaſure to take meaſure with their eye, of what they have been. Some extinguiſhed with their fortune, have this happineſs, to be out of capacity of further ſhipwrack, while their ſad remaynes peep out of the ſea, and may ſerve naked marks, and caution to other Navigators, Malignant ſtars the while! In this unequall condition of the time, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity, that hath directed this Comedy unto you, who wear your nobleneſs with more ſecurity, than titles, and a name that continues bright and impaſsible among the conſtellations in our Sphear of Engliſh honour. I

leave

dare not detain you, Sir, with too long a Preface; if you please to entertain these Papers, as the modest tender of my service, I shall receive it as a most kind influence upon me; and you will engage to all your commands, the humble heart of

Sir,

Your faithfull Honourer,

JA. SHIRLEY.

Prologue

Prologue at the Black-Fryers.

DOes this look like a Term? I cannot tell,
Our Poet thinks the whole Town is not well,
Has took ſome Phyſick lately, and for fear
Of catching cold dares not ſalute this Ayr.
But ther's another reaſon, I hear ſay
London is gone to *York*, 'tis a great way;
Pox o'the Proverb, and of him ſay I,
That look'd ore *Lincoln*, cauſe that *was*, muſt we
Be now tranſlated North? I could rail to
On Gammar *Shiptons* Ghoſt, but 't wo' not doe,
The Town will ſtill be *flecking*, and a Play
Though ne'r ſo new, will ſtarve the ſecond day:
Upon theſe very hard conditions,
Our Poet will not purchaſe many Towns;
And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'l promiſe neither Play nor Poet live
Till ye come back, think what you do, you ſee
What audience we have, what Company
„*To* Shakeſpear *comes*, *whoſe mirth did once beguile*
„*Dull hours, and buskind, made even ſorrow ſmile,*
„*So lovely were the Wounds, that men would ſay*
„*They could endure the bleeding a whole day*:
He has but few friends lately, think o'that,
Hee'l come no more, and others have his fate.
„Fletcher *the Muſes darling, and choice love*
„*Of* Phœbus, *the delight of every Grove;*
„*Upon whoſe head the Laurel grew, whoſe wit*
„*Was the Times wonder, and example yet,*
'Tis within memory, Trees did not throng,
As once the Story ſaid to *Orpheus* ſong.
„Johnſon, *t'whoſe name, wiſe Art did bow, and Wit*
„*Is only juſtified by honouring it:*

„*To hear whose touch, how would the learned Quire*
„*With silence stoop? and when he took his Lyre,*
„Apollo *dropt his Lute, asham'd to see*
„*A Rival to the God of Harmonie.*
You do forsake *him* too, we must deplore
This fate, for we do know it by our *door*.
How must this Author fear then, with his guilt
Of weakness to thrive here, where late was spilt
The *Muses* own blood, if being but a few,
You not conspire, and meet more frequent too?
There are not now *nine Muses*, and you may
Be kind to ours, if not, he bad me say,
Though while you careless kill the rest, and laugh,
Yet he may live to write your *Epitaph*.

Persons.

Farnese, *Prince of Parma.*
Contarini, *a Noble man.*
Antonio, *Uncle to the Sisters.*
Frapolo, *the chief Bandit.*
Longino, Strozzo, Rangino, Pachequo } *Bandits.*
Lucio, Paulina's *Steward.*
Giovanni, Stephanio } *Servants to* Paulina.
Fabio.
Piperollo, *Sonne to* Fabio.
Countrymen.
Citizens.
Petitioners.
A Scholar.

Pulcheria *disguised, and under the name of* Ver-(gerio.
Paulina, Angellina } *Sisters.*
Morulla, *Wife to* Fabio.
Gentlewomen.

Scene Parma.

THE SISTERS.

ACT I.

Enter Frapolo, Longino, Pacheco, Rangone, Strozzo, and other Banditi.

Lon.  Like not this last Proclamation.
Ra. Nor I.
St. It startled me to read it. (fault!
Fr. Did you read? tis a fault *Strozzo*: a
I'l have no theef hereafter learn to
Threaten us with long winded Proclamations? (read;
We are safe within our Woods, and Territories,
And are above his Edicts; Have not wee
A Common-wealth among our selves, ye *Tripolites*?
A Common-wealth? a Kingdom; and I am
The Prince of *Qui-Vala's*, your Sovereign theef,
And you are all my Subjects.
Lo. We are---
Fr. And is there one so base to change Complexion,
Because we are proscrib'd? I'l be no Prince.
I have a grudging on me to be honest,
And leave you to the fear of hemp, and hunger;
Have I by stratagems so oft preserv'd you,
When you were howling out your lives, and lead
Away in Dog-couples by rusty Officers?
And are you struck dead with a Paper pellet?
Your bloud turn'd Whay, because there is reward
Promis'd to bring our heads in? I renounce you---
Land Rats---

Pa. Most excellent *Frapolo*, they recant;
A little humane frailty may be pardon'd.
Fr. Shall theeves, whose predecessors have been Kings,
And conquer'd worlds, be factious, and schismaticall?
I speak not for my self, but your own sakes,
Whose Impudence, and art in valiant theft,
Hereafter, may advance you to be Princes.
Lo. You have confirmed us.
Fr. You were best be rogues, and one betray another,
To get the base reward; do, lose your honour,
Live branded, and be pointed at i'th'street,
There goes a Rascall that betrai'd his Prince,
Or cut the throat of his Comrade, this will
Shew well i'th'Chronicles-- Stand fair you varlets,
Because we cannot tell whose heart is treacherous,
I will examine all your Phisnomies,
And in whose face soever I can find
A scandalous line, or look that may beget
Suspition of a Man that wo'not die
An honourable Rebell, and defie
The Laws, I'le shoot him presently.
Lo. Hang Laws,
And those that make'em, Conscience is a Varlet;
Stand fair and shew complexions.
Fr. Ye are all valiant, honest theeve landers,
And I will be your Prince agen, and dy w'ee,
As boldly, as they dare invent---
Ra. Hang Cowards.
Fr. I will not have you theeves among your selves.
Lo. How's that, and please thy Excellence, not theeves?
Fr. Not theeves one to another; but Religious ---
There is a kind of a Religion
We Outlaws must observe.
St. I never knew
Religion yet, and 'twill be now unseasonable
To learn.

Ra.

Ra. I'l be of no Religion.
Fr. Who was so bold
To say he would have no Religion?
What man is he, hopes to be drunk, to whore;
To scape the wheels, the Gallies, and the gallowes
And be of no Religion?
Lo. He says right.
Fr. Yee shall be of what Religion I please.
Pa. Tis fit we should, *Frapolo* is our Monarch.
Fr. And yet I must consider of some fit one
That shall become our trade
And constitutions; hum! Silence.
St. Nay, nay Prince, take time to think on't,
Ther's no hast.
Fr. I have thought,
And you shall be no *Pagans*, *Jews*, nor *Christians*.
Lo. What then?
Fr. But every man shall be of all Religions.
Ra. I like that well.
Fr. Why should I clog your Conscience, or confine it?
Do but obey your Prince, and I pronounce
You shall live Grandees, till the State Phangs catch you;
And when you come unto the Wheel, or Gibbet,
Bid figo for the World, and go out Martyrs.
Omnes. A Prince, a Prince!
Fr. Provided, that no theef
Makes a Confession at his Death, or peach
His Tribe; or make a shew of penitence,
To make the Butter-women melt, and draw
Compassion from the toothless musty rabble;
This will exclude the benefit of that Canon
Declares you Martyrs for the Cause.

A noise within.

Scout and discover. *Exit Longino.*
Ra. Tis a howling voice.
Fr. What Cry was that?

Enter Longino.

Lo. Of one, whose pocket has given up the Ghost,
And with the fear his body should do so,
He howles O'this fashion.

They put on Vizards.

Fr. Bring him to our presence.

Piperollo brought in.

Pi. Gentlemen, tis very cold, I beseech you
Do not strip my Skin off, you are not sure
I shall go to a fire when I go out of
This World; and yet as I am I confesse
I shall yield very little burn'd.

Lo. Knock out his brains.

Pa. Pistoll him.

Sr. Cut s throat.

Pi. Gentlemen, hear me--- I am very sorry,
I had no greater sum--- but if you please
To reprieve a poor wretch, I may do you service,
And if you knew my inclination,
You would not be too Cruell.

Fr. To what are you inclin'd Sirra?

Pi. I have been commended for a Dexterity
At your fellonious trade; for Gentlemen,
I have been a Pickpocket of a child, and have
These many years been thought a pretty house-theef,
Mary I have not yet breeding abroad
With such deserving men, but I shall be
Most glad to learn, and if you please t' accept
Me to your tribe, I have Intelligence
Where money lyes hid, and very few Spirits
To guard it.

Fr. Be confident, and be cover'd.

Lo. Let him be one of us.

Fr. Be brief, where is this treasure?

Pi. I have an old Father, and Mother, Gentlemen,
Please you bestow a visit upon them;

They have some Goldfinches, having new sold
A peece of Land, was given 'em by the rich
Vincenzo, Father to the famous, proud
Paulina, now his heir.
Lo. The glorious Daughter
Of old *Vincenz*? she's a *Semiramis.*
Pi. The very same; if you would visit her,
I am acquainted with the house.
Fr. We'l take a time to think on her; to th'point,
What ready money has your Father Sirra?
Pi. Tis but two days ago since he receiv'd
Six hundred Pistolets, I can direct
To a Cedar Chest, where the fine sum lies dormant.
St. What Servants has your Father?
Pi. Alas none, they are miserable Hinds,
And make me all the drudge, you need not fear
The Court-du Guard; if you please let me go
An honest theeves part, and furnish me
With a Devills complexion, to hide my own,
I will conduct you.
Fr. A very honest fellow!
Pi. I do not love to be ingratefull where
I'm kindly us'd, my heart is honest.
Fr. Is he thy own Father?
Pi. My own Father and Mother Sir, the cause
Would not be so naturall else, and meritorious.
Fr. A precious rogue, fit him instantly
With a disguise, and let him have that face
The Devill wore in the last anti-masque.
Pi. It cannot be too ugly Sir to fright 'em.
Fr. But if he fail in any Circumstance---
Pi. 'Tis not far off, I know the nearest way.
Fr. Or give the least suspition to betray you,
Be sure you cut his throat.
Lo. We shall.
Pi. I thank You Sir, d'ee think I'l be a Traytor?

Lo. Come first along with us. *Exeunt.*

Fr. You heard this fellow name the proud *Paulina*,
Her Chests are worth the rifling.

Pa. The Castle is impregnable she lives in.

Fr. Was that spoke like an understanding theef,
A true *Bandit* ? How I do blush for thee?
Was not the Orchard of *Hesperides*
Watcht by a fierce, and flaming Dragon, robd ?
Shall wee despair to reach her golden Apples?
Wee'l make discovery of the place, and persons,
Put it to Fate, let Stars do what they please;
Mercury is a Stronger theef than *Hercules*.

Exeunt.

Enter Giovanni Stephanio.

Gio. What a brave time have we had, since our
Old Master died ?

St. Though he were a gallant man, his Daughter
Makes his Memory burn dym, and (compar'd
To her) he liv'd but like a Hermit in a Cell,
She is all Magnificent, a *Berenice*,
Every hair of her head worth stellyfying.

Gio. But my Lady, for so we must call her,
May be of kin to *Lucifer* for pride;
How many brave Gentlemen hath she despis'd,
When once their blister of Love broke out,
And they made offer of Mariage?

Enter Antonio, Angellina.

Ste. Here is her Sister *Angellina* a virgin
Of another constitution, their two natures
As different are, as the two Poles, our Mistress
Cannot be so Tyrannically proud
As she is sweet, and humble.

Gio. That's the reason her Father left her only
As much as would commend her to a Nunnery.

St. Her Uncle dotes upon her.

Gio. He does love her.

St.

St. Tis an old blunt brave fellow; but he has
Quite loſt our gallant Ladies good opinion,
He is out of grace.

Ex. Ant. Ang.

Gio. Becauſe he would correct her inſolence,
Who oblig'd by her father to the care of
Her governour, wo'not tie up his Counſell,
Which he enforces ſometimes ſo paſſionately,
It is a ſport to hear her contempt of his gravity.

Enter Paulina, Antonio.

He has met my Lady, I ſee a quarrell
In their looks already, let us withd raw
Behind that Lobby, we may hear, and
Laugh ſecurely. *Exeunt.*

An. How long have you been ſpeechleſs? am
Not I your Uncle? why do you look ſo ſcurvily?
I do not think you are a Princeſſe yet,
And therefore take the boldneſs to ſalute you,
Without the Ceremony of Petitioners
That haunt your Ladiſhips charity; or if
You thought me deſpicable, your Siſter has
Deſerv'd your ſmile.

Pa. It may be ſo---

An. Buffoones,
That make an Idoll of you, and can pawn
Their Souls to flatter you, ſhould be entertaind,
And Courted to your vanity. I bluſh for you;
Will nothing bring you into ſenſe of Honour
Or Modeſty? I ha done.

Pa. It will become you;
You do preſume too much.

An. Preſume? why, are
Not you *Paulina* am not I *Antonio*
Your Uncle? ſpeak.

Pa. I do remember Sir,
I calld you ſo, while you preſerv'd your wits,

And may acknowledge you again, upon
Sober Conditions, and your Senses perfect.
An. Sober Conditions? am I Drunk, Gipsey?
What flesh is able to forbear. Dost hear?
Thou hast drunk a Devill.
Pa. I did not see him in my Cup.
An. And he has sweld thee to this monstrous pride,
More than thy Sex beside; if thou goest on
At this rate, thou wilt make *Lucifer* an Ape,
He must be thy Disciple.
Pa. The Old thing raves:
An. Thing? what thing? thank heaven thou
Art a woman; I would beat thee into a Poltise---
When didst thou say thy prayers?
Pa. You know I keep a Chaplain.
An. Thy Soul wants desperate lancing;
Ther's an eternall Ulcer in thy heart,
Ten Witches cannot suck it dry, there is
A bath of Poyson in thee.
Pa. I shall pity him;
A Posset, and to bed with him, his head
Does want the benefit of sleep; how wild
The good man looks?
An. Thou art---
Pa. The Mistress of this Castle as I take it;
Without your Legacy. (fear
An. I could rail upon the dead for't; dost thou not
Thy Fathers ghost should haunt thee?
Pa. I never think upon him, and it was
His providence to leave me an estate,
To keep me from those Malancholy fancies,
And I will have you my caprichious Uncle
Know, in the Circle of these my Dominions,
I will have no Competitor.
An. Dominions?
Was ever such an insolence? are not you

Some Queen conceald?
Pa. I am Independent, and sole regent here.
An. So so,
Where's your Nobility? they are to blame
Not to attend---
Pa. Who waits?
Enter Giovanni, Stephanio.
An. But they do want white Staves, this is
Not State enough.
Pa. It shall be mended, let them be remembred.
An. She's in earnest--- and
If I were worthy to advise you Madam,
Your grace should be a little more reserv'd,
And entertain none that did treat of Mariage
To your private conference, untill they had
In publick receiv'd audience like Ambassadors.
Pa. I like the Counsell well, it shall be so,
The next that comes shall find it my good Uncle.
An. She's incorrigible.
What if you commanded those that do attend
Your person to observe you on their knees
Sometimes, they must be humble to your highness;
I can forget my gray hairs, name, and bloud,
And teach your Servants duty.
Pa. The example
Will edifie the household, and you may,
By fair degrees rise to our Princely favour.
Enter Lucio.
Lu. Madam, the Lord *Contarini* is arrived
The Castle.
Pa. He comes a woing to me, let it be
Your Office reverend Uncle to acquaint him,
Our pleasure is to give him Audience
To Morrow in full State, untill when Uncle,
Make it your care, his entertainment be
Such as becomes the greatness of his bloud,

And one, on whom the Prince, we know, bestows
His speciall grace.
An. D'ee hear sweet Niece? be not you transported;
This is no dream, the man is no mock-lord.
Pa. I'l be a Princess here, as you directed,
If he can humble himself to Ceremony,
Promise him honourable access, and freedom,
If the Conditions please him not, he may
Return, and leave our Court. *Exit.*
An. Is this in Nature? well I'l follow her,
And if she be not past all shame, and senses,
I will humble or confound her. *Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Longino, Strozzo, Binding Fabio, and Morulla.

Mo. AH sweet Gentlemen, we are very poor,
And have a great Charge.
Str. We do come to ease you of your charge.
Fa. Pity my age.
St. You must then pity our youth.
Enter Piperollo visarded with three bags.
Pi. Here, share and share like.
Mo. Alas we are undone.
St. What shall we do with them?
Pi. If you have bound her hands and feet, you
May try whether she be a Witch or no, there's
A Pond in the backside, if she swim, so---
For him?
Fa. Have some compassion, tis our whole estate.
Lo. You have a Son, a pious child we hear.

St.

St. He will not let you want.
Mo. Alas poor boy, he little thinks what we
With care and providence laid up for him
Should thus be loſt. O pity Gentlemen.
Pi. Boh —Lets away.
St. I begin to find a kind of a compunction,
Let us be charitable theeves for once---
Lo. And return half,
What ſay you?
Pi. Not a gazet, y'are not ſuch fooliſh theeves;
Part with preſent money? part with my life firſt.
St. Not to your Parents?
Pi. We uſe them well, becauſe we do not carry
Their Cowes away; there they have Cheeſe, and Butter,
Bread comes by nature, and they both can glean,
There's water in the Well too; not a penny---
If you will be ſo charitable, defalk
From your own ſhares, mine is a juſt theeves part;
I look for thanks, diſtribute your own alms;
Theſe things muſt be employ'd to better uſes.
Is a Father, and Mother conſiderable
To ready mony; oh! fie---boh!
St. Then we muſt over-rule you.

Trips up his heels.

Pi. Ah what do you mean?
St. Baul and betray your ſelf at your own perill.
We will be bold with your theeves part---
Come neerer--- Look you good Woman,
You ſhall not loſe your thirds, ſay you have met
With honeſt theeves; this ſhall ſuffice at preſent,
Which we but borrow neither, that you may not
Suſpect our payment, you ſhall have ſecurity,
This honeſt man bound for't, and ſo we leave you.
Fa. Tis money.
Mo. And left one of their fellows bound.
Fa. Do we not dream Wife? I dare not come neer
Him.

Mo.

Mo. They are gone, I'l see his complexion;
Who's this?

Fa. Our own Son *Piperollo*?

Pi. Pray Father give me your blessing, ah---
Mother do not stone me to death with that
Money bag, I am your Son.

Mo. My Son? I know thee not.

Pi. A liar, you know Mother, is worse than a
Theef; do not destroy the hopes of your Family,
Alas, I was drawn in, and made a theef
In my own defence, they swore to cut my throat
Else, do you think I had so little grace --

Mo. Did they so? I'l try what I can do.

She draws her knife.

Pi. Oh my quibibles! sweet Mother, remember
You were a woman in your days, that knew
What's what, and the true difference of things.
I am a man yet, your forgiveneſſe may
Make me a true man. Libbing, and hanging
Are no helps to posterity, I am your own
Sweet fleſh and bloud--- Oh.

Mo. Kick him out of doors.

Pi. I thank you, this Correction may do me good;
Gently, ah gently; shall I not ask you blessing,
A twelve-month hence?

Both Never.

Pi. I wo'not.
My Mother has a deadly lift with her leg.

Fa. Boh, you tadpole. *Exeunt.*

Pi. I shall do no good o'this trade.
Now to my wits, this is no world to starve in.

Exit

Enter Lucio, Giovanni, Stephanio, with white Staves.

Lu. This is very fine; do not these Staves become us?
But will my Lady be thus mad, and give

The

The Lord *Contarini* Audience in such State?
She takes upon her like a very Princess. (her?
Gio. But is't not strange her Uncle should thus humor
Ste. He gave her the first hint, which she pursues
To his vexation.
Luc. But will my Lord stoop to this mockery?
Gio. He is prepar'd by her Uncle; 'twil be sport,
If she but carry it with pride enough.
Gio Let her alone.
St. And if my Lord wants confidence---
Gio. I think her impudence will make him blush,
And put him out; I have seen a Counterfeit
With such a Majesty compose himself,
He thought himself a Prince, could frown as scornfully,
And give his hand out to great Lords to kiss,
With as much grace, as all the Royall bloud
Had musterd in his veins.
Lu Some Monarch
Of Innes a Court in *England* sure; but when
His reign expires, and Christmas in the grave
Cold as the Turkies coffind up in crust,
That walk like Ghosts, and glide to severall Tables,
When Instruments are hoarse with sitting up,
When the gay triumph ceases, and the treasure
Divided, all the Offices laid up,
And the new cloathes in Lavender, what then?
Gio. Why then the man that kist his highness hand
O'r night, may justle him for the wall next morning,
And have it too; if he come off with all
His wits, the Play is paid for, and he fit
For travell.

Enter Contarini, Antonio, Vergerio, they whisper.

My Ladies Uncle, and the Lord *Contarini.*
Ver. My Lord *Contarini* expects when he
May have the happiness to present his service

To

To your great Lady.

Lu. We shall Sir acquaint her.

Ver. Your Office Sir?

Lu. Her Steward.

Ver. Yours I pray?

St. Mine, Treasurer.

Gio. Mine, Controller.

Ver. I kiss your hands; this may be worth my Lords Curiosity.

An. For the mirths sake, my Lord be pleas'd, you may Do an act of Charity and restore her Senses; I'l wait on you again. *Exit.*

Con. Now *Vergerio?*

Ver. The expectation is increas'd, her Officers Observe the State; were your affections earnest And I my Lord your Mistresse, I should trust Her pride.

Con. Unless she ravish me.

Enter Antonio.

An. She's upon entrance, her madness holds, Your confidence may convert her, shees my Neece And I am sorry for it.

Enter Paulina attended in State, Angellina, Ladies.

Pa. Give him accesse.

Con. What Ladies that stands on her right hand?

An. Her younger Sister, that does vex me as much With her humility, as the other with Her impudence.

Con. An excellent peece, *Vergerio.*

Ver. Which my Lord?

Con. Madam, the glory of your time and Nation, Whose looks do shine with Majesty, and shoot A flame t' undoe the admirer, O call in Some beams that wait upon the thrones of light, Or I shall fall your sacrifice, and not finish

What

What my great Master gave me in charge.
Lu. Has the Prince a mind to her himself.
St. Tis not impossible.
Pa. Speak on my Lord.
An. Gipsey, she does believe the lightning of her eys
Will blast indeed, how scornfully she squinnies?
Con. I come from the great Sovereign of hearts,
Whose glorious monarchy uncircumscrib'd,
Extends to all the habitable world,
Where ever land or lover stretch'd his arm,
Whose Scepter's not like that of common Kings,
But a bright golden shaft feather'd with sighs,
And headed with a flame, which finds access,
Like subtill lightning to the most secure,
And stubborn Cell that ever yet inclos'd
A humane thought --
Lu. He flies high.
Gio. Tis his arrow---
Pa. Speak this great name.
Con. The most immortall Prince of Love---
Gio. A high and mighty Prince indeed.
Lu. Tis not our Prince of *Parma* then?
Con. Unto your beauty Madam, that makes sweet
The breath of Fame, in his name I am sent
To offer up a Servant, rich with wonder,
And humble thoughts that honour you; who can
See those perfections and not adore
The Divine Owner? Brightness that offends
The innocent eye that gazes, is in you
The cure of blindness, and the filmes that hang
Upon the humble sight, fall off and vanish,
That it may take new life and light from you.
An. Is she not yet ridiculous to her self?
Con. I can leave Cupids Court to live with you,
And all those bowers, where an eternall spring
Makes every flower in love with it's own beauty.

The

The wind whose airy wings convey all sweetness
That sense can entertain, I would exchange
But to be near your breath; and think there dwels
A harmony in your voice, above the airs
Of all those charming Birds by love selected
From every wood to be his quire. I fear
I am too bold, and may be thought to wander;
If Madam you accept my amorous vows,
Which live yet in the weak expression
Of him that honours you, time will produce
A white and fortunate hour to crown our loves
With nuptiall happiness.

Pa. You have relation
To the Court of *Parma*, your name Lord
Contarini, you have no Message from you Master?

Con. Madam your fame hath fild his Court, and he
Presents by me his Princely wishes of
Your happiness, and should he see your person,
Like mine, his heart I fear would melt into
A stream of Love and Admiration.

Pa. Sir, we accept in good part greeting from
The Prince, but you have no commission
To treat for him; the substance of your own
Affair will ask our pause, we will take time
To answer, which till you receive, you may
Command our Court. *Exeunt Paulina, Servant:*

Angellina stayes.

Ver. Proud folly!

Ant. Prodigious impudence!

Con. What think you Signior?

Ant. I am confounded, I'l to her agen. *Exit.*

Ang. When shall I awake?
This sure is but a dream, the Gentleman
Cannot so much mistake his time and Language.

Con. I came with Curiosity to see
Her pride so talk'd of, but my heart I feel

Is taken with an object of true sweetness.
Is't not a lovely figure? say *Vergerio*.
Ver. If but her mind answer that fair proportion,
My Lord she is worth love, but being Sister
To a woman of such pride---
Con. I prethee leave me.
Ver. She is very beautifull; my Lord is taken. *Exit.*
Con. Lady, but that ther's story for your births,
I should make judgment by your modest face,
This arrogant woman could not be your Sister.
Ang. Sir, if your expectation be not answered
With her full worth, I shall beseech you name her
With less disgrace, (our bloud so neer) it cannot
Be gratefull to my ear, to hear her blemishes.
Con. I was prepar'd before to meet this goodness;
These words and looks become that innocent spring
From whence they flow, vertue hath such an army
About your heart, ther's nothing can approach
Ill to betray it, or proceed from you
But warranted by honour.
An. I know not,
But sure my Lord, you talk too fine a language
For me to understand; we are far from Court,
Where though you may speak Truth, you cloath it with
Such trim and gay apparell, we that only
Know her in plainness, and simplicity,
Cannot tell how to trust our ears, or know,
When men dissemble.
Con. By your own love
To truth, you must beleeve me, when I say,
Although it took beginning from this visit,
I love no beauty but your self.
Ang. You said you lov'd my Sister, and expres't
Your passion in such mighty phrase and fancie
I thought your soul had made a business on't;
Pardon the weakness of my faith if I

Dare not believe this change.

Con. Your Sister, Lady,
I came to visit, not affect, I heard,
And had a purpose but to try how neer
The wonder of her pride (pardon sweet Virgin)
Came to a truth, nor did I Court her with
The language of a meaning lover; but
Prepared by your Vncle, meant to make her see
Her miserable folly; I dare not
Present such Mockeries to you; suspect not
This hasty address; by your fair self, I love you.

Ang. My Lord, If I beleev'd this, reall Courtship,
I should not entertain your honour with a
A fruitless Expectation, but declare,
Besides my want of fortune, beauty, birth,
To make me worth your love, I am already
Contracted by my Father to Religion,
Whose will I cheerfully obey, and wait
When my good Uncle will dispose me to
A Nunnery. *Con.* A Nunnery?

Ang. Where for
So great an honour you pretend to me
A most unworthy maid, I'l offer up
My prayers, that you may choose a heart more equall
To your own love, and greatness.

Enter Antonio, Paulina, and Servants.

Con. Nay you must
Not leave me so, we are interrupted, you
May trust me fair one with a neerer Conference.

Exeunt.

Pa. Alas poor old man.

Ant. The Old man before your borrowed Ladiship
Is bold to keep his head warm, and to tell you
You are a Puppet, take that to your titles
Of honour.

Pa. So Sir, none restrain his insolence?

Ant.

Ant. I'l make him swallow down his staff of Office
That stirs. I ha'not done. Canst be so impudent
To think his Lordship does not laugh at thee?
Your eys the thrones of light? a brace of Lanthorns,
In which two snufs of Candle close to th'socket,
Appear like fire-drakes, and will serve to light
A traveller into a Ditch. You Madam Majesty,
And the glory of a Nation?
Tho'art a disease to Honour, Modesty,
A Feaver in thy Fathers bloud, a Gangren
Upon his name, a Pox upon thee for't;
Ther's one disease more, yet I have not done.

Pa. My Charity may invite, if these fits hold,
Some close provision for you 'mong mad men;
I do command you leave my house.

Ant. I wo'not,
I'l fire the house; dost hear? thou wo't burn well,
Th'ast Oil enough about thy face, and all
Thy body Pitch, very combustible.
But I'l not be damn'd for thee, now I think on't,
And since no Counsell will prevail, I'l save
My self. Before I go, give but a reason
Why thou dost slight this gallant Lord, and squint
As if he were Groom or Foot man.

Pa. I'l tell you,
You would have the truth.

Ant. If thou canst speak any.

Pa. I do esteem my self
More equall for his Master.

Ant. Who, the Prince?

Pa. No, the blind Prince of Love, you are wise Uncle,
But I am out of Poetry.

Ant. I think I were best cut off thy head, and save
The Laws a labour--- Ther's no talking to her.

Pa. I am of your mind Uncle, you may edifie
Your charge, my younger Sister, she's not proud,

Pray take her w'ee, shee'l become the Cloister;
Go, and be mortified together, take her,
I am weary of her.

Ant. And I of thee;
She shall be further off too, thou'lt infect her,
Although her foolish Father, (yet he was
My Brother) I have not power to speak
Well o'th'dead, gave thee his whole Estate,
I have a fortune, dost thou hear? I have,
And to vex thee, thy Sister shall have that,
I'l see, and I can make her proud, I'l do't;
She shall have Servants, Suters, Fidlers, Flatterers,
Fine Cloathes, and all the food that can provoke
To glorifie her sense; I have bags to spare,
She shall not to a Nunnery to vex thee,
I say again she shall not, wee'l have humours;
The to'ther Pox upon thee, and farewell.

Pa. I fear he's mad indeed Let me have Musick,
This talk has made me Melancholy. *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lucio, Piperollo.

Lu. FOr thy Mothers sake thou shalt be entertain'd.

Pi. An under Butler would fit me rarely,
Ther's none i'th'house that shall be sooner drunk,
Nor oftner for my Ladies credit Sir.

Lu. Can you write?

Pi. And read in print Sir.

Lu. Art thou faithfull? may a man trust thee?

Pi. For more than I'l speak on; trusted? I was bound
For two Gentlemen lately, that could not take up
Five hundred Pistols upon other security,

My

My Father and Mother knows it; I shall never
Endure a theef for a thing that I know, alas
You know I am a neighbors child, my mother
Was your good Ladies nurse.

Lu. Do not I know thy Mother?

Pi. Better it may be, than I know my Father.

Lu. Till some Office fall i'th'house, you shall serve me,
And ride with me, to receive my Ladies Rents.

Enter Controller Giovanni.

Gio. Mr. Steward, yonder are the rarest fellows,
In such phantasticall habits too, they call
Themselves Mathematicians.

Lu. What do they come for?

Gio. To offer their service to my Lady, and tell for-
tunes.

Lu. Have they no chief?

Gio. Yes a quaint philosophicall fellow, they call
Him a *Caldean*, a great Schollar, they do
Not come for money like your starch'd fac'd
Egyptians, but carry things for the credit of
The Mathematiques honourably; my Lady hath
Given the *Caldean* her Nativity, who is to consult
With the Ephemerides, and give account how
The Stars wil dispose of her.

Pi. We shall know all our fortunes then.

Gio. The worst of his train can discipher hands,
Tell foreheads.

Pi. And Noses.

Gio. One at the first sight did but whisper to my
Ladies Gentlewoman, and she did so blush
Through her Tiffany.

Pi. That's no great matter, I have seen one blush
Through a Plaister of *Paris*.

Lu. How's that?

Pi. A kind of *French* painting Sir.

Gio. Well said *Piperollo*;
I have entertain'd him; but my Lady.

Enter Paulina, Gentlewomen.

Pa. The *Caldean*
Pleases me, I long to hear my fortune,
If it be good he shall have a reward
To cherish his great Art, and worth my bounty;
What if my Stars should frown?
Didst bid 'em follow?

Ste. They are all ready Madam.

Pi. Musicall knaves.

Enter Longino, Rancone, Pacheco, Strozzo, in queint disguises.

A Song.

Beauty and the various grace,
That adorn the sweetest faces,
Here take their glorious throne; may he
That is the God of Archerie,
Never aim one angry Dart,
But soft, and gentle as your heart,
Court it with flame, and rich perfume,
To light, and sweeten, not consume.

Pa. Not the *Caldean* come yet? my thoughts are
Inflam'd with fierce desire to know my Destiny;
You have skill Gentlemen; but I'l expect
The judgment of your Master on my Fate;
When the great man of art returns acquaint me. *Exit.*

Ste. Come my friends, lets lose no time; Sir.

Lo. I am for you to the extent of my Art Signiour.

Ra. If it please you, let me peruse your hand.

Lu. 'Tis at your service.

Pi. Please you to examine my Palm; can you
Tell me learned Sir, what is past?

Pa. You know that already.

Pi. 'Twill be a satisfaction to me, if you can
Make it appear, that you know something
In that point.

Lo. A Fracture in the Mercuriall line, and the

Mount

Mount of *Saturn* ill characted! you are Neer a misfortune Sir. [*Strazzo picks* [*Stephani. pocket.*

Ra. *Jupiters* Mount is well form'd and colour'd
A Croſs conſpicuous, the Suns Mount well
Figur'd, and *linea ſolis*, without any interſection,

Lu. Your Iudgment upon that Sir?

Enter Antonio.

An. More Anticks yet? What Nation have we here,
Fortune flingers!

Str. You ſhall know yours immediately.

An. Her houſe is open for theſe Mountebanks,
Cheaters, and Tumblers, that can foiſt and flatter
My Lady Gugaw; Every office open,
When Poor men that have worth and want an Alms,
May periſh ere they paſs the Porters lodge;
What are you Sir?

Str. One of the Mathematicians noble Signior.

An. Mathematicians? Mungrell,
How durſt thou take that learned name upon thee?
You are one of thoſe knaves that ſtroul the Country,
And live by picking worms out of fools fingers. (*Cato.*

Str. And ſomething out of your trunks, my reverend

An. Buſie the raskals are, how the rogues ſtink?
I'l ſend your Regiment a Quarter-maſter. *Exit.*

Str. Now to my other gameſter.

Pa. You have been---

Pi. What Sir?

Pa. In your ear--- a theef.

Pi. He has a Devil; good Sir not too loud.

Pa. And you ſhall be---

Pi. Hang'd I warrant you.

Pa. Let me ſee tother hand.

Pi. Shall it ſcape with burning?

Ra. You ſhall be a Lord.

Lu. A Lord.

Ra. Hum, yes, a Lord infallibly.

Pa. You shall be a Knight Sir.

Pi. Of the theeves Order, and wear my rich
Collar of hemp; is't not so?

Pa. An honourable Knight, upon my word.

Lu. A Lord--- Pray give your opinion. [*To Lor in.*

Lo. Your hand--- you shall be a right worshipfull---

Lu. One of your tribe told me I should be a Lord.(ry.

Str. And shall be us'd accordingly, Lords are transito-

Strozzo picks Luc'oes pocket.

Lo. Let me see tother hand. I marry Sir, this line
Cleeres the doubt, and markes you right
Honourable, which makes up the tother half
Of your fortune Signior, these two parallell lines
From the dexter angle to be the Mount of *Sol*,
Has made all plain, you must be a Lord.

Pi. He has given you a very good reason Sir,
A man can have but half his fortune in one
Hand, and two right worshipfulls makes up
One right honourable; these are rare fellowes,
I am predestinate to be a Knight,
The Stars may do their pleasure, I obey.
This should be the *Caldean.*

Enter Frapolo, Castruchio he whispers to the rest.

Fr. I have narrowly observed the Castle, and
Where the treasure lies, I know my Lady
In honour will entertain us this night, and
When they are asleep wee'l take our opportunity
To rifle her Exchequer, boyes, mean time
Let me alone to humour her proud Nature;
I will so claw her ambition.

Lu. In the interim, I'l put a question to
His Astrology. Sir, If you please till my Lady
Return to satisfie her Seward, and oblige him
By your Art, one of your under Mathematicks
Has given me a Comfortable Destinie.

Fr. Your hand. When were you born?

Lu.

Lu. I know not Sir. *Ran.* A Lord--- [*R. whispers*

Fr. No Matter, *Venus* in the Ascendent with *Sol*, being Lady of your seventh; hum, hum, With *Iupiter*, designes you to be a Lord.

Lu. They all agree; the miracle of learning! One question more I beseeth you Sir, I Am to ride with my Man to receive my Ladies Rent to morrow through the Forrest---

Fr. Go to.

Lu. Now I desire to know, whether we shall be Rob'd in our return or no?

Fr. What time do you think precisely to come Back Sir, for we should know the very minute.

Lu. The Money is ready Sir, and we do purpose, In your ear ———

Fr. Yes, you shall be rob'd, ther's nothing in Nature to prevent it.

Pi. Will they kill us, and please you?

Fr. No, they shall not kill you, they shall only Take your money, and break your pate, that Will be all.

Pi. Why let 'em rob us Sir, the loss of our Money Will be an evidence of our preferment, and you May have more assurance to be a Lord, and I of my Knighthood---- My Lady Sir.

Enter Paulina.

Fr. Madam, the Stars shine with their full beams Upon you, Who by me their interpreter, salute You with a glorious fortune: For *Leo*'s Lord of your Horoscope in the right angle of heaven, and a royall Fixt Sar calld *Regulus*, or the Lions hart, culminating With him, and a naturall reception between *Mars*, And *Sol* Lord of the tenth, being in the first with *Mercury* and *Venus* in the house of honour, besides A Conjunction of *Iupiter* and *Luna* in *Pisces*, in The house of Mariage. I must give Iudgment.

Pa. I shall beseech your cleerer language.
Fr. You shall be Married to a Prince, it is inevitable.
Pa. A Prince?
Lu. May not I come to be a Lord then?
Pi. And I a Knight?
Pa. When shall I see him?
Fr. He shall within few days visit your Castle,
Drawn hither with the fame of your person,
And bravery. I need not instruct you to entertain
Him with State and Ceremony becoming his
Excellence, but if he Court you not into his arms,
I will renounce the Stars, and say there is no
Truth in Astrology.
Pa. How my thoughts swel already.
Fr. She has swallowe'd it.
Pa. Give him five hundred Pistolets.
Fr. Do not wrong so much
One that does honour you; as I bribe not
The Stars to tell me their Decrees, I dare not
For money sell their Secrets, and if any
That have relation to me presume
To take a *Iulio*---
Lo. By no means Madam---
Pa. I like it that no Mercenary ends
Guide 'em to flatter me. [*A Drum far off.*
Lo. Is not that a March? *Exit.*
Pi. If it entrench not too far upon your art,
This Prince, Sir, has a Name.
Fr. And rules this Province,
Ferneſe is a Bachelour.
Pa. The Prince of *Parma*?
My bloud refines in every vein already,
Dull heavy Souls that are content to drudge
In humble thoughts.
Enter Lmgino and whispers to Frapolo.
Lo. I Fear we are betraid;

The Countries up and marching to the Castle,
We may be all surpriz'd let us to, horse--- *Exit.*

Pa. Deny not, Sir, this night an entertainment,
Such as my Castle yields, it sha'not spread
To receive guests more welcome.

Lu. A Drum Madam. *Exit.*

Ra. Must we not stay and rob the house to night?

Er. Madam, my art foretells I cannot be
Safe to remain here, at my return
I wo'not baulk your Castle, i'th' mean time
Cherish high thoughts, your Stars do call you Princess,
So kissing your fair hand---

Pa. Make me not so unhappy.

Fr. There is no dispute with Destinie,
I take my humble leave, away to horse. *Exeunt.*

Pa. This more amazeth me, what danger should
Provoke this hast, if it prove their concernment,
I must believe they do converse with Fate,
And trust to them as Oracles; a Princess?
Was not my Soul Prophetical?

Enter Lucio.

Lu. Madam, some accident hath rais'd your tenants,
They march in fury this way, in strange postures
And Arms, as if they came to storm the Castle.

Enter Piperello.

Pi. Madam, we are all undone, the Clubs are up,
Your Tenants are turn'd Rebels, and by this time
Entred the Hall; and threaten to surprize
I know not whom; But the *Caldean*, and
His troop are vanish'd, they foresaw this tempest.

Pa. What should this mean?

Enter Countrymen armed.

1 Come on you men of lusty *Chine*, Dear Lady
Be not affrighted, Captain of thy Guard
Am I, thy naturall Tenant, and thy Vassall;
Where be these Sunburnt *Æthiopians*?

I wo'not leave one Canting Rogue alive.
Pa. What *Æthiopians*, what Canting Rogues?
Do not your Clounships know me?
1 Know our Princess?
We honour thee, and rise in thy defence;
Where be these theeves? we heard there were
A Regiment, that came to Cheat and Plunder.
Pa. Y'are a Knot
Of knaves and fools, and shall repent this insolence;
You that command in chief, good Captain *Bumbard*,
May teach your Raggamuffins face about,
Was it your stratagem to fright my guests?
1 Your Uncle told us Madam, and commanded.
Pa. Was it his plot? he's still my enemy.
1 Pardon us Madam,
We came simply hither to do you service;
Kneel, or we shall all be stript out of our Tenements.
Pa. My Uncle has abus'd you,
But this submission takes our anger off,
Continue dutifull to my Commands,
And you shall be remembred; *Piperollo---* *Exit.*
Pi. I know the Buttery Madam; follow me,
It is my Ladies pleasure you be drunk,
And thank her grace ye keep your Copiholds;
Dee you bring up the rear, I'l march in front. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Contarini.

Ant. Passion O'me, it is to great an honour,
Refuse a man of your high bloud and name,
That Courts her honourably? I could beat her.
Con. 'Tis not impossible at my return
To find a change. I must to Court agen.
Ver. The horses my Lord are ready.
Con. Vergerio---
Ant. What a Baggage 'tis, shees all for the Nunnery,
She sha'not have her will, I'l undo my self
But I'l destroy this Modesty; if I could

But

But make her proud there were some hope on her.

Ver. My Lord you may command, but how unfit,
I am to manage this affair.

Con. Thou hast a powerfull Language, it prevail'd
On me when I first saw thee, since which time
I have not deserv'd unkindly from thee, and
This trust speaks more than Common favour.

Ver. Make me his advocate to *Angellina*?

An. My Lord, if you can still preserve these thoughts
Of honour to us, leave her to my Counsell.

Con. Most cheerfully, I am not desperate;
This Gentleman I'l leave to wait upon her,
Who is privy to my Counsells, and affection.

An. Your Lordship hath found trust in him, but that
Sha'not excuse my care, to make her know
Her happiness, and the Honour of our Family,
By meeting your commands. She's here.

Enter Angellina, Francescina.

Francescina tell me, what hope of your Mistress?
How does thy Counsell work? does she pray less
Then she was wont? or listen now and then
When thou talk'st wantonly, does she smile upon't?

Fr. Between our selves, I put her to a smiling
Blush.

Ant. What said she, tell me on thy modesty,
When she found her dear delight, the legend
Of the Saints remov'd, and *Ovids* tales of
Jupiter put in the place?

Fr. She said, that *Iupiter*
Was a most sensuall Heretick, and the cestus
That *Venus* wore was not St. *Francis* girdle.

Ant. How did she like the picture of *Leander*,
Swimming the *Hellespont* upon his back?
How that of *Cleopatra* kissing *Antony*?

Fr. She Says that Queen was none of the poor Clares,

But

But one bread up in black *Ægyptian* Darkneſs;
All I can ſay, ſhe is not deſperate,
I ſing no Anthems to her.

Ant. What ſays ſhe to her dancing Maſter?

Fr. She is paſt her honor; that's a precious fellow,
She'l laugh to ſee him gamboll with his limbs,
His head flies like a Ball about the room,
You'd think he were at Tennis with it.

Ang. Though in the guilt and knowledge of my own
Defects, to answer ſuch an honourable
Eſteem of me, I dare not yet preſume
To meet it; I ſhall want no pious thoughts
For this ſo great a bounty to a poor
Deſertleſſe Virgin.

Ant. Hang your pious thoughts
And love my Lord.

Con. Not for the wealth of *Parma*
Should my Cauſe force one cloud upon her face
Or put her eys to the expence of tears,
It ſhall be argument for me to hope,
If ſhe accept this youth to wait upon her,
Who may in ſome auſpicious hour, prepare me
A gentle ſeat within her heart, mean time
I leave upon your Virgin lip the faith,
Of your true Servant Lady.

Ant. I'l attend you
To horſe my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ang. Poor miſerable maid,
Faln now beneath the pity of thy ſelf;
My heart, on which ſo late a flame of Heaven
Stream'd comfort in my holy reſolutions,
Is fil'd with love, but not of *Contarini*,
Whoſe paſſion may deſerve anothers welcome.
I prethee *Franceſcina* take thy Lute
And let me hear thy voice.

Fr. I can ſing *Venus* and *Adonis* to you.

Ang.

Ang. Any thing.
Fr. Or will you hear the pleasant Dity
How fair *Calisto* first became a Nunne.
Ang. I prethee do not name a Nun, the flame
That I feel here deserves no Vestall name.
Fr. I'l do my best to fit you,
Ther's no such tool in nature as a Chambermaid
To work upon her Mistress. *Exeunt.*

ACT IIII.

Enter Frapolo, Longino, Strozzo, Pacheco, with the rest.

Fr. IT was a fatall business to lose such
An opportunity.
Lo. My Lady was wound up so rarely.
St. We were betraid for certain; 'twas high
Time to scud, and get into our Territories;
Now we are safe in our Grots, secure as
The *Minotaur*, and keep the clew of our
Own Labyrinths.
Pa. We lost a rare design, but in my opinion,
Tis better scouting here with our heads on,
Than have 'em carryed in by Clowns at the Court rate.
Fr. The ignorant Rogues would nere ha 'sold
Them to their worth.
Lo. And they dare as soon venter upon Hell,
As Shoot their heads into this Furnace.
Fr. But this *Claridiana* sha'not scape so,
I am resolv'd to visit her again, and I am
Glad I prepar'd another expectation, these
Difficulties shall make our next attempt
More glorious.

Lo.

Lo. Thoſe ſhapes will conjure up the Bores again.
St. She does expect the *Caldean.*
Fr. Hang the *Caldean.* I have a new device
Shall ſcoure the Caſtle; and make Dame
Guinever with all her pride, thank and adore
The invention.
Lo. How dear *Frapolo*? how? *Whooting within.*
Fr. Scout and diſcover, *Strozzo.*
Str. I ſee but two men coming down the Hill.
Fr. Cannot their worſhips travell with leſs noiſe?
Lo. They durſt not be ſo confident without a number,
'Tis good to be ſecure, the noiſe approaches,
Lets to our ſhells.
Fr. Do you lie perdue ſtill. *They retire.*
Pa. I do not like their confidence, theſe may be
The enemies ſcouts, lets non engage to ſoon
For fear of a reſerve. The State has threatned
To ſend their Vermin forth.
Fr. Obſcure: cloſe, cloſe.

Enter Lucio, Piperollo.

Lu. What doſt thou mean?
Thou haſt a mind to be rob'd indeed.
Pi. I would have art maintain'd in reputation;
You know my Lady is to be a Princeſs,
And you muſt be a Lord, and I be dubbed;
But if we be not rob'd, I know not how
To truſt the Mathematicks or the Stars;
I am afraid all the *Bandits* are hang'd,
A thouſand Piſtols ſhould not fear to travell.
Lu It is not wiſdom to proclaim our charge,
Though I could be content to be a Lord,
I am not over hearty, theeves are theeves,
And life is precious, prethee lets make haſt.
Pi. Illo ho ho,
Think upon your honour, are there no Gentlemen?
No wanting Gentlemen that know how to ſpend

A quantity of Gold?
There is no thief in Nature.
Str. The Gentleman
Is very merry, they that mean well, and
Have their wits about 'em, do not use
To call upon our Tribe. This is a plot,
A very plot, and yet the Coast is cleer,
Now I may reach their voice.
Pi. It wo'not be, was ever men distrest so?
Lu. Come we are well yet *Piperollo*, if
The Stars Decree our robbery, it will follow.
Pi. I pray Sir lets sit down here, as you hope to
Be a Lord, we must do our endeavour and help
The Fates. Do but hear reason Sir.
Str. 'Tis my proud Madams Steward, and our quondam
Fellow thief; they were told their fortunes
To be rob'd; Here had been a purchase lost
If I had not lain perdue. You shall be
Dispatcht presently, never fear it. *He whistles.*
Lu What's that? I do not like that tune.
Pi. Hum, I am not in love with that Quailpipe.
I could dwindle, but that I have a strong
Faith in the Mathematicks Theeves and be
Thy Will.
Lu. If they should cut our throats now--- this is
Your folly; would I were off.
Pi. Would I were a Knight in an embroidered
Dish clout. Have a good heart Sir, ther's
No more to be said in't, let the Stars take
Their course, 'tis my Ladies money--- and if
We be rob'd, we are so much the neerer to preferment.

Enter Frapolo and the rest.

Lu. Ah sweet Gentlemen take but the Money---
Pi. 'Tis ready told; nay, nay, we are friends;
Give us but a Note under your hands for
My Ladies satisfaction, that you have received
It Gentlemen.

Lu. You need not trouble your ſelves to tell it Gen-
It is all right. (men,

Lo. So, ſo, wee'l take your words.

Pi. I ſhould know that vizard, the garments
That you wear too I have ſeen Old acquaintance?

Fr. Does he know you? cut his throat.

Pi. No Sir, I do not know him, nor any man, nor
My ſelf, I was not once rob'd before, neither
Did I help any man to rob my own Father and Mother;
I knew no Cedar cheſt I, I diſclaim it, nor
Was any man that I know left bound for the
Money; ye are all honeſt Gentlemen,
And I congratulate our good fortune, that you
Came ſo luckily in the very nick, we had carried
Home the money elſe in good ſadneſs--- Sir,
We are made for ever--rare Mathematicians!

Fr. What's that you talk ſirra of Mathematicians?

Pi. It pleaſed ſome of the learned tribe to viſit
My Lady not long ſince, but they are well I
Hope, they told us we ſhould be rob'd, and
'Tis done; bleſſed *Caldæa*!

Fr. What became on 'em?

Pi. They ſcap'd a ſcouring, for my Ladies Cinicall
Uncle, in meer malice to learning, rai'd
The Towns upon 'em, perſwading the hobbinolls
They came to rob the houſe; but honored
Be the Stars, they brought 'em off at the
Back gate.

Fr. They ſeem honeſt fellows, let 'em live, and
Paſs.

Lu. We humbly thank you Gentlemen, come
Piperollo.

Pi. And yet, now I remember, there wants a
Circumſtance, my pate is not broke yet,
That was a Clauſe, the *Caldæan* was a little
Out.

Fr.

Fr. I had forgot, will you be prating sirra? [*Fr. breaks his head.*
Pi. Now tis done, I thank you, dear Gentlemen,
I thank you. go forth and be a Knight;
Mathematician I adore thee, it bleeds;
Where are you Sir? all is compleat, and my
Head is broke according to prophecie. Oh
Admirable *Caldear*! *Exeunt.*

Lo. We have not lost all my Ladies money, but
To your plot *Frapolo.*

Fr. This hath ripend it, and I appear a
Blazing Star already.

Str. What's the mystery?

Fr. You know I am your Prince.

Lo. 'Tis Acknowledged.

Fr. We will in State visit the proud *Paulina*,
I am the Prince *Farnese*, and you
Are all my Lords and privy Counsellors
Bear up for honour of your Prince.

Lo. I apprehend it, 'tis a most rare design,
She will be mad to meet it.

Pa. Will you marry her?

Fr. I cannot tell, there may be a necessity,
But when I ha' the wench, her Plate and Jewels,
And other sums, I have cast already whither
We must transport our selves--- wee'l divide all.

Lo. And the wench too?

Fr. No nor the wench, untill I cast the Concubine;
Remember who I am, the choice of flesh
Is my prerogative; no murmuring,
You shall provide our Robes.

Str. Now we are rogues to purpose.

Fr. I am your Prince, and the worst theef
A States-man. *Omnes* A Prince, A Prince.
Exeunt.

Enter Angellina, and Francescina.

Ang. Where is *Vergerio*?

Fr. I know not Madam.

Ang. Madam? I prethee leave that folly,
I am no Lady, call me *Angelina.*

Fr. I'l call you Madam, 'tis a name in fashion,
What do you want to justifie that title?
Have you not Beauty, Jewels, Gold at pleasure?
Fine Cloathes, high Food, and men as motley, as
The Ambassadors to wait? does not your Uncle
Allow you all that can make up a Lady?
Pardon my boldness Madam, I beseech you.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Ang. What are these?

Fr. The Gentlewomen were commended, Madam,
Most excellent in their Art about great Ladies;
And come to tender you their humble service.

1. Most proud if you accept our duties Madam.

Fr. Look you, they 're proud already, they have no-(thing
But their trade to live on; she with the face
Spotted with *Ermins*, hath been late in *France*,
And knows the mode to a Mathematicall point,
She has the theory of Song, but lost
The practick part by sitting up a nights;
She danceth still, can talk in severall languages,
And has the art of every game, to instruct
A novice Lady---

Ang. To lose time.

Fr. And what
Age, do you think the other Gentlewoman
Carries? that simpers so? the miracle
Of Painting! she presents scarce five and twenty,
But if you credit Church Records, she numbers
But five short of threescore, *Medea* had
No charmes like her, to preserve youth, and beauty;
She hath the art of making eys, new hair,
And Ivory teeth, hath skill in making fruitfull,
And is an excellent Midwife; she hath cur'd

A man that had no Nose, and a Court-Lady
That had no Tongue.

Ang. These are transcendent qualities;
Since tis my Uncles pleasure, they may wait,
But not to serve me. *One knocks.*

Fr. Who's that knocks so modestly?
'Tis not your Dancing-Master, nor the Doctor,
They have more confidence.
'Tis the Parsons Nephew, come from the University,
Some say a pretty Schollar, and a wit;
Hath an Ambition to kiss your hand
And tender his first fruits.

Ang. What's that? *Fr.* Some Poetry.

I By any means Madam, you must be flatter'd,
Great Ladies cannot live els.

Ang. Let him enter. *Enter Schollar.*

Sch Darling of beauty, fairest *Angellina*,
Thus low the Muses bow, and send by me
An abstract of your self; oh make the Paper
More white by kissing your fair hand, and with
Your breath, like a soft Western gale, perfume
These lines created in your praise.

Ang. What's heer? --- I am
A stranger to you Sir, and to your language,
These words have no relation to me;
I pity men of your high fancy, should
Dishonour their own names, by forming such
Prodigious shapes of beauty in our sex.
If I were really what you would commend,
Mankind would flie me; get a Painter Sir,
And when he has wrought a woman by your fancy,
See if you know her again; were it not fine,
If you should see your Mistress without hair?
Drest only with those glittering beams you talk of?
Two Suns instead of Eys, and they not melt
The forhead made of Snow; no Cheeks, but two

Roſes inoculated upon a Lillie?
Between, a pendent Alablaſter Noſe?
Her Lips cut out of Corall, and no Teeth,
But Strings of Pearl; Her Tongue a Nightingales;
Her chin a rump of Ivory, and ſo forth?
Would not this ſtrange *Chimera* fright your ſelf?
And yet you take the boldneſs to preſent us,
And think we muſt applaud, and thank you for
Our ſelves made Monſters by your art; no more
Of this for ſhame; loſe not your time and honour
In this fantaſtick Idoll; you will ſay,
The world is peeviſh, and not kind to virtue;
Give him ten Piſtolets to cure his poverty,
There are good ſeeds in him and they may
Grow with ſome Cheriſhing.

Sch. You are enough
To vindicate your Sex, I ſhall not bluſh
To write your ſtory.

Fr. You ſhall owe me Sir
An Anagram, and a Poeſy too for
My next Ring.

Sch. You ſhall command my faculty,
My deareſt *Abigall* *Exit.*

Fr. Thank you ſweet Sir *Roger.*

Enter four Citizens.

1 Is her Ladiſhip at leaſure?

Ang. What are theſe?

2 We are humble ſuters Madam for your Favour.

Ang. Speak your requeſt.

1 I am a Tailor Madam
That holds intelligence with forein Courts
To furniſh Ladies with new Faſhions,
And I have patterns of the ſtrangeſt ſhapes
That ever Ladies long'd for.

Ang. I believe it.

2 I have the ambition to own the name

Of your Perfumer Madam.

3 I your Jeweller;
What think you of that Carcanet sweet Madam?
The Pearls are Orient, I have a Diamond
The Sultan gave one of his Concubines,
It weighes --20 caracts, if it please you Madam,
To wear it in the Court, and I'l attend
Your Ladiship six moneths hence to pay me for't;
I know your Uncle Madam.

Ang. This is his plot.

Fr. By all means take it.

Ang. Excuse me; what are you? speak your desire.

4 I would present you Madam with a pair
Of curious Spurs.

Ang. For what use prethee?

4 For what you plea e, I see all men of trade
Apply themselves to gain relation to you,
And I would be your Spurrier.

Ang. Do Ladies wear Spurs my friend?

4 They may in time, who knows what may be done,
If one great Lady would begin, they ride
Like men already; 'tis all one to me,
So I may have the Credit of your name,
And privilege to swell above my neighbors.

Ang. When I stand, Gentlemen, in need of your
Professions, I'l send for you, i'th'mean time
You shall need no Solicitour.

Omnes. Your Servants.

4 Buy a Spur. *Exeunt.*

Ang. I prethee let me not be troubled with
This kind of People *Francescina*; Ladies
Have a fine time, if they be all thus visited.

Fr. You are rude and sawcy fellows to intrude
So far without my Ladies licence.

Ang: What makes thee so impatient? will they not
Be gone?

Fr. Gone? here's a new regiment is pressing forward

Ang. What are they?

Fr. Beggers.

Ang. How?

Fr. And tell me I abuse your Charity,
To keep off their Petitions; we must have
A Court-du-guard, I think, and Centries plac'd
At every dore.

Ang. I prethee let 'em enter.

Enter three Petitioners.

Fr. The room will not be sweet again this three days;
But if it be your pleasure--- know your distance.

Ang. The blind, and lame, what's your condition Sir?

1 As miserable Madam as the Sea,
That swallow'd all my wealth, can make a man,
That once commanded thousands, I blush to beg
But Nature too impatient of sterving
Compels me to this boldness, you may soon
Peruse my tragick story there. *Gives a Paper.*

Ang Good old man!

Fr. What is his loss to you?

2 My Petition too;
A poor blind man, that hath lost more by fire
Than his estate valued a thousand times;
And 'tis but equall, fire should spoil my eys,
That ravish'd me of all, was precious to 'em,
A wife and pretty Children.

Ang. Burn'd?

2 All burn'd;
And what my eys cannot afford their memory
My poor heart weeps in bloud.

3 I am a Souldier
That in my Countries service lost my limbs;
I've had more lead in bullets taken from me
Than would repair some Steeple.

Fr. Ring the bells,

That

That was a loud one!

3 I have given wounds have kil'd the lookers on
With horror of their gaping, and have march'd
Ten miles a day thus deep --

Fr. In dirt?

3 In blood.

Fr. Upon those wooden leggs?

An. Poor souls! I pitty 'em, here honest men,
Divide this bag, and pray for my good Uncle.

Omnes. Blessings on you, Madam.

2. Equall division, come.

1. Stay, in the first place, I brought you hither,
Therefore my part is most considerable.

3. I'l have no Prerogative.

2. Nor I.

1. But I will.

Do not I know you both for cheating Rascals?
Thus are good meanings cozen'd, and you sha'not
Lose your reward; send for some Officers.

2, 3. We are betraid. *Ex.* 2, 3.

Ant. My Uncle.

Ant. They have found their eyes and leggs again,
Neece I observe your Charity, but you see not
The inside of these things, and I did mean
And hope these sums might serve your self;
Some Ladies would have considered
A new Gown and trinkets; *Francescina*,
I see little amendment, she'l undo me
In pious uses.

Fr. She has entertain'd these Gentlewomen.

Enter Vergerio.

And that young Gentleman does good upon her.

An. I like it well, he's carefull of my Lord,
And if she meet his honorable treaty,
She may learn Pride at Court, should our Art fail.
She smiles — I wo'not interrupt 'em.

Enter

Enter Giovanni.

Gio. My Lady entreats the presence of her Sister.

An. Do's she entreat? Yes, you may visit her
Sir if you please, I'l trust her to your conduct.

Ver. 'Tis my ambition to attend her.

An. Hark you,
Remember who you are, and carry things
For the credit of my heir, and one that must be
Right Honourable shortly, if I hear
Thou flout'st her, thou sha't have another Gown
And Petticoat embroider'd, or but beat her
And put me to a pension; fare you well,
Francescina wait, wait all upon your Mistress.

Exeunt.

Enter Paulina.

Pa. No news yet of the Prince? he fill'd my dreams
Last night, it was a golden glorious slumber;
Me-thought we both were led into a Temple,
Where all our rites of Mariage were perform'd
In the presence of a thousand Angel-*Cupids.*

Enter Piperollo, and stumbles.

Pi. 'Twas my devotion, Madam, to present you
The News, I could not break my neck upon
A better cause.

Pa. Is the Prince come?

Pi. The Prince is at your service; though I slipt
At Chamber door, it is my happiness
To be the first Messenger.

Pa. Of what?

Pi. I desire no reward Madam, 'tis sufficient
I know what will become of us all, you
Remember the *Caldean*; all has happen'd,
I thank Astrology.

Pa. For what?

Pi. Your money is gone, your rents have been receiv'd,
And my head broke to purpose; things are visible.

Enter

Enter Lucio.

My Master can confirm it.

Pa. What's this prodigie?

Lu. Madam 'tis done, we have been rob'd.

Pa. How?

Lu. As the *Caldean* and the Stars would have it,
Just to a minute.

Pi. Rare Mathematician!

Pa. I'l hang you both,

P. You may, and be no Princess.

Pa Did he foretell this loss?

Pi. Is my pate broken? Do I live, and hope
To kneel, and say, If please your Grace, to call
Him Lord, and answer to a Knight? – we're made.

Pa. Be at a distance,
If there be truth in the *Caldeans* Art,
These inconsiderable losses are
A new presage of my approaching greatness.

Enter Stephanio, and Longino, disguiz'd.

St. One from the Prince.

Lo. His Highness *Farnese*, Madam, greets your
Ladiship, and intends to be your Guest this night.

Pa. It will be an honour
My life must ow him duty for.

Pi. Do not you feel a Lordship creep up
By your short ribs?

Lo. His Grace is not far off.

Pa. Present the humble duty of his handmaid,
And say my Castle droops til it receive him;

Lo. I shall Madam.

Pa. We must prepare to meet and entertain him;
All things have been Prophetical.

Pi. My very good Lord.

Lu. Right Worshipfull *Piperollo.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Vergerio, Angellina, Servants aloof.

Ver. In my pity

That

That so much innocence should not be lost
On faithless *Contarini*, I have landed
Upon your knowledge this unhappy secret.
Ang. Promis'd his faith to another? twas ill done,
To work my Uncle, and destroy my thoughts
Of a religious life.
Ve. You may collect
Those pure desires again,
Heaven will be soon invited, and a second
Resolve confirm that happiness.
Ang. May we not,
Without [illegible] forsaking of the world,
Be capable of blessing, and meet heaven
At last, though erring Nature guide sometime
Out of the nearest way?
Ver. Yes *Angellina.*
An. I must be no Votary,
But when you turn a Fryer then.
Ver. How Lady?
An. Sir you have merited for this discovery
All that I am to serve you, and unless
You help me in this Labyrinth, I must
Live in despair of Freedom.
Ver. Any service;
There's so much sweetness in you, I could lay
My life a Sacrifice, be confident
I must be left of heaven, when I forsake you.
An. And I dare trust your Virtue with a secret
I have not told my Ghostly Father.
Fr. I know not what opinion my Lord has
Of his smooth Advocate, but I should gather
By Symptomes of my Mistress, she is sick
Of the younger Gentleman.
Ver. I dare not hope
This blessing, 'tis an honour plac'd on me
That has no value, I am a stranger,
An. You are no stranger here. *Ver.*

Ver. Your Uncle too---
Ang. May erre in his election.
Ver. But his anger---
Ang. My prayer and tears may ſoften.
Ver. Do not dreſs
Your eys with ſorrow *Angellina*, this
Too gracious an influence upon
Your ſervant muſt command my utmoſt duty.
Upon this white hand I breath out my heart,
And when I pay affection to another
Miſtreſs, in your revenge, her beauty blaſt me!
But we may be obſerv'd.
Ang. Be all my guide.
Ver. This muſt be marag'd wiſely, we are loſt els.
Ang. We are now arriv'd the Caſtle *Franceſcina.*
Fr. We attend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Farneſe, Contarini.

Fa. I am obſcur'd ſufficiently.
Con My life on't.
Fa. Here are great preparations, and the people
Flock as to ſee ſome triumph, this *Paulina*
Will be ador'd i'th'Country.
Con. But her Siſter,
With an extreme of ſweetneſs and humility
Will take the wonder off, ſhe ſo tranſcends.
Fa. Your words fall from you,
I have obſervd my Lord, with too much paſſion;
She's but a woman, and may be no miracle,
When a clear eye is Judge.
Con. Sir I owe
All that I am in fortune, name and greatneſs
Unto your perſon, next whom, give me leave
To ſay I rate no expectation
Equall to be her ſervant, yet I find
Her cold to thoſe deſires, that court her with
All honour, I ſhall humbly beg, your grace

When

When you converſe, will interpoſe your favour,
And by your Mediation perfect all
That can be nam'd my happineſs.
Far. You expreſs
A ſtrong Captivity in ſo ſmall acquaintance;
Well my Lord truſt to me; is this her Caſtle?
Enter Piperollo.
By your favour Sir.
Pi. Speak quickly whats your buſineſs?
Far. Is this *Paulina's* Caſtle?
Pi. Plain *Paulina*? and is this her Caſtle?
My friend you want ſome breeding, ſhe that owés
This Palace, for a Prince hath made it ſo,
Is not far off; turn your eys backward Sir,
And tell your ſelf without a perſpective
What man is coming towards us?
Far. Worthy Sir.
Pi. Put of your hats and hear his name, *Farneſe*
The Prince of *Parma's* there, I kiſt his hand,
My breath is ſince the ſweeter.
Far. The Prince, where?
Pi. You'l find him with my Lady whom he came
To viſit, if you'l promiſe to be drunk,
Take what's a ſecret yet, he comes to marry her,
Or ther's no truth in Stars, ſhe is to be
His ſpouſe; farewell, and thank my worſhip heartily.
Exit.
Con. This fellow's mad!
Fr. He kiſt the Princes hand,
What myſtery is this?
Con. See, they approach.
Far. I am not loſt ſure in this cloud, they march
In State this way.
Loud Muſick.
Enter Frapolo, Paulina, a Train of Gallants and Ladies, Vergerio, Angellina.
Ang. How, an Impoſtor? *Ver.*

Ver. Sure I know the Prince.
Aug. Conceal it yet.
Far. What Gentleman is that?
Lon. The Prince of *Parma* Sir.
Con This will be worth observing.
Far. Do we not both dream? that *Paulina*?
How disdainfully she moves?
Con. That's her younger Sister upon whom
Vergerio waits.
Far. He knows I am the Prince.
Con. How do you like her Sir?
Fa. Ha? tis not fit to tell thee.
Con. Does she not answer my Character?
Fa. On my heart a fair one?
Con. Pray tell me how you like her Sir.
Fa. Not yet.
I am lost in wonder of her sweetness. Bid
Vergerio bring her to *Antonio's*;
I'l be his guest to night.
Con I shall obey Sir.
Pi. Make room for the Prince, fellows bear back;
You are not to be Knighted friend I take it.
Fa. Thus can the flame of Heaven with subtill art,
Leave the skin whole, yet quite consume the heart.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Contarini, Antonio.

An. MY Neece has had a pretty warm night on't,
'Tis a bold knave to take the Prince upon him
I did believe the noyes, and was considering
How to contrive my peace with her good grace.

Con.

Con. You have no fear to suffer now?

Ant. I thank
Your Lordship, that has made my house and knowledge
So fortunate, by the presence of our great
Farnese, 'tis an honour makes me young;
And yet this Rascal troubles me, that durst
Come in the Princes name, and charge my Neece
So home too; Is't not Treason Sir?

Con. Of highest nature.

Ant. Let him then tast the Law; yet I commend
His Spirit, that would scorn to die for Felonie,
And when his head goes off the shame and grief
May help to break her heart: I do not love her;
And then my Girl, my *Angellina's* heir,
And you her Lord and mine.

Con. My hopes are fair,
The Prince himself having vouchsaf'd to be
My Advocate.

Ant. He must command all here.

Enter Farnese, and Angellina.

'Tis a good Prince, and loves you well, and let me
Without boast, tell you my Lord, she brings
No common Blood, though we live dark i'th' Country
I can derive her from the great *Ursini*,
But we have been eclips'd.

Far. *Contarini* leave us. You may stay *Antonio*;
Is't not an honour to your Family
A Prince should court your Neece into his arms?

Ant. I must confess, 'tis good enough for such
A Baggage, they will make together Sir,
A most excellent shew upon the Scaffold.

Far. The Impostor, and *Paulina's* pride, takes off
Your understanding; I do court your Neece
Fair *Angellina.* *Ant.* How Sir?

Far. And as becomes a Princess.

Ant. Your Grace is merry.

Far. I

Far. I know not, but there's Magick in her eyes.
An: Magick? and she be a Witch, I ha' done with her.
Does he love *Angelina*? Please your Highness --
Do you affect this Girl?
Far. Religiously.
An. And have you all your Princely wits about ye?
Far. This Language is but coarse. I tell you Sir
The Virgin must be mine.
An. Your Whore?
Far. My Princess.
An. That's another matter.
Far. Shew your obedience,
You have commands upon her as a Father.
An. I know not what to say, but I'l perswade;
Hark you Neece, you hear what the Prince says,
'Tis now no time to think of Nunneries.
Be rul'd then, and love somebody; if you have
Promis'd my Lord, I say make good that promise,
If not, the Prince is worth considering.
The Gentleman will make you a round Iointure.
If thou beest free, love him, to vex thy Sister,
Who may upon submission be receiv'd
To Grace, and rise in time a Madam Nurse
To your heir apparent. I have done my duty.
But this is no great honesty, to cheat
My Lord. I see the greatest men are flesh
And blood, our souls are much upon a making;
All men that are in love deal with the Devil,
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a Woman is absolutely possest;
And he that loves the least is haunted
With a Familiar.

Enter a Servant

Ser. Old *Fabio* Sir your Tenant, with much business
In's face, desires to speak with you, I could hardly
Keep him from pressing in, his Wife he sayes
Is Lunatick.

Ant. We shall all be mad shortly,
Where is the Knave? *Exit.*

Ang. I dare do Sir as much to shew my duty
As any Maid alive; I dare dye for you.

Fa. And yet you dare not love.

Ang. Not in that sense
You invite me to.

Far. My Courtship carries
No stain to fright you, what I have propounded
Is worth the Ambition of a greater Lady;
Though you profess so liberally, I find
Your cunning, and because I have so much
Descended from my Title, you assume
This unbecomming Nicety, take heed,
I can be angry.

Ang. As you are a Man
That passion may come neer you Sir; and as
You are my Prince, you may command my death
To follow and Appease it, but you said you lov'd me.

Far. I doe, if you can wisely entertain it.

An. Then you must love my honor,
A Virgins wealth, for every honest Man
Or Woman has an honor, and that has
Engag'd my heart already by a Contract;
This tye dissolv'd with justice, I should kneel
To ask your Princely favour.

Far. I am answer'd.
Who waits? call my Lord *Contarini* hither.

Enter Contarini.

Con. Sir.

Far. You might have mock'd another person,
And not have made me a ridiculous story
To your Mistress Sir.

Con. I understand you not.

Far. Engage me to mediation for her love,
With a pretence how much my act should honor

Your

Your faint hopes, when you are conscious of a
Contract, already past between you.

Con. Contract Sir?

She never yet gave me any language
Did promise hope, she still concluded me
With going to a Cloister.

Far. How's this fair one?

An. It is most sure I am contracted.

Con. To whom?

An. Vergerio your Lordships Agent.

Con. That boy betray me?
In whom I took delight, made him my friend,
He play the Traytor? I'l be reveng'd upon
His heart.

Far. Contain your passion *Contarini*,
Her beauty had a power a bove my friendship,
It well might shake his faith, and yet 'tis strange.
Call in *Vergerio*.

Enter Vergerio.

Ver. I have heard all,
And come to meet my sentence. You're a Prince
Gainst whom I dare not lift a thought; I see
What storm is rising, yet let this, great Sir,
Invite your mercy to me, I have made
No breach against your love, and that which was
My fault to his, may be excus'd, by what
He felt himself love, not to be resisted.
This Virgin I lay claim to, and her vowes
No Subject must compell me to resigne;
But if the Prince think me unfit, and call
This treasure from my bosome, and can place
His love, where I so chastly have delighted,
I will not keep a thought that shall repine,
When I am miserable in her absence,
But give my interest cheerfully; to you,
My Lord, I answer, I have made no trespass,

And shall, so please your highness to be Iudge,
Make it appear.

Con: Was ever such an impudence?
This presence does protect him, I should els
Write treason on his heart; But *Angellina*
I pity thy undoing, how canst thou
Expect a truth from him, betrays his Master?

An. My Lord, you have been faulty sure, and this
(not worthy to be call'd a loss of me)
Was meant by Providence to wake your faith,
That's owing to another.

Far. Possible?
The Vice-roy of *Sicilies* Daughter? *Pulcheria.*

Con. Pulcheria here?

Ver. Here *Contarini.*

Con. Ha, prov'd a Woman, oh my shame and folly!

Ver. Pardon my too much love, that made me fear
You had forgot *Pulcheria*, though you left
Your vowes and me at *Sicily*, when you were
Embassadour from the Prince.

Con. Whence embarqu'd
Thou brought'st me news *Pulcheria* was dround,
And thou for her sake entertain'd my servant,
Welcome, at once receive me and forgive me.

Fa. I had your promise, were this contract void
In honour, nor will take from my own merit
To think when your considerate thoughts come home,
You can pretend excuse to your own happiness,
Which lest you may suspect, let us in state
Visit *Paulina*, and unmask that counterfeit
Which hath usurp'd our name.

Ver. Sir we attend you,

Con. This blessing must require a spacious soul,
Mine is too narrow to receive. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, and Piperollo.

Lu. I am not yet created honourable.

Fi. Sir, things must have their time, but will his high-
Remove so suddenly, and carry my Lady (ness
To th' Court with him? tis a most sweet young Prince.

Lu. Order was given to pack up her plate,
Her gold and Jewels, for he means to have
Tiltings and triumphs when he comes to *Parma*.

Fi. There it is fit we should expect our honours.
I will attend the Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Contarini.

Con. Signior *Lucio.*

Lu. Your good Lordship.

Con. Pray tell my Lady, I would kiss her hand,
And shall present news will secure their welcome.
I come from the Prince.

Lu. The Prince my Lord?
He is within ——

Con. A small march off the Castle, and commanded
Me to prepare her, that he comes to be
Her guest. (ber, but,

Lu. My Lord, I will acquaint some of the bed-cham-
When did your Lordship see his Highness?

Con. I left him at the Park gate.

Lu. This is the neareſt way unless his highness
Have leap'd a window, or can walk invisible.
Your Lordship may have some conceit. I'l go Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Piperollo.

Pi What is the meaning that ther's such a guard
Upon our Castle? 'tis besiedg'd, and no man
Suffer'd go forth; this is some Lord or other
By his stradling.

Enter Lucio, Longino, Strozzo, and the rest.

Lo. From the Prince? that he?

Pi. 'Tis as I tell you Sir, ther's a little army,
Surrounds the Castle.

Lo. They have no order from his highness.

Str.

Str. We are betraid agen.

Lon. Sir, would you speak with the Prince?

Con. Why have you such a thing within the Castle?
Who dares be so much Traitour to usurpe
That title? Wher's that Puppet, Gentlemen?

Lu. That is his Secretary.

Pi. The rest are Lords and Privie Counsellors.

Ca. We are undone.

Enter Farnese, Vergerio, Angellina, Attendants.

Lo. Tis he, the very he, I dare not look on him;
Oh for an impudence worth a Chronicle,
To outface him now, it were a possible thing,
If People would believe——

Lu. I'l tell my Lady, they are vanish'd; hum,
I do not like that face. *Exit.*

Far. Come hither fellow, whom do you serve?

Pi. I know not Sir.

Fa. What Prince have you within?

Pi. The prince of Darkness.

Fa. What is this fellow?

Pi. a Knight o'th' Post, the Pestle is too honourable.

Fr. Where is your Excellent Lady?

Pi. I have a guess
If things go on, as I suspect, she will be ——

Fr. Where?

Pi. At her wits end very shortly.

Fr. An ingenious fellow?

Pi. I have convers'd a little with the Mathematicks,
Sir, Who is that Gentlewoman, not that I am ignorant;
But to satisfie a doubt?

Ver. She is one that may be
The Prince of *Parma's* Lady, when the Priest
Hath done his Office.

Pi. If I be not mistaken
Here comes the Princesse, that is *Angellina*
The younger Sister. *Enter*

Enter Paulina.

Pa. It is my wonder you that have the face
And garb of Gentlemen, should dare to be
So insolent, to affront our person,
And his, to whom your hearts and knees owe reverence.

Far. Command the Impostor forth,
Seize on the Traitors.

Enter Longino.

Lo. His Grace will be here presently, fear not Madam,
I would venter a Neck-breaking at some window,
And be content to crawl away a Cripple;
But there's no hope to scape the Multitude
That will be scrambling for my limbs. Great Sir,
I challenge the privilege of the last *Bando*, *Kneels.*
He that can bring *Frapolo* the chief Bandit,
Beside what was proclam'd other reward,
Shall have free pardon for all past-offences;
To that Grace I appeal, and here produce
Frapolo.

Enter Frapolo, Strozzo, &c.

Pa. This amazeth me.

Fr. Can you stand
The dazeling Sun so long, and not be struck
Blind for this bold affront? what wildness brought you
In multitudes to fright my happy peace,
And this good Ladies, my most vertuous Consort?

Lo. He bears up still!

Fr. Have all my cares and watchings to preserve
Your lives, and dearest liberties, deserv'd
This strange return, and at a time when most
Your happiness is concern'd, since by our Mariage
With this sweet Lady, full of grace and beauty,
You may expect an Heir to bless your Countrey.

Con. Will you suffer him?

Fr. 'Tis time your Prince were dead, and when I am
Companion to my Fathers dust, these tumults
Fomented by seditious men, that are Weary

Weary of Plenty, and delights of Peace,
Shall not approach to interrupt the calm
Good Princes after Death enjoy. Go home,
I pray depart, I rather will submit
To be depos'd, than wear a power or title
That shall not all be dedicate to serve you;
My life is but the gift of Heaven, to waste it
For your dear sakes, my People are my Children,
Whom I am bound in Nature and Religion
To cherish and protect. Perhaps you have
Some grievance to present, you shall have justice
Against the proudest here; I look not on
Nobility of Birth, Office, or Fortunes,
The poorest subject has a Native Charter
And a Birth-right to th' Laws, and Common wealth,
Which with an equall, and impartial stream,
Shall flow to every bosom.

Str. Pious Prince!

Far. I am at a loss to hear him; sure I am
Farnese, if I be not lost by the way.

Pi. Stand off Gentlemen, -- let me see -- which?
Hum! this -- no, th'other. Hum! send for a Lion
And turn him loose, he wo'not hurt the true Prince.

Far. Do not you know me Sir?

Fra. Yes, I know you too well, but it stands not
With my honor; what composition?

Far. Who am I? Gentlemen, how dare ye suffer
This thing to talk? if I be your *Farnese*.

Fra. I say I am the Prince,

Far. Prince of what?

Fra. Of Rogues, and please thy Excellence.

Pa. How?

Fra. You must excuse, I can hold out no longer
These were my Subjects Sir, and if they find
Your Mercy, I'm but one, whose head remov'd,
Or nooz'd, this Lady will be soon a Widdow,

Whom

Whom I have not deceiv'd, 'twas her Ambition
To go no leſs than Prince, and now you have one,
During this Gentlemans pleaſure.
Pa. What ſcorn ſhall I become?
Far. Let him be guarded, and all his puppet-Lords.
Enter Antonio, Fabio, Morulla.
An. News, news, excellent news; I ſhall leap
Out of my fleſh for joy. Sir I have undertook
For your pardon to this reverend couple,
They heard my Neece was to be maried
To the Prince, and thought it treaſon to conceal —
Far. What?
An. *Paulina* is not my Neece, no blood of mine;
Where is this Lady and her Pageant Prince?
The truth is, ſhe is not *Paulina*, but their
Own Daughter.
Fra. Poſſible? then we are both cheated.
An. Whom ſhe obtruded on our Family
When our *Paulina* died an Infant, with her,
A Nurſe to both; Does your Grace apprehend?
Fab. We do beſeech your pardon.
An. Now *Angellina* thou art heir to all.
Pip. By all this Circumſtance you are but my Siſter!
Con. The Prince is prov'd a Prince of Theeves.
An. Why ther's a Baggage and a Theef well met then.
I knew ſhe was a Baſtard, or a Changeling. (tion!
Pau. Where ſhall I hide my ſhame? O curſt Ambi-
Ant. Give you joy Sir, my moſt illuſtrious Nephew;
Joy to thy inviſible Grace.
Fra. Thanks to our loving Uncle:
Far. Take hence the Traitors.
Ang. Sir I beſeech a pardon to their lives.
Let nothing of my ſtory be remembred
With ſuch a Tragedie, 'tis my firſt Petition.
Far. I muſt not deny thee; all thank her Virtue;
Live you, and love that Gentlewoman; But

It were a sin to innocence, and our honor
Would encourage Treason by example,
If they should scape all Justice, take 'em to Custody:
Frapalo, we confine you to this Castle,
Where If she please your Bride may accompany you
Till we determine otherwise.
Fra. 'Tis some mercy; but
I shall be getting Children, and two nothings
Wo'not maintain a Family, 'twere as good
To hang me out o'th'way, 'ere Charge come on,
Or take away my tools, I shall be working.
Far. Provision shall be made you shall not sterve
Nor surfet Sir.
Ang. Because I call'd her Sister,
I will contribute something to their fortune.
Far. What thy own goodness will direct; and now
Remove the Scene to Court, to perfect there
My own, and *Parma's* happiness; pride has
Met with severe reward, and that high justice
(That Governs all) though envy break with her
Own Poyson, calls the Amazed World to see
What blessings wait upon *Humility*.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

Frapolo.

GEntlemen, do not ſay you ſee me; I have made an eſcape from the Prince and *Paulina*; his graces word is but mortall, and not ſecurity enough for me; for all this Sun-ſhine he may hang me, when I come to *Parma*, for an example, and therefore I have choſen, rather to truſt to my legs, than a reconcil'd State-Enemy.

Two'not be worth your glory to betray
A man diſtreſt, whom your own mercy may
Preſerve to better ſervice; rather then
Go back I'l ſtand your Iuſtice Gentlemen.
I've plaid the thief, but you, as the caſe ſtands,
May ſave or kill, my lif's now in your hands.

THE DOUBTFUL HEIR.

A Tragi-comedie,

AS
It was Acted at the private House
IN
BLACKFRIERS,
WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.
1652.

To the moſt worthily honored Sir *Edmund Bowier.*

SIR,

MAny years are vaniſhed, and a period, not onely of the Scene, but more conſiderable revolutions have paſs'd, ſince I had the happineſs to be firſt known to you. I read excellent Characters of you, when you writ but a ſmall Letter, and though my obſervations, like ſeeds, were not cheriſhed (by the fault of time) to a maturity, yet they begat in me ſuch great reſpect to your perſon, then budding with honour, and expectation, that now after ſo long abſence, I find them not extinguiſhed; and howſoever at the firſt complexion, I may appear bold, in this haſty interruption, yet your candour will be ſo far in my

defence, that I have preſumed thus, rather to let you know I can ſtill honour you, than unſatisfie my ſelf, by neglecting the firſt opportunity of preſenting my ſervice. Sir, it is a piece, which perhaps you have ſeen in the active repreſentment; the eſtimation it gained from thence, will be ſhort of that grace it ſhall derive from your acceptance, by which you will ſhew, how ſtill you dare retain your nobleneſs, and by renewing your ſmile upon me, encourage me to write my ſelf

Your humble Servant,

JA. SHIRLEY.

Prologue.

Prologue.

All that the Prologue comes for, is to ſay,
Our Author did not calculate this Play
For this Meridian; the Banckſide, he knows,
Are far more skilfull at the Ebbes and flows
Of water, than of wit, he did not mean
For the elevation of your poles, this ſcene.
No ſhews, no dance, and what you moſt delight in,
Grave underſtanders, here's no target fighting
Upon the Stage, all work for Cutlers barr'd,
No bawdery, nor no Ballets; this goes hard;
But language clean, and what affects you not,
Without impoſſibilities the Plot;
No clown, no ſquibs, no Devill in't; oh now
You Squirrels that want Nuts, what will you do?
Pray do not crack the benches; and we may
Hereafter fit your Palats with a Play:
But you that can contract your ſelves, and ſit
As you were now in the Black-Fryers *pit;*
And will not deaf us, with leud noiſe and tongues,
Becauſe we have no Heart to break our Lungs,
Will pardon our vaſt Stage, and not diſgrace
This Play, meant for your perſons, not the place.

THE

The Perſons of the Play.

Leonario, *Prince of* Arragon.
Ferdinand, *King of* Murcia.
Rodriguez, } *Noblemen.*
Erneſto, }
Leandro, }
Alfonſo, *Father to* Roſania.
Olivia, *ſuppoſed Queen of* Murcia.
Roſania, Alfonſo's, *Daughter.*
Violinda.
Captain.
Citizens.
Courtier.
Officers.
Souldiers.

Scene *Murcia.*

THE

THE DOVBTFVLL HEIR.

ACT. I.

Enter Rodriguez and Erneſto.

Rod. THis turn was not expected, Prince *Leo-*
Is much perplext. (*nario*
Ern. I cannot blame his Highneſs,
So neer an expectation of a bleſſing,
To be thus croſt.
Rod. The Day of Marriage ſet,
With the applauſive Vote of both the Kingdoms,
By an unlookt for War to be put of,
Would vex a royall ſpleen.
Er. 'Tis but deferr'd.
Rod. I doe not like the hope on't.
Er. I pittie
The Princely lover, worthy (without blemiſh
To the excelling virtues of the Queen)
Of as much goodneſs as her ſex contains,
So Noble in his Nature, Active, bountifull
Diſcreet, and valiant, if we may believe
What his young fame profers to every knowledge.
Rod. This character is not flattery, and yet
The Queen our Miſtriſs is not loſt in this

Juſt praiſe of him.

Er. I have no thought ſo Impious,
My dutie never taught me to commend
But to obey, her Virgin ſweetneſs makes me
Her juſt admirer but when I obſerve
Her prudent manage of the State, a ſtrength
Would become many years, her pious Laws,
But that without example, made to advance
Her ſexes Chaſtitie, I forget all
Beſide worth praiſe, though every leaſt of her
Deſert would ask a volume. 'Tis his Excellence.

Enter Leonario, Captain.

Rod. Ther's one not ſorry for theſe Wars.

Er. 'Tis his
Profeſſion; Souldiers batten in a Tempeſt.

Rod. And he deſerves employment; yet I think
Hee'l never purchaſe with his pay.

Leo. Be confident;
Your worth will plead alone; the Queen expects me.

Ex. Leon.

Capt. Your Highneſs humble creature;—ſo, ther's hope
After a time of eaſe, and ſurfet, we (yet
May cure our ſelves by letting others Bloud.
My Noble Lords.

Erneſt. 'Morrow Captain, you look blith, and bright.

Capt. I'l put my Sword to ſcowring that ſhall ſhine.
I thank Heaven my prayers are heard.

Rod. What prayers?

Cap. That honeſt men may cut knaves throats, and bid
Defiance to the Hangman; Muſk, and Civet
Have too long ſtifled us, ther's no recovery
Without the ſmell of Gunpowder.

Enter two Citizens.

Er. But Captain——

1 *C.* 'Tis he, we muſt not loſe him,

2 *C.* He has credit with the Lords it ſeems.

1 *C.* He has ſpied us.

Capt.

Capt. My honeſt friends, welcome to Court. My Lords
Pray grace theſe honeſt Gentlemen, they will
Deſerve to kiſs your Hands.
1 *Ci.* Our buſineſs
Is to you Captain. (come for?
Capt. Doe you think what theſe brace of Baboons
Rod. Not I.
Capt. By this day for mony, moneys that I owe 'em.
Er. Is't poſſible?
Capt. I ha' mov'd your ſute Gentlemen. 1 *Ci.* What ſute?
Capt. Touching the Maſque. Which you two in the (name
Of the whole City, offer'd to preſent
At the Town charges to congratulate
The Queens intended Marriage; I know
This Egge was long a hatching, and expected,
But that your Heads could not agree, they being
Of ſeverall ſizes, ſome upon the ſhoulders
Of your long winded Officers, whoſe purſe
Was made of the Leather with their conſcience.
1 *Ci.* Does he talk to us of a Maſque?
2 *Ci.* Good Captain put your Maſque off, and give us
The money that you owe us.
Capt. Was't not meant nobly?
But you my good Lords know how much
The Queen and Prince are ſorry, that ſo rare
A Preſident of their duty ſhould not be
Upon record; this villanous War diſtracts
All civill mirth, but you will be remembred.
1 *Ci.* We know not what you mean, we have no anticks
In agitation; if your Captain-ſhip
Will pay your debts ſo; there is Law and courſes
To be taken, and you will find that Juſtice
Can deal Sir with the Sword as well as Ballance.
Capt. The Puppys talk Philoſophy; nay then
I muſt be plain, would I could tice 'em to
A little treaſon, they'l ne'r hang for felony.

Why, whither doe you think I am going now?

1 *Cit.* We care not whither; ſo you pay us firſt.

Capt. Let their own Fathers ſwing, ſo they have mony.

2 *Cit.* May be you are going to the Wars.

Capt. Yes Mongrels,
To fight for your chamlet Faces, while you ſtay at home
And catch the cramp with telling mony,
Putting your Guts to Penſion every Day,
And roots, untill the wind cry out agen you,
And with your belching backwards ſtifle Men
That walk the Street, untill the Air be purg'd;
Muſt we Eat Bullets without Butter, Whelps?
Have our Throats cut, or drop like Sheep by'th' hundred,
O' the rot, to buy your Peace you boding Screechowls?
And ha' your conſciences ſo courſe a Nap
To aske money of us?

1 *Cit.* You had the conſcience
To take up our commodities.

Capt. Reaſon good;
Should I goe naked leeches?

2 *Cit.* No, but there is reaſon
That you ſhould pay good Captain for your warmth.

Capt. Pay you? for what? for Cloaths, ſuch things (as theſe?
Your tribe is bound to keep us.

1 *Cit.* How?

Capt. Yes, and deſire us to accept your wares,
To recompence our ſufferings; 'tis we,
'Tis we that keep your Worſhips warm and living,
By Marching, Faſting, Fighting and a thouſand
Dangers, (you o'r grown moths) you that love gold,
And wo'not take an Angell ſent from Heaven
Unleſs you weigh him, you that ſpend the Day
In looking o'r your debt -- Book, and at Night
Can lap and lecher in your Feather Beds,
Then ſnort, and dream of fourſcore in the hundred,

Afraid of nothing but the Gout, or what
Is a more juſt reward for your hard hearts
The ſtone, which puts you to the charge of Phyſick
To make you piſs out your laſt Uſurers Gallon,
Or of a Surgeon, to cut you for
The Pibles, which (if you ſurvive Inciſſion)
You keep in penny Boxes, like deer reliques,
And ſhew your friends, when you intend to viſit 'em.
And beg a Dinner.

Er. Let not paſſion
Make you too much abuſe their qulaity;
The City does contain brave fellows Captain,
As generous, as bountifull, diſcreet,
And valiant too, as any boaſt themſelves
In Court or Camp.

Cap. I grant you my good Lord,
And honour all the Noble ſouls within it,
But theſe are walking ſickneſſes, not Citizens;
Two ſuch prodigious things with crooked conſciences,
Though Young, yet Old in Uſury——

2 *Cit.* All this Captain
Wo'not pay us our money, which we muſt
Have, or Petition for to your diſgrace.

Cap. Well, ſince there is no remedy, will you take
Theſe two Noblemens words for what I owe you?

1 *Cit.* Withall our Hearts.

Rod. That bargain is to make.

Er. Good Captain, at this time you may excuſe us,

Capt. Why, doe your Lordſhips think I'd let you ſuffer,
Come, y'ar my honourable friends; paſs, paſs
Your word, Ile pay the mony; hang 'em dottrels
Ile not be beholding to 'em.

Rod. We had rather you ſhould good Captain.

Capt. No,--- come hither Capons
Will money content you; ſhall I walk the Street
Without a Head ake, with your bawling for

The debt when I ha' paid you?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis but reason.

Capt. I'l fetch you money presently, —you may follow
If you please, but these Noblemen shall see
And witness what I pay you, I'l not trust
Your *Memorandums.*

1 *Cit.* Withall our Hearts Sir.

2 *Cit.* We desire no more.

Capt. I'l wait on you again. [*Ex. Manent*

Enter Leandro, reading a Paper. [*Rod. Ernesto.*

Rod. Fortune de la guerre.
My Lord *Leandro*? what papers that
He so intentively peruses?

Lean. I like it, and could willingly allow
The change; the Queen grows mighty in her spirit,
And this match with the Prince, would swell her State
Too much; my Lords. *Rod.* We are yours.

Leand. See what dangerous Papers have been scatter'd
To wound the Title of our Royall Mistris;
My servant brought me this; our Enemie
Who calls himself Prince *Ferdinand* would fain
Have us believe him Cosen to the Queen,
She an usurper of his Crown.

Er. We all know him dead.

Rod. I'm sure I did attend his Funerall.

Lean. I think I waited too.

Er. This paper sayes he was conveyd away,
And so escap'd his Uncles cruelty,
To whose protection he was left an Infant;
He dying, we translated our obedience
To his Daughter, now our Queen.

Rod. Here's an Impostor.

Leand. Heaven aid the Innocent say I; he has
Valentias aid, and comes not to Invite
But force a resignation; I wish things
Were calm agen.

Er.

Er. Prince *Leonario*, if she prosper not,
Is like to be a loser too.
Leand. For him
It matters not, we have more to think on now,
Than love and complement.
Rod. I thought he would be Generall
'Gainst this pretended *Ferdinand*.
Leand. What else?
Her sweet Heart. that gives *Cupid* in his crest.
Alas! there needs no art, nor strength of War
To advance her cause. Justice will fight for her
I'th' Clouds, and victory sent from Heaven, without
Her souldiers sweat, will gloriously descend
To Crown his Head with Laurell.
Er. May it prove so.
Leand. I could say things would stagger your belief,
But I forgot the Queen sent for me; to
You both a servant—— *Exit.*
Er. I do not like my Lord *Leandros* winding,
He has been faithfull.
Rod. Alwaies honourable. The Queen.
Enter Queen, Leonario, Captain, Leandro, Violinda, Attendants, Ladies, Gentlemen.
Leon. I take this as the greatest honour Madam
You could confer; my name is young in War,
But my affection to your royall person,
Arm'd with the virtue of your cause, shall make me
Doe something worth your name.
Que. 'Twas your request,
Nor could we place our chief command, but where
'Tis equald with your Interest in us
And your own merit.
Leon. Sure my Stars did mean
This way to make you know, how much my heart
Dares in your service; and if *Ferdinand*,
For so he calls himself, possess a soul

Above the vulgar making, we ſhall ſpare
The Blood of many, and conclude the War
In ſingle oppoſition.
Leand. With your Highneſs pardon,
It not becomes you ſhould Engage your Perſon,
And ſo great a cauſe ſo dangerouſly;
It will be too much honor to th' Impoſtor,
And in the ſuppoſition of the World,
A ſtrength to his pretence, to bring your Birth
So low, to humble both your ſelf and fortunes
To his unworthy Level. a thing grown
Up in the Night. a Meteor hanging in
The Air. prodigiouſly, fed with vapor, and
Black Influence, ambitious to deceive
The World, and challenge kindred with the Stars;
It is too great a venture Sir.
Er. Since there muſt be a War
Let the armies meet in Battail, theres more hope
After the worſt to reinforce, and proſper,
Than when the kingdoms put upon one ſtake,
And one Mans chance to aſſure it.
Que. I allow
Your Counſell Lords; but have more argument
Convincing me, not to run ſuch a hazard
Of what muſt make *Olivia* rich hereafter;
A kingdoms loſs may be repair'd, but your
Life made a Sacrifice to tyrant War,
May find a welcome to the other ſhades,
But no tears can Invite you back, to ſhare,
Or grief, or Joy with me; Ile have no Duell.
Leon. 'Tis a command, and my obedience
Shall meet it, though I fear 'twill be a ſin
To be too carefull of my ſelf but I
Shall ſtill remember I am your Souldier,
And this conſider'd ſhall not make me raſh,
But wiſely teach me to deſerve this title

Which lives but in your honour.
Que. I'l pray for you,
And not ſo much for what concerns the State,
As what your merit hath already gain'd
Upon my Heart.
Rod. Bleſſings upon 'em both,
A curſe upon theſe Wars, that ſpoil their mirth.
Que. My Lord *Leandro.*
Leon. Ther's your Commiſſion Captain, I ſuppoſe
You have found wayes to empty your Exchequer.
Capt. My Baggs are not brimfull my Lord. I have
Defalk'd, and made an ebbe for Wine, and Women,
And other things that keep poor men alive
To doe their country ſervice.
Leon. Pleaſe you walk
With this Gentleman Captain, he ſhall pay you
Five hundred pieces that I owe you.
Capt. Me, your Grace owes me nothing,
Leon. I could not pay the debt in better time Sir.
Capt. Umh! I will take the mony, and allow the miracle.
Ex. Capt. & Gent.
Er. Did you obſerve the Princes nobleneſs?
Although the act become him. Yet the manner
Takes me eſpecially, Heaven preſerve the Captain
From being Mad.
Leon. I proſper in your Vote,
But ſhall I Madam, if that power, which Crowns
With victory, guides me with fair ſucceſs
In this your War, and triumph ſmile upon us,
Shall I at my return have that reward
My ſoul next Heaven affects? ſhall no delay
(Colder than Froſt to lovers blood,) afflict
My expectation of our Marriage?
Although to doubt this be a ſin, yet where
The ambition is ſo Juſt. I ſhall but right
My Heart, to have it oft aſſur'd. nor can
It make your eye leſs rich in ſmiles, when 'tis Only

Only my love Encourages me to make
The buſie harmleſs queſtion.
Que. It does pleaſe me,
Nor can you ask ſo often, as I have
A cheerfulneſs to anſwer, that I love you,
And have propounded nothing dearer to me,
Than that which perfects chaſt affection,
And chains two Hearts; the Prieſt with ſadneſs will
Expect you ſafe agen, but from this War
When you return, he ſhall not in his Regiſter
Of Lovers, find one with more wing hath met
The boſom of her friend, than glad *Olivia*
To make one ſoul with you.
Leon. I have enough,
And thirſt for action in the Field, from whence
I will bring Harveſt home, or leave my ſelf,
Happy in life or death to doe you ſervice.
Ex. Queen, Leon. Lean. Ladies, attendants.
Rod. Well, I'm afraid if *Hymen* ſhould ſet up
His Tapers now, they would not laſt to light
His Prieſt, at their return to ſay his Office.
Er. Hope fairly.
Rod. I allow his ſpirit, but
The Prince hath not been practis'd in
The School of War, where ſtratagems prevail
Above all perſonall reſolution.
Er. He cannot want fit counſell to direct
His early valour, beſides
Ferdinand by computation as young as he
Enter Captain, two Citizens, and a Souldier.
May poize the ſcale. See, the Captain.
1 *Cit.* We alwaies thought you Noble, and we hope
You'l take no offence, that our occaſions
Prevail'd above our modeſtie.
Capt. I know
You two are very modeſt; well I'm glad

I am furniſh'd for you: my good Lords I muſt
Intreat you to be witneſſes of what money
I pay theſe Gentlemen, that have truſted me.
2 *Cit.* And will agen; command our Shops.
Capt. No, ſit there, and ſtarve,
Or if you like it better take a ſwing
At your own ſign Poſt.
Er. Good words Captain. (much.
Capt. They expect good money, and both good are too
1 *Cit.* We always lov'd you.
2 *Cit.* And doe ſo ſtill moſt virtuouſly.
Capt. It does appear.
1 *Cit.* And you ſhall find us ready—
Capt. I'l make but one fair motion, it will be
Sufficient tryall of your honeſtie;
I have five hundred pounds, you ſee me tell it,
Faith make it up a thouſand 'twixt you both
Till I come back, you will be Aldermen.
1 *Cit.* Ne'r a whit the ſooner.
2 *Cit.* Alas Sir, if it were at another time —
1 *Cit.* Hereafter, upon good occaſion you ſhall find--
Capt. You both i'th' Pillorie, for ſelling Copper
Lace by a wrong name; well, ther's no remedy,
I'l keep my word; the money's ready for you.
1 *Cit.* You are noble Captain.
2 *Cit.* May you kill all the Queens Enemies.
Capt. You would not ſcape,
That Coſen her liege people every day, then. (nably.
2 *Cit.* This payment Captain will come moſt ſeaſo-
1 *Cit.* And doe us as much good, as you had given us
The ſum twice told, another time.
Capt. Before
Theſe Noblemen, have you ſuch want
As you profeſs? you have no Wives nor Children.
1 *Cit.* I proteſt upon my credit, I am to pay
This day two hundred pound, or be indanger'd
To an arreſt.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* And I muſt goe to Priſon
If before Sun-ſet ——
Capt. Then 'twill doe you a pleaſure.
Both. Cit. Above expreſſion.
Capt. Heres twelve pence a peece for you y'ar fit Men
To ſerve the Queen:
Both Cit. How Captain?
Capt. Why in the Wars, chooſe either Pike or Musket,
You ſhall have that favour.
Both Cit. We are both undone.
Lords. Ha, ha, but will you uſe 'em ſo?
Capt. Ha' they not ready mony? why d'ee ſtare?
No thanks for my protection?
Both Cit. Protection?
Capt. Did you not proteſt you ſhould to priſon elſe?
Why you unthankfull ſons of falſe light, Sergeant
Take 'em to their Rendevous
1 *Cit.* Captain, a word--we are content--
Capt. I'm glad on't, Why d'ee ſtay then.
1 *Cit.* To abate half our money.
2 *Cit.* All, all good Captain, he ſhall have all, rather
Than be ſent a ſouldiering; d'ee know what 'tis?
'Tis no Artillery Garden, where you come off
With as you were.
Rod. This was his Project.
Capt. Umh'. You will forgive me both your debts?
2 *Cit.* And pray Heaven to forgive you too.
Capt. My Lords, bear witneſs,
Theſe two would bribe me to abuſe the Queen
And the preſent ſervice, is this leſs then Treaſon?
Both Cit. Oh. *Er.* Nay, nay Captain.
Capt. There are not two more able Men i'th' Army,
I mean for bulk; ram me into a Cannon
If you ſhall buy your ſelves with your eſtates
From this Imployment; Il not coſen you,
Your mony is good debt ſtill, you may live,

And

And aske me for't agen, and I may pay you.
Rod. But ſhall they ſerve indeed?
Capt. That's at their peril
When they come to'th field, but goe they ſhall,
And they were my Coſen-germans.
Both Cit. Good my Lord ſpeak for us.
Capt. You doe not know my Lords, but a little ſuf- (fering
May ſave their ſouls, and teach 'em, if they come
Off with a quarter of their limbs, compaſſion
To other Men, that venter their lives for 'em,
Their conſciences are tough, and muſt be ſuppled,
When they ſhall faſt, and march ten months in armor,
Sometimes through Rivers, ſometimes over Mountains,
And not have ſtraw at Night, to keep their Breech
From growing to the Earth, in ſtorms, in heats;
When they have felt the ſoftneſs of a trench
Thigh deep in water, and their dung to fatten it;
When they ſhall ſee no meat within a month,
But chaw their Match like Liquoriſh, and digeſt
The Bark of trees like Sallads in the Summer;
When they ſhall live to think theres no ſuch thing
In Nature as a ~~thirſt~~, and wonder why
A Taylor was created; when they have
As much in ready ſhot, within their fleſh,
As would ſet up a Plummer, or repair
A Church with Lead, beſide ten thouſand more
Afflictions, which they are ſure to find,
They m y have Chriſtianitie, and not put
A Souldier to the payment of his debts.
Rod. 'Tis a Mad Captain, come my Lord lets leave him.
Ex. Lords.
Capt. You ſhall have time and place to ſend for mony,
Or make your Wils; ſet on, who knows but you
Hereafter may be honeſt, and prove Captains;
You may have preferment in the Wars for money,
And ſo my Gentle Creditors, march on.
Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter Leandro with Letters.

Lean. THe hope, and care of many years, are in (War?
One day deſtroy'd; hath Heaven no ſtroke in
Or is old providence aſleep? *Leonario*
Is comming home with victorie, and brings
Young *Ferdinand*, whom I expected to
Salute a King, his Priſoner, and the Queen
With her new Conqueror, glorious in the ſpoils,
By putting out this light, will mix their beams
And burn our eyes out with their ſhine; there is
No talk but of this triumph, and the people
Whom I by art and ſecret murmurs had
Made doubtful at the firſt noiſe of this Conqueſt,
As they had borrowed ſouls from fear, and folly,
Adore the riſing Star, and in the praiſe
Of him and his great fate, wonder that Heaven
Should hold a Sun, and he ſo bright; nor with
This flattery content, but they condemn,
(As low as all their ſins ſhall one day them)
Him whom the chance of War hath made a Priſoner.
There is no truſt to policie or time,
The things of State are whirld by deſtinie,
To meet their period, Art cannot repair 'em.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, the Queen hath ſent for you,
She is going forth to meet the Prince, and hath
Commanded none be wanting to attend
With all the State that may become her, to
Congratulate the triumph now brought home.

Leand. I ſhall obey. I muſt attend this glorie;

It

It is not safe to wear a brow, but what
The Queens example first forms into smile.
I here contract my knowledge, and seclude
My wishes, since they prosper not. I am
Her Chancelor as great Offices, and high
Employments, do expose us to most danger,
They oft teach those possess 'em a State-wisdom,
And by Inherent virtues of the place,
Our fear to lose, makes us secure our selves,
By art more often, than by conscience;
But I may be indangered to suspition;
I like not things; but I delay my attendance. *Exit.*

Enter Captain, Lieutenant, Antient and Souldiers.

Capt. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Captain.

Capt. Antient, what think you of the Wars now?

Ant. We are come off with Honour.

Lieu. And our Limbs, Captain.

Capt. Is that all? who made you a Lieutenant?
And you Antient? these titles were not born w'e,
You did not wear these Buffs and Feathers in
The memorie of Man, when you receiv'd
The binding twelve-pence, it was otherwise.

Ant. But you receiv'd, if you remember Captain,
Beside what we releast in honest debt
Sums for this great Instalment, we ha' paid
I take it for our names.

Capt. And it became you,
Now you are Gentlemen my Comrades of honor,
And I dare walk and drink at Taverns w'e,
Your oaths become you now, and your splay feet;
You look'd before like Magots, City Worms,
I ha' made you both brave fellows, fellows to Knights.
You may be Squires to Ladies too.

Ant. I think so. *Capt.* We are all now of a trade,
For *Mars* is Master of our Companie,

Our

Our Shop is the Field, Reſolution our Stock,
Honour our Purchaſe, and Fire and Sword
The Tools we work withall.

Lieu. But now the Wars are done, I think
We may ſhut up our Shop, there is no more
Pay, is there?

Capt. Pox upon you; I ſee your ſouls bleat after
Profit ſtill, a bullet in the right place would
Ha' knock'd out this humour of getting mony;
But fear not, though you come off with more
Limbs than you deſerve, you ſhall have pay.

Ant. Shall we, and not be troubled to fight for't?

Capt. Yes, it will be neceſſary you fight, you will
Ha' your throats cut elſe, and be ſent off like Sheep,
Doe not fear payment here be Mandrakes,
That will rore, and cudgell you to your hearts content,
You ſha'not walk the Streets now you are
Officers without a quarrell: pay enough.

Lieu. A Man had as good be no Lieutenant, as be
Beaten when he comes home what think you Antient?

Ant. For my part, I can indure beating as well
As another, if that be all.

Capt. Will you to your Shops agen?

Ant. I have no mind to Wooſted Stockings agen,
And Shoos that Shine, I would were colours ſtill.

Capt. Well ſaid Antient, come I'l take your fears off;
Doe not confeſs you are a Lieutenant, or you an
Antient, and no man will quarrell w'ee, you
Shall be as ſecure as Chryſome Children. (I am

Lieu. Shall we? they ſhall rack me e'r Ile confeſs
A Lieutenant, or ever ſee the Wars.

Ant. Or I an Antient. Ile tak't upon my death
I was never a Souldier in my life.

Capt. 'Tis well done; now becauſe I love you,
And ſee you have an Itch after honour, ſo
It may come without blows, Let me adviſe you,

You

You have moneys at command.

Lieut. And good debts too.

Cap. You ſhall both turn Courtiers.

Ant. Shall we?

Cap. I ſay't; for if my phiſnomy deceive me not,
You two are born to be——

Both. What?

Cap. Coxbombs. I'l help to make you too;
You ſhall preſently kiſs the Queens hand;
You have moneys you ſay, You ſhall never turn
To your vomit of ſmall Wares. I have friends
At Court, you may in time be great; And when I come
With a Petition to your honors, for moneys in arrear,
Or knocking out ſome raſcals brains, ſuch as you were
When you wore a girt under your chops, you two
May ſtand between me and the Gallows.

Ant. Hang us if we do not.

Capt. You ſhall buy places preſently. But ſtay,
Have you a minde to be Officers to the Queen
In ordinary, or extraordinary?

Ant. Extraordinary by all means.

Lieut. We ſcorn to be ordinary Courtiers.

Capt. I commend your judgement, that will be
Chargeable: But—— (more

Ant. Hang't, we'l finde money enough, but I
Reſolve to be extraordinary. (ſently;

Capt. I'l bring you to a Court-Merchant pre-
You will get infinite eſtates.

Both. A ha Captain. (bountiful.

Capt. And ſo command the Ladies, if you be

Both. A ha Boy.

Capt. For I know you do love Wenches;
You will have all the buſineſs, and the Country
Come tumbling in upon you like the tide,
After a moneth: You muſt keep twenty men
Between you, night and day to tell your money.

Oh 'tis unknown what will become on you,
If you be rul d, and take this courſe: Had I
Moneys like you, I would be—— (after.

Lieut. Come, we will lend thee moneys too here-

Cap. Will you, come on, no more Lieutenant now,
Nor Antient.

Ant. Do ye think we long to be beaten. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand (in priſon) Roſania (like a Page.)

Roſa. Pray do not grieve for me, I have a heart
Tha can for your ſake ſuffer more; and when
The tyranny of your fate calls me to die,
I can as willingly reſign my breath,
As go to ſleep.

Ferd. Can I hear this *Roſania*
Without a freſh wound? That thy love to me
Should be ſo ill rewarded, th'aſt engag'd
Thy ſelf too much already; 'tis within
Thy will, yet to be ſafe, reveal thy ſelf,
Throw of the cloud that doth eclipſe that brightneſs,
And they will court thy perſon, and be proud
With all becoming-honor to receive thee,
No fear ſhall rob thy cheek of her chaſte blood.
Oh leave me to my own Stars, and expect
What ere become of wretched *Ferdinand*,
A happy fate.

Roſa. Your Councel is unkinde,
This language would become your charity
To a ſtranger, but my Intereſt is more
In thee, then thus with words to be ſent off;
Our vows have made us one, nor can the names
Of Father, Countrey, or what can be dear
In Nature, bribe one thought to wiſh my ſelf
In Heaven without thy company; it were poor then
To leave thee here. Then by thy faith I charge thee,
By this--the firſt and laſt ſeal of our love. *Kiſſes him.*
By all our promiſes, when we did flatter

Our

Our ſelves, and in our fancy took the world
A peeces, and collected what did like
Us beſt, to make us a new paradice,
By that, the nobleſt ornament of thy ſoul,
Thy honor, I conjure thee, let me ſtill
Be undiſcovered; What will it avail
To leave me, whom thou loveſt, and walk alone
Sad pilgrime to another world? We will
Converſe in ſoul and ſhoot like Stars, whoſe Beams
Are twiſted, and make bright the ſullen Groves
Of Lovers as we paſs.

Ferd. Theſe are but dreams
Of happineſs, be wiſe *Roſania*,
Thy love is not a friend to make thee miſerable,
Society in death, where we affect,
But multiplies our grief; Live thou, Oh live.
And if thou haſt a tear, when I am dead,
But drop it to my memory, it ſhall
More precious then embalming dwell upon me,
And keep my aſhes pure, my ſpirit ſhall
At the ſame inſtant in ſome innocent ſhape
Deſcend upon that earth thou haſt bedew'd;
And kiſſing the bright tribute of thy eye,
Shall after wait like thy good Angel on thee.
There will be none to ſpeak of *Ferdinand*
Without diſdain, if thou dieſt too: Oh live
A little to defend me, or at leaſt
To ſay I was no Traitor to thy love,
And lay the ſhame on death and my falſe Stars
That would not let me live to be a King.

Roſa. Oh *Ferdinand*,
Thou doſt not love me now.

Ferd. Not love *Roſania*?
If woing thee to live, will not aſſure thee,
Command me then to die, and ſpare the cruelty
Of the fair Queen: Not love *Roſania*?

If thou wilt but delight to see me bleed,
I will at such a narrow passage let
Out life, it shall be many hours in ebbing,
And my soul bathing in the Crimson stream,
Take pleasure to be drown'd. I have small time
To love, and be alive, but I will carry
So true a Faith to woman hence, as shall
Make poor the world, when I am gone to tell
The story yonder.--We are interrupted. *Enter Keeper.*

Keep. You must prepare your self for present trial;
I have command to attend you to the Judges.
That Gentleman, and all that did adhere
To your Conspiracy, are by the Queens
Most gracious Mercy pardon'd.

Ferd. In that word
Th'hast brought me more then life; I shall betray,
And with my too much joy undo thee again.
Heaven does command thee live, I must obey
This Summons, I shall see thee again *Tiberio*,
Before I die.

Rosa. I'l wait upon you Sir,
The Queen will not deny me that poor office;
I know not how to leave you.

Ferd. Death and I
Shall meet, and be made friends; but when we part,
The world shall finde thy story in my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Officers with Bar, Table, Stools, ——*then* Ernesto Rodriguez, Leandro. *Queen, supported by* Leonario, Ferdinand, Rosania, *Ladies Gentlemen, and Guard, who set* Ferdinand *to the Bar.*

Queen. Is that the prisoner at the Bar?

Leon. He that pretended himself *Ferdinand*,
Your Uncles son.

Q. Proceed to his Arraignment; my Lord *Leandro*,
You know our pleasure.

Leand.

Lean. Although the Queen in her own Royal power,
And without violating Sacred Justice, where
Treason comes to invade her, and her Crown
With open war, need not insist upon
The Forms, and Circumstance of Law, but use
Her Sword in present execution;
Yet such is the sweet temper of her blood,
And calmness of her Nature, though provok'd
Into a storm, unto the greatest offender
She shuts up no defence, willing to give
A satisfaction to the world how much
She doth delight in mercy. *Ferdinand*,
For so thou dost pretend thy self, thou art
Indicted of High Treason to Her Majestie,
In that thou hast usurp'd relation to
Her blood; and under name of being her Kinsman,
Not onely hast contriv'd to blast her Honor
With Neighbor Princes, but hast gather'd arms
To wound the precious bosom of her Countrey,
And tear the Crown, which Heaven and just Succession
Hath plac'd upon her Royal Head: what canst
Thou answer to this Treason?

Ferd. Boldly thus.
As I was never with the height of all
My expectation, and the aid of Friends,
Transported one degree above my self,
So must not *Ferdinand*, though his Stars have frown'd
And the great eye of Providence seem to slumber,
While your force thus compel'd, & brought me hither
With mockery of my Fate, to be arraign'd
For being a Prince, have any thought beneath
The Title I was born to; yet I'l not call
This cruelty in you, nor in the Queen,
(If I may name her so, without injustice
To my own right) a Kingdom is a Garland,
Worth all Contention; and where right seals not
The true Possession, Nature is forgotten,

And blood thought cheap to assure it; there is some-
Within that excellent Figure, that restrains (thing
A Passion here, that else would forth like lightning.
Tis not your shape, which yet hath so much sweetness,
Some pale religious Hermit might suspect
You are the blessed Saint he pray'd to; no,
The magick's in our nature, and our blood;
For both our veins full of one precious purple
Strike harmony in their motion, I am *Ferdinand*,
And you the fair *Olivia*, brothers children.

Leon. What insolence is this?

Qu. Oh my Lord let him
Be free to plead; for if it be no dream,
His cause will want an Orator: By my blood,
He does talk bravely.

Rodri. These are flourishes.

Ernest. Speak to the treason you are charged with
And confess a guilt.

Leond. He justifies himself.

Ferd. If it be treason to be born a Prince,
To have my Fathers Royal Blood move here;
If it be treason, in my infancy
To have escap'd by Divine Providence,
When my poor life should have been sacrific'd
To please a cruel Uncle, whose Ambition
Surpris'd my Crown, and after made *Olivia*
His Daughter Queen; if it be treason, to
Have been a stranger thus long from my Country,
Bred up with silence, of my name, and birth,
And not till now mature to own my self
Before a Sun-beam; if it be treason
After so long a banishment to weep
A tear of joy upon my Countries bosom,
And call her mine, my just inheritance,
Unless you stain my blood with bastardy;
If it be treason, still to love this Earth,

That

That knew ſo many of my race, her Kings,
Though late unkindly arm'd to kill her Sovereign,
As if the effuſion of my blood were left
To make her fertile, if to love *Olivia*,
My neareſt pledge of blood, although her power
Hath chain'd her Prince, and made her Lord her pri-
Who ſits with expectation to hear (ſoner,
That ſentence that muſt make the golden Wreath,
Secure upon her Brow, by blaſting mine.
If this be treaſon, I am guilty *Ferdinand.*
Your King's become a traitor, and muſt die
A black, and moſt inglorious death.

Erneſt. You offer
At ſome defence, but come not home; by what
Engine were you tranſlated hence, or whether
Convei'd? There was ſome truſt, deceiv'd, when you
Were carried forth to be preſerv'd, and much
Care taken ſince, in bringing of you up,
And giving ſecret Fire to this Ambition.

Ferd. There wants no teſtimony here, of what
Concerns the ſtory of my Birth and Infancy,
If one dare ſpeak, and be an honeſt Lord.

Leand. Hows that? (tyranny,

Ferd. Whoſe love and art ſecur'd me from all
Though here my funeral was believ'd, while I
Sent to an honorable Friend his Kinſman,
Grew ſafely to the knowledge of my ſelf
At laſt, till fortune of the War betray'd me
To this captivity.

Leand. I bluſh at thee
Young-man, whoſe fate hath made thee deſperate,
And car'ſt not what mans blood thou draw'ſt along
In thy black ſtream, or what mans faith thou mak'ſt
As hateful as thy crimes.

Erneſt. That confederate
Sure has ſome name, declare him, that he may

Thank you for his reward, and lose his head for't.
Quee. We always see that men in such high nature
Deform'd and guilty, want not specious shapes
To gain their practice friendship, and compassion,
But he shall feel the punishment; d'you smile?
Ferd. A womans anger is but worth it Madam;
And if I may have freedom, I must say,
Not in contempt of what you seem, nor help'd
By overcharge of passion, which but makes
A fruitless noise; I have a sense of what
I am to lose, a life, but I am so fortified
With valiant thoughts, and innocence, I shall,
When my last breath is giving up to lose
Its self i'th' air, be so remote from fear,
That I will cast my face into one smile,
Which shall when I am dead, acquit all trembling,
And be a story to the world, how free
From paleness *Ferdinand* took leave of earth.
Rosa. Alas my Lord, you forget me, that can
Part with such courage.
Ferd. I forget indeed,
I thought of death with honor, but my love
Hath found a way to chide me; O my Boy,
I can weep now.
Leon. A sudden change, he weeps.
Quee. What Boy is that?
Ferd. I prethee take thy self away.
Quee. Your Spirit
Does melt it seems, and you begin to think
A life is worth preserving, though with Infamy.
Ferd. Goodness thy aid again, and tell this great
Proud woman, I have a Spirit scorns her pity.
Come hither Boy, and let me kiss thee; thus
At parting with a good, and pretty servant,
I can without my honor stain'd shed tears:
I took thee from thy Friends, to make thee mine;

Is

Is it not truth Boy.

Roſa. Yes my Lord.

Ferd. And mean't when I was King to make thee (great,
And ſhall I not, when I can live no longer,
To cheriſh thee at farewel, drop a tear?
That I could weep my ſoul upon thee,—But
You are to ſlow me thinks, I am ſo far
From dread, I think your forms too tedious.
I expect my ſentence.

Quee. Let it ſtay a while.
What ſecret flame is this? Honor protect me!
Your Graces fair excuſe, for you—— I ſhall
Return again — *Exit.*

Ferd. And I, with better guard
After my ſilence in the Grave, to meet
And plead this cauſe.

Erneſt. He is diſtracted ſure;
His perſon I could pity, but his inſolence
Wants an example; what if we proceed
To ſentence?

Leon. I ſuppoſe the Queen will clear
Your duties in't.

Leand. But I'l acquaint her. *Exit.*

Rod. My Lord *Leandro*'s gone.

Erneſt. His cenſure will
Be one with ours.

Ferd. Yet ſhall I publiſh who
Thou art? I ſhall not die with a calm ſoul
And leave thee in this cloud.

Enter the Queen and Leandro.

Roſa. By no means Sir. ——The Queen.

Quee. Whoſe ſervice is ſo forward to our State,
That when Our pleaſure's known, not to proceed,
They dare be officious in his Sentence? Are
We Queen, or do we move by your Protection?

Erneſt. Madam, the Prince——

Quee. My Lord, you have a Queen. I not

I not ſuſpect his wiſdom Sir, but he
Hath no Commiſſion here to be a Judge,
You were beſt circumſcribe our Regal power,
And by your ſelves condemn, or pardon all,
And we ſign to your will: The offence, which you
Call treaſon ſtrikes at us, and we releaſe it,
Let me but ſee one curl in any Brow:
Attend the priſoner hither; —Kiſs our hand.
Are you ſo mercileſs to think this man
Fit for a Scaffold. You ſhall Sir be near us,
And if in this confuſion of your Fortunes
You can finde gratitude, and love, deſpair not.
Theſe men that now oppoſe, may finde your title
Clear to the Kingdom too: Be Sir collected,
And let us uſe your arm.

Exit. Supported by Ferdinand.

Roſa. What change is here?
Leand. What think you of this Lords?
Rodri. I dare not think.
Leon. Affronted thus? O my vext heart. *Exit.*
Roſa. Ile follow ſtill, and if this be no dream,
We have ſcap'd a Brook, to meet a greater ſtream.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

Enter Rodriguez, Erneſto.

Erneſt. THough I believ'd her paſſionate, and like
A Sea, tempeſtuous in her anger, I
Never thought ſhe would marry him.
Rodri. She's the Queen,
But with what honor ſhe could quit the Prince,
Who (without treaſon) did deſerve her too,
Comes not within my reach.

Erneſt.

Erneſt. If you conſider
He has been valiant for her to great purpoſe,
And brought a priſoner home, to mount his Gennet:
It was a pretty ſervice.

Rod. How does he bear it.

Erneſt. He's here you may enquire it.

Enter Leonario (with Letters) and a Servant.

Leon. Be ſwift and faithful, *Arragon* bleeds here,
Nothing but War can right my cauſe and honor.

Serv. Expect an army great as your own thoughts
To cut the way to your revenge. *Exit.*

Leon. My Lords *Rodriguez* and *Erneſto.*

Ambo. Your Graces ſervants.

Leon. A man may take the benefit of this Garden,
Without a Court offence, you have had the day
Of triumph, and the Queen already teeming,
To bleſs the Kingdom with an Heir; and yet
You ſee I walk like a poor Neighbor Prince,
And have my heart ſtill.

Rod. I am glad you bear it ſo.

Leon. Nor have I a meaning
To run my ſelf into deſpair, or ſtrangle
My better hopes, out of pure melancholy,
I praiſe the influence of my Stars; there is
A fire in Cupids Quiver, that will ſcorch
Through armor; and what's womans fleſh and blood
To make reſiſtance, though I did not dance
Upon the marriage night, I wiſh'd her joyes
I'th' morning.

Erneſt. Her heart ſhew'd ſhe was pleas'd
With what ſhe had done; ſhe was as active as
The air before ſhe went to Bed.

Rod. But I
Obſerv'd a declination in the King,
And as the night approach'd which ſhould have more
Inlarg'd his mirth, he grew more melancholy.

Leon.

Leon. Strange! And such a Bride that took him from
So great a loss, to place him in her bosom;
But he was mark'd for the Queens thoughts, and I
By destiny to bring this pair of Pidgeons
Together. I expect no more reward,
The Willow Garland Crowns me, but the Prince
Is here still.

Ernest. Your highness hath a noble temper.

Rod. How ere he seem to cover it, his soul
Hath a deep apprehension of the affront.
Let's leave him, our discourse may be displeasing.
We are servants to your Grace. *Exeunt Lords.*

Leon. Y'have honor'd me.
Think I am tame still? let the inconstant Queen
Secure her thoughts, and glory in my silence;
This heart is laboring a revenge.

Enter Captain.

Captain, what news? the Court is merry still?

Cap. Not altogether so merry as it was hop'd for.

Leon. Can there be an eclipse already?

Cap. I have not read the Almanack for this year,
But by my Court Astronomie, I finde
Our Sun and Moon are in no Conjunction;
They take their fit by turns, the King was cold
And full of flegm last night, and they that wait
Neer both, report the Queen this morning look'd
As she had wept.

Leon. O, tears of joy.

Cap. Of anger rather, if you saw her sullenness.
She frowns on every man, she turn'd away
One of her servants but this morning for
Presenting her with Verses, that did praise
The King, and wish her fruitful. Her own Page
Was whipt for saying the King lay with the Queen
And might for ought he knew, get her with childe ere (morning.

Leon. Thou art humorous.

Cap.

Cap. And so are they.

Leon. This begins well; and what
Do people talk abroad of me, and my
Affront?

Cap. Why, they say they are sorry for you,
Especially the women.

Leon. Thou art pleasant.

Cap. Some that are cheif in counsel, privately
Suspect it but a trick of State; and that
You had discover'd underhand the Queen
Was not——

Leon. Leave this mirth; let me indear thy care
For my intelligence at Court; I must
Not off so tamely; and expect me here,
After a small dispatch, I have more to impart. *Exit.*

Cap. Your humble creature still Sir. 'Las poor Gent'
Were I as capable to be entertain'd now, in revenge
I would mount all the Madams in the Court,
There should be nothing like a woman in't,
But I would touz and tumble: Who are these?

Enter two Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Save you Sir. *Cap.* It may be so.

2. *Cit.* Pray Sir take no offence, we have been en-
About the Court for two Gentlemen. (quiring

Cap. And cannot your four eies see two Gentlemen
I'th' Court?

1. *Cit.* Excuse us Sir, we have seen many, you
May guess we have relation to the Citie Sir, (tances,
And would be glad to meet two of our old acquain-
A brace of our Tribe,
We hear, translated first out of the Citie,
To be Sons o'th' Sword, are since turn'd Courtiers.
Pray d'ye know 'em?

Enter Lieutenant and Violinda.

Cap. Yes children of the Gown, but their imployment
Wo not give 'em leave to attend such vulgar confe-
rence, And

And here comes one of the Moon-calves, does he look
Like a Haberdasher, that's one of the Maids of Honor,
The Weisel loves a Hens-Nest, and I have setled
This perswasion, That no woman can hold out,
Now he is sworn a servant extraordinary.

1. Cit. Sir do you know us?

Lieut. No.

2. Cit. We were your neighbors, and of the same trade.

Cap. They'l make him sweat; how the Rogue glotes upon 'em.

1. Cit. We were of your acquaintance, when you sold Garters.

Lieut. Go hang your selves.

2 Cit. And Statute-lace.

Viol. What are these?

Lieut. Poor men that had some losses late by fire,
And wou'd become my Clients to procure
Some Letters Patents to beg by; alas, they are half distracted.

1. Cit. He's proud--- I have a parcel of Periwigs
Please you, for old acquaintance, put 'em off for me,
Among some friends of yours at Court, whose skulls
Are but thinly furnish'd; the hair is of a
Gentlewomans spinning. (money

Cap. I could love this Citizen, and ow him any
For his confident abusing him. *Exit Violinda.*
He has brib'd her absence with some Ring or Bracelet,
Least she should taste the discovery now.

1. Cit. Methinks you need not be so proud.

Lieut. I would have you to know that I am an ex-

Cap. Proud Coxcomb. (traordinary—

Lieut. Servant to the Queen. What I was,
I am willing to forget;
What you are, is apparant, I defie the
Dunghil I came from, and it is *scandalum Magnatum* to be so saucy. *Exit.*

1. Cit.

1. *Cit.* I will not leave your worship so. *Exit.*

Cap. What will this Rascal do with himself?
Here comes the other Fool to make up the *Gemini.*

Enter Antient with two Petitions.

Ant. Hum, I will not know him-- Let me see——
The humble Petition of——

2. *Cit.* Save you Matter——

Ant. Prethee fellow do not trouble me——
Humbly praying-- The Queen shall sign it.
Let me see this other ——

Cap. Who the devil will bring him a Petition,
This Whelp has discovered him, and now would
Pretend himself most busily employ'd
About Petitions to the Queen.

Ant. Hum, shall daily pray for—— Hum.

Cap. More wit and money a your side; for your
Extraordinary place will not hold out.

2. *Cit.* Sir I have a sute to you.

Ant. Is it Embroidered Sattin Sir, or Scarlet?
Yet if your business do hold weight and consequence,
I may deserve to wear your thankfulness
In Tissue or cloth of Bodkin; Ermines are for Princes.

2. *Cit.* Alas my Suite is not worth your wearing.

Ant. Good faith Sir you must excuse me, at this (time
My attendance is expected at the Counsel, come
To my Chamber by five a clock in the morning
Four days hence, and you shall be sure to finde
Me——

Cap. A sleep.

2. *Cit.* But do you not know me? (you

Ant. Hum. Yes I have seen your phisnomy, were
Never in a conspicuous place, called the Pillorie.

2. *Cit.* How, the Pillory?

Cap. A skirmish, and it be thy will.

2. *Cit.* If it were not in the Court Garden,
I would beat out thy brains. *Ant.*

Ant. Take heed, for I am an extraordinary——

2. *Cit.* Ratcatcher. (Sir,

Cap. You may beat out his brains here as ſecurely
As if you met him i'th' market; Marry if you do
Not kill him outright, it is but the loſs
Of your hand.

2. *Cit.* I would it were but the loſs of my left hand
To beat one of thy eyes out—— Are you an Ancient?

Ant. Thank you for that, ſo I might deſerve
To be beaten. I am an extraordinary Sir.

Cap. And deſerves to be beaten accordingly.
You may kick him without danger.

2. *Cit.* May I?

Enter 1. *Citizen kicking the Lieutenant.*

Cap. Look, your friend will ſhew you a preſident
He is acquainted with the Court latitude.

1. *Cit.* This is no ſtriking.

Lieut. I know it is not.

Cap. They are ſubtle knaves, and know the Law.

Lieut. A pox upon 'em, I feel it.

Ant. At their peril ſay I, theſe poor things
Do not believe that we are extraordinary men,
I ſhall know you anorher time, I ſhall.

Cap. If you had known him now it had been better
For your hanches. Well, I ha' not done with
Theſe whelps yet, till they are undone.
I ſhall never be ſufficiently revenged for their affront
At Court. The Prince commanded me to
Expect his return here, I'l not leave

Enter Roſania.

The Garden. Who's this?

Roſa. Is perjury no ſin? or can Heaven be
So buſie or a ſleep? Such crimes of men
Paſs with impunity? Let this wake your anger:
This; *Ferdinand* is married, all his vows

Scatter'd

Scatter'd in th' air, dispers'd like witherd leaves,
And hurried on the wings of some rude Wind,
Whose pride was to deflour the Spring; Oh *Ferdinand*,
Couldst thou, whilst yet thy breath was warm with love,
With love of me, call back thy faith, and tear
Thy Heart from mine to plant it in her Bosom?

Capt. How's this?

Rosa. What though she be a Queen? could any thirst
Of present title flatter thy Soul from me?
I that left all for thee, and would have calld
Death for thy cause a triumph, now must live
The scorn of my own thoughts, despis'd by thee.

Capt. Here's a new business; this obscures me quaintly.

Enter Leandro.

Lean. The King commands you not to leave the Garden.
He espied you from the Gallerie Window, and
Would have you here attend him.

Rosa. Sir, may I
Without offence, ask if the King be merry?

Leand. We are scarce yet acquainted with his nature,
But we observe no Jubilie in his eyes,
Nor is the Queen so pleasant as our hopes
Did promise after Marriage.

Rosa. Pray excuse this boldness.

Leand. You'l expect his pleasure here? *Exit.*

Rosa. 'Tis my ambition once more to see,
And speak with him, and if his language break not

Enter Queen, Leandro.

My Heart, I'l take my leave—the Queen.

Leand. He is a Servant to whom the King
Was pleas'd to shew affection, when he had
No expectation of your Royall favour.

Que. I do remember, I observ'd him once
Use more than common passion to this servant,
And if we may build any confidence
Upon a fair aspect, he may deserve it.

Say we would ſpeak with him; my Heart's oppreſt
With melancholy, ſomething tels my ſpirit
I am too tame; have I advanc'd a thing
Without a name to perch on the ſame Cloud
With me and for his ſake ſlighted a Prince,
My Honour, and his Faith, tranſported with
My folly and his charms of tongue and perſon?
And dares he pay me with neglect and coldneſs?
Oh my vext ſoul! but he ſhall find I have
A ſenſe of my diſhonour; and yet open
Wayes become triviall and poor revengers,
I will doe ſomething that ſhall ſting him to
Repentance; my Lord you now may leave us. *Ex. Leandro.*
Sir of what Country are you?

Roſa. Of *Valentia.*

Que. Your name?

Roſa. *Liberio.*

My Parents not ignoble, yet too haſty
I'th' apprehenſion of Prince *Ferdinand*;
His Fortune (if I may yet call him ſo)
Gave me to be his page I muſt confeſs
My diligence thriv'd ſo well ſince I came to him,
That he did value me above his ſervant.

Que. Yet I've not ſeen you wait ſince we were married.

Roſa. It was no want of dutie Madam, I
Had late ſome wraſtling with a Feaver, that
Compeld me to my Chamber, and diſabled me
For fit attendance.

Que. Why doſt weep?

Roſa. I Madam?

Que. I ſee the tears.

Roſa. They are not ſorrow then to ſee my Maſter
Poſſeſt of ſo much happineſs in your love,
And I am confident his ſoul ſo full
Of Honour and regard to your great virtues
Will ſeal him worth your gracious favours Madam,

And

And the worlds Envie.
Que. I'l not blame him now
For loving thee; and ſo much hath thy faith
And innocence prevail'd, thou ſha't tranſlate
Thy ſervice, and be mine, he ſhall conſent.
Roſ. I am to both moſt humble.
Que. Prethee tell me,
Making ſo much of thee, he do's impart
Sometimes the ſecrets of his boſom to thee.
Tell me what fault he has, for thou know'ſt all.
Roſa. 'Las Madam I know none,
Or if I did, it ill became the truſt
And dutie of a ſervant to reveal 'em
Que. Thou wer't his bed-fellow?
Roſ. Gracious Madam—
Que. Do's he not wanton in the night, and talk
Of Miſtreſſes.
Roſ. By truth not to me Madam.
Que. Diſſemble not
I know he has a Miſtreſs.
Roſa. If love were ever ſo unkind to him—
Que. Unkind? why I'ſt a ſin to love? I ſhall
Suſpect thy Youth has not been free, thy looks
Betray ſome ſeeds of Love.
Roſa. By all that's good
I never was in love but with my Maſter.
Capt. Good.
Que. He is not worth it.
Roſa. Madam.
Que. Be wiſe, and govern well thy hopes. I'l help
Thee to a Miſtreſs; th'aſt no Miſtreſs yet?
Roſa. But you ſelf Madam.
Que. It ſhall be no other.
Thy Maſter is ingrateſull.
Roſ. Goodneſs aid him.
Que. And wiſdom thee, thou art a pretty youth,

I will reward thee better, if thou canſt
Be faithfull and obey.
Roſa. In all things Madam
That ſhall become your creature.
Que. 'Tis not ſafe
To play with a Queens favours, you ſhall wait
Neer us, forget thy Maſter, and be happy. *Exit.*
Roſ. What clue can guide me in this Labyrinth?
I would when I had loſt *Ferdinands* Heart
I had loſt my underſtanding. She returns.

Enter Queen.

Que. The King is comming this way; now be free,
Thou ſha't have reaſon afterwards to bleſs
Thy fate, this cannot choſe but vex him. *The Queen is pleaſant with Roſ.*

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. The Queen ſo pleaſant? ſhe has loſt her ſullenneſs,
Playes with his Hair, and ſmiles.
Roſ. Madam, the King
Obſerves us.
Ferd. Stroaks his cheek too, ſhe does want
A *Ganimed*; my poor *Roſania*
Art thou the path ſhe walks on to revenge,
All is not well within her Heart, but mine
Sinks with the heavy preſſure—ſhe is gone. *Exit Queen.*
The Queen does grace you much *Tiberio*,
Thoſe favours are not common.
Roſa. She is pleas'd
For your ſake Sir to caſt ſome ſmile upon me:
I know 'twas your requeſt ſhe ſhould be kind,
To keep my Heart a live.
Ferd. Th'art not diſcover'd.
Roſ. Did not you diſcourſe
My ſtory to her?
Ferd. I?

Take

Roſ. Take heed, yet this
Will adde but a thin Feather to the ſcale
Of my misfortune, ſhe knows all, and in
The pittie of my ſufferings ſayes you are
Not worth my love, and calls you moſt ingratefull
Ferd. We are both loſt, till now there was ſome hope
How to repair thy ſorrow.
Roſa. Do not mock me;
'Tis a worſe tyranny than to kill, to laugh
At what you have made wretched, 'tis as poſſible
To call paſt ages back.
Ferd. Take heed *Roſania*,
And be not Judge of what thou know'ſt not, deareſt.
Roſa. I know too much.
Ferd. That I am Married.
Roſa. Ther's no truth in Man.
Ferd. You are too raſh; for there is truth in me,
In *Ferdinand*, though in thy thoughts held black
And ſtaind prodigiouſly with breach of faith,
I have not broke my vow, do not compell me
By thy unbelief to do a Sin I hate
As much as I love thee.
Roſa. Have you a Soul?
Ferd. Yes, and thy Eye ſhall read it, be but calm,
That Soul, thou once didſt love, white with his firſt
Simplicity and faith; I wo'not urge
In my excuſe the beautie of the Queen
Enough to melt a Scythian into love,
But call to mind my dear *Roſania*,
And do but put upon thee *Ferdinand*
So late forgotten by his Stars, a priſoner,
Slav'd like a villain at the bar, expecting
At every breath his ſentence, nay admit
Roſania, the beſt part of his Soul
Stood like a weeping fountain to take leave
Of what ſhe never muſt ſalute agen:

In this extreme, to preſerve *Ferdinand*
And ſave *Roſania*, wouldſt thou ſcorn the breath
Of mercy, that did Court thee from the Lips
Of a great Queen? couldſt thou love *Roſania*,
If thou wert *Ferdinand* to loſe thy ſelf?
Whom ſhe would follow in a ſtream of tears,
And when ſhe had made an Iland of thy tomb,
Striving to ſwim to thee, ſhe could not chooſe,
But drown her ſelf in her own waves. I prethee
Take reaſon to thee, and when th'aſt conſider'd--

Roſa. Perſwade me I am not *Roſania*,
And I will ſay 'tis virtue and that yet
Your heart may grow with mine; is not the Queen
Poſſeſt of that which ſhould have been my title,
A Wife to *Ferdinand*?

Ferd. 'Tis confeſt the world
Doth think it ſo, I did conſent to ceremony.

Roſ. Call you injoying of the Queen but ceremony?

Ferd. Pauſe there, and if thou haſt but ſo much charity
To think I dare not blaſpheme Heaven, I'l call
That, and the Angels boldly to my witneſs,
The Queen's to me a ſtranger yet.

Roſ. A miracle.

Ferd. Retain but love, as thou preſerv'ſt thy ſweetneſs,
And that will teach thee to believe that *Ferdinand*,
How ere ſaluted King is ſtill thy ſubject,
And though her Husband, in my faith to thee
The Marriage-Bed hath ſtill our Virgin ſheets;
A Brother might embrace a Siſter with
The heat I brought; that this is truth, the power
And name I have, ſhall only ſerve to make
Our flight ſecure into another Kingdom,
And when I part with theſe new ſhining glories,
Thy faith will be confirm'd and thou acknowledge
I ventur'd much to keep my Heart thy ſervant.

Roſ. I know not what to ſay; is not the Queen
Diſpleas'd?

Ferd.

Ferd. She is, but cunningly diſguiſeth
Her paſſion to the World; but I forgot
What muſt inlarge my fears of her revenge
If thou be known *Roſania.*
Roſ. Loſe that fear,
I am ſtill ſafe, and now I ſee the cauſe
Makes her repent her favours, and thy greatneſs;
Forgive me *Ferdinand* and yet I know not,
All is not well, ther's poyſon in this Balſom
Prepar'd for thee.
Ferd. From whom?
Roſ. Roſania.
Ferd. When ſhe ſhall but conſent to have me dye,
She ſhall not trouble poyſon to ſend off
My deſpis'd life, my ſoul in juſt obedience
To her command will take a cheerfull flight
In hope to ſerve her in the other World.
Roſ. You ſhall know more hereafter, and let this
Secure your thoughts, ſhe yet beleeves me what
This ſhape preſents, but without wiſe prevention,
I fear I ſhall not live too long conceal'd;
I dare not ſay her honour is a bleeding,
But a Queen thus diſtaſted may not find
That Ice within her bloud; we are interrupted.

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodri. Your pardon Sir; 'tis the Queens pleaſure
This Gentleman attend her in the Gallery.
Ferd. He ſhall wait her commands—— *Ex. Rodri.*
I know not what to counſell, 'tis not ſafe
Sweet to neglect her, yet my fears of ſome
Ill fate, are round about me like a miſt,
And dark my underſtanding; let a kiſs
And ſilence teach our ſouls ſome new diſcourſe.
Capt. Why here's a volume of Intelligence

I'l ſtay no longer to expect the Prince,
But ſeek him out immediatly; diſguiſes?
King by your leave, I ſhall untruſs your Miſtreſs. *Ex.*
Roſa. I know not what I feel nor what to fear,
If love e'r meant a Tragedie; 'tis here.
Ferd. If we ne'r meet agen, one more ſalute
Shall fortifie our lives by joyning breath,
Nor ſhall our laſt hard fate deny us this,
To change our faithfull Souls at our laſt kiſs. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Rodriguez, Leandro, Erneſto.

Erneſt. I Know not what to think on't, but if I
Have any ſenſe, there is ſome new ſtate madneſs
Crept into Court.
Rodri. Are we not all a ſleep,
And theſe fine dreams perplex us?
Leand. No 'tis waking.
Rod. Shew me the tenth part of a reaſon why
The Queen did Marry him.
Lea. 'Twas deſtinie.
Erneſt. Why ſince ſhould he be melancholy?
Rod. Or ſhe ſo humorus?
Erneſt. Not lie together? pray Heaven the Gentleman
Be found with no defective title in him.
Leand. Obſerve her favours to that Boy, he was
His ſervant, now her minion. I like not
Theſe violent wheels; the whole frame may be ſoon
Indanger'd, if theſe paſſions be not cur'd.
Rod. New lodgings for him, neer her own, and he

Given

Given free acceſs to the Bed chamber.
Leand. 'Tis naught
Or will be ſo, I pittie the good King;
Though ſhe have rais'd him to the higheſt glorie
Her power extended too, yet to make this herght
His precipice, and throw him into ſcorn,
Nay poyſon the beſt hopes he had of honour,
And love from her, and in his ſight to Court
A Boy, his ſervant? It would vex the beſt
Of all our tempers, if we felt the ſting on't.

Enter Roſania and Violinda (paſſing over the Stage.)

Er. He's here, that Lady is the Queens Cabinet.
Lean. They are merry about the Mouth.
Er. Another ſummons?
'Tis poſſible the Queen may Marry him too.
Lean. There is ſome myſterie we cannot reach.
If we doe well remember, ther's a Law
Made by her ſelf, as ſoon as ſhe was Queen,
To keep Wifes Pulſes temperat, and correct
The inſolent Bloud of Women that had Husbands.
Er. And Men were not exempted.
Leand. I ſay no more.
But Heaven maintain the Law, and the Law-makers,
And conjure down that Devill,
'Tis the King and the ſmooth Boy, lets leave 'em.

Exeunt Lords.

Enter Ferdinand, and Roſania.

Ferd. Was this the Ladies Meſſage? does the Queen
Take thee into ſuch favour?
Roſa. I tell truth,
And though it ſound but ill on the Queens part,
Becauſe ſhe thinks me what I ſeem my Lord,

You

You need not to wear one Cloud upon your Face
When you remember who I am, my fears
Are thick upon my Heart, how to ſecure
This ſhadow any longer.

Ferd. That afflicts
Me moſt *Roſania*. for it pleaſes me
To hear ſhe can affect thee; but what way
To keep her expectation high, and thee
(My deareſt) ſafe? her paſſions may be violent.

Roſa. They are already Sir, if I miſtake not;
I wiſh to Heaven that you were reconcil'd
To do the office of a Husband to her,
That peace would keep her Boſom clear, and I
Should live to all the World except your ſelf
A ſtranger ſtill.

Ferd. What language ſpeaks *Roſania*?
Ther's death in every ſyllable; ſhould I
Obey what thou deſir'ſt, and do the office
Of a Husband, ha?

Roſa. I'l wait upon you ſtill,
And hope you will vouchſafe me now and then
A harmleſs ſmile; her beauty will deſerve
Your whole heart, and ther's ſomething in the memory
Of what ſhe has advanc'd you to, will help
To make you kind.

Ferd. Should I injoy the Queen?
Becauſe the miſery of my fate compeld
A ceremonious ſin? ſhall I betray
The eſſence of my faith, and leave a curſe,
When thou art known, upon my name for ever?
If thou haſt taken new reſolves againſt me,
Puniſh my heart ſome other way; had ſhe
More ornament than ever met in woman,
Miſtreſs of more perfection than Poets
Invented for the Queen of love to this
Were the proud Empire of the World her own,

And

And ſhe would make me Lord of her, and theſe,
It would not buy me to the pleaſure of
One Nights embrace, my body ſhall not carry
My ſoul ſo far aſtray; the Man condemnd
To live in a perpetuall Snow, hath not
A purer Froſt within his blood.
Roſa. This but
Ingenders a new grief although it bind
Roſanias Heart there is yet one way left
And that ere I pronounce you muſt forgive;
There is a trembling in my tongue, and I
Already feel ſuch Winter in my breath,
My timorous Lips do wither.
Ferd. Do not fright
My Soul too much, ther's ſomething thteatens me
So like a loſs of theſe, that I am left
A peece of ſhaking Earth death cannot look
To make me tremble ſo; canſt thou forſake me?
Roſ. Not in my Heart, but give my body leave
To ſeek ſome other place my Lord to dwell in.
When I am gone into ſome wilderneſs,
You will find eaſe at Heart, and love the Queen,
And perfect all; I'l pray you may live happy,
And hold Intelligence with ſome gentle Winds
That ſhall convey my wiſhes and return
What joys do follow you; the purling Rivers
I'l teach your name and they which glide this way
Shall bring thee ſomething *Ferdinand* of mine;
My tears I know will not be loſt, which I
Will ſend thee daily by the courteous ſtream,
Clear pledges of my faith; conſent my Lord
I may depart and you ſhall chooſe your way,
To every bleſſing here.
Ferd. Not till we meet
With one embrace, and take our flight together;
And I have thought a way to perfect it,

Obſerve

Obſerve my ſweet *Roſania*, the Queen
Thou ſayſt affects thee, cheriſh it, with all
The ſoftneſs of her creature; if ſhe allow,
Kiſs her, and promiſe what young lovers doe,
Examine not, but by thy love to me
Be free in amorous language, if ſhe have
Heat to a private meeting in her Chamber,
Obey, this ſhall ſecure our loves ambition.
Enquire not, but reſolve, and let me know
The time.

Roſ. You will attempt no violence
Upon the Queen?

Ferd. By this—— *Kiſſes her.*

Roſ. What if ſhe have commanded me
This Night?

Ferd. To meet?

Roſ. In her Bed-Chamber. *Ferd.* Ha! obey it.

Roſ. At a late hour.

Ferd. It ſhall beget our comfort
If thou conſent.

Roſa. But ſhall I not expoſe
My ſelf to danger, if her love perſue
Immodeſt ends, ſince you adviſe I ſhould
Apply my ſelf to her deſires?

Ferd. If ſhe
Take too much flame, by ſome ſoft art delay her,
Till I come to cloſe all; keep ſtill thy perſon
Secret, the leaſt diſcovery will deſtroy
Us both; the Evening with much haſt prepares
Thy viſit and our happineſs.

Roſa. I'l obey,
But be you ſure to come.

Ferd. Loſe thou no time
Now to indear thee to her, let us part
Love will find balm to cure the wounded Heart.

Exeunt ſeverally

A Table, and Lights, ſet out, then Enter Queen, and Violinda.

Que. Was he not cheerfull when he promis'd thee?
Viol. He was, and he was not.
Que. I have a ſtrange apprehenſion, and this doth feed it.
Viol. I told him 'twas an honour worth his joyfull entertainment.
Que. If it ſhould prove ſucceſsfull, my revenge
Were perfect, I'm reſolute to perſue——
Viol. It makes well
For your contrivement that the King and you do
Lodge at diſtance—ſtay, I hear a tread.
Que. I hope 'tis he.

Enter Leonario.

Viol. Prince *Leonario* Madam.
Que. What comes he for?
Leon. Although I have ſmall expectation
For my own ſake, that you can pardon Madam
This bold acceſs, and at ſo dark an hour,
Yet when you have heard my buſineſs, You will know
Your ſelf ſo much concern'd, I'l not deſpair
To find your mercy.
Que. You prepare me for
Something of conſequence.
Leon. Pleaſe you to diſmiſs
Your Ladie, I have ſomething to deliver
Wo'not become her knowledge.
Que. Leave us——now, *Ex. Violinda.*
Our conference is free, your Graces pleaſure?
It muſt be matter of much eſſence, that
Could not expect till morning, but y'ar welcome.
Leon. This time and darkneſs Madam beſt becomes him,
Who for your ſake bluſhes to ſee the Day,
But I came not to chide, my wrongs have learn'd
A modeſt ſilence, my approach is not

To

To name a ſuffering of mine, but to
Diſcover what already is prepar'd
Againſt your peace and honour.

Que. Is it treaſon?

Leon. It is, but threatens not your life, you may
Live many years upon the wound.

Que. You fright me.

Leon. Loſe not the beauty of your cheek ſo ſoon,
Hide not beneath that cold and killing Snow,
One Roſie bluſh, and yet that pale would ſhew
Like Innocence which you have loſt; oh Madam
Had you not made a forfet of your truth
To me, no ſtorm could ſhake you, but your ſoul
That made no change could know no fear; I come
To tell you what juſt providence hath done
In my revenge, your breach of vow is puniſh'd
With loſs of faith in him, to whom you gave
The Heart you promis'd me, the King, whoſe pride
You built on my diſhonour, is as falſe,
As you were.

Que. This is paſſion but be
Not yet too raſh in cenſuring him. Whom I
Have plac'd ſo neer, I muſt defend, nor will
He need my ſtrength, to make their blood account
That dare traduce his honour; he has a Heart—

Leon. A falſe one. I was born without a fear,
And dare upon his boſom (wear he worth
The manly conteſtation.) write him perjur'd.

Que. I would this were not envy; but admit
He be thus guiltie, 'tis a fault in him.

Leon. No Madam, it is yours; that ſin that poyſond
The expectation of my joys in you,
Hath made him falſe and will excuſe his ſtorie,
When you are nam'd that broke your faith to me;
I can have no hope now to be repair'd,
But if it be worth memorie to know

The triumph waits on Innocence, the World
Shall say the Queen deserv'd to meet a scorn
Deep as her wrongs to me.

Que. It cannot be.

Leon. Think so, and help to make the revenge greater,
Till the winds catch the black report, and multiply
The shame, by scattering it about the Kingdom,
Sit still, and careless of your fame, incourage
His private lust, his Mistress now in Court.

Que. A Mistriss in the Court?

Leon. Yes Madam, in the Court,
And may one day think any second place
Too narrow to contain her greatness. she —

Que. As y'ar a Prince no more; I have done ill,
And find the penance here, It does agree
With his neglects, and addes new flame to my
Young jealousie; I feel a tempest rising;
By all your goodness leave me Sir; I cannot
Now right you more than mourn, and give belief to you.
No more I pray you, by all your love to honour.

Leon. I ha' done,
And take my leave, my everlasting leave,
'Tis time; how like the day, that flatterd us
With cheerfull light, are my desires fled hence,
And left me here a prodigie of darkness,
A walking Herse, hung round about with night,
Whose wings must one day cover all? farewell.
If any Star look forth, it is to call
Me hence, and light me to another World.
Our Lips are never like to meet agen. *Kisses*
Farewell, if I but stay, I shall forgive her. *Exit.*

Que. A Mistress in the Court? something is busie
About my Heart.

Enter Violinda.

Viol. The Prince is gone.

Que. No matter.

Affronted

Affronted thus? but I forgot to ask
Her name that rivals me; how this paſſion
Befools our underſtanding, and prevents
The knowledge, and the cure of what afflicts us!
The Morning will aſſure all, but ſhall this
Strike me to aſhes? I may find a way
To my revenge.

Enter Violinda.

Viol. *Tiberio* is come Madam.
Que. Wait carefully.
Viol. I know my dutie.

Enter Roſania: (Kneels and Kiſſes her Hand.)

Que. Riſe,
This meeting was not meant for ceremony,
Ther's ſomething in this preſence will deſerve
We ſhould put off all ſtate, and ſpeak like friends.
You muſt be cover'd too. I'l have it ſo.
We are private now.
Roſa. Theſe graces will
Undoe a youth, whoſe birth, and careleſs Stars
Ordain'd him to be humble, and with dutie
Wait on your meaneſt ſervant.
Que. Thou ſhalt ſoon have cauſe
To think thy Stars are carefull of thee, if
Thou canſt be wiſe.
Roſa. Alas! my years are few.
Que. Thy knowledge is not wanting to diſtinguiſh
Whoſe favours Court thee, and apply thy ſelf
To underſtand, and thank the kind beſtower;
'Tis in my power to make thee great.
Roſa. You may
Advance this worthleſs walking ſhadow Madam,
And when you like the free and bounteous Sun
Have bleſt me with your rayes, it is but like

His

His glorious warmth bestow'd upon a peece
Of rude and barren Earth, which takes not from
The lustre of your Beams, but shews more clearly,
By your own light, what poverty you shin'd on.
Quee. This modesty becomes you not, look in
My eie, and read what's there.
Rosa. Some thing like anger,
Enough to strike me dead.
Quee. What now?
Rosa. A smile,
And such attending sweetness—
Quee. Thus it shall
Invite thee still to gaze, and love, *Tiberio*,
No frown shall point on thee; I finde my eyes
Were meant for thee, and all they grac'd before,
But objects of mistake. Here here, O turn
Thy lovely face away, left I be seen
To blush, my heart hath chose to place my love
And the reward; this would become thy tongue
A great deal better, Come sit down *Tiberio*.
What still an Infants understanding? Think
I am the man, and learn a little better,
What beauty dwells upon this hand, What softness,
How like the Snow, or Innocence it shews,
Yet fires my heart with every gentle touch.
Rosa. Dear Madam; would the King would come.
Que. This is a happiness that Kings should sue for,
And yet there are poor comforts in these Kisses;
Let hands preserve Societie with hands,
And with their change of whiteness, and of Balm,
Make wealthy one another: But let what
Was mean't for kisses meet, and finde out pleasure
By warm exchange of souls from our soft lips. *Kisses.*
Madam, how like you this?
Rosa. Madam:
Que. I suppose you a Lady all this while,

And I the man, our lips must meet again,
Will this instruct thee nothing?

Ros. Gracious Madam.

Que. And yet this recreation comes short,
Dear Lady, of what love might well allow us.
Admit you are a Queen, you are not bound
To thin your Royal Blood with frost, but as
Your power, your pleasure should exceed; nay grant
You have a man (a man said I) that can
Keep love alive, and warm a yielding bosom,
Yet where from the invitement of your eie,
And amorous choice, I am become your servant,
You may be a little kinder.

Rosa. Madam, I know not
How with the safetie of my self, my dutie,
And your own name and power, to understand you,
(Yet this to some would need but little Comment)
Can you place such a value on a thing
That not deserves to breath your name? Or should
I hope these charms of Language you have spred
To catch my heart, which hath no wings, but where
It can believe; For you transcend so much
In wonder of your love, a willing Faith
Not easily can reach it. But dear Madam,
I know all this is but to try my duty,
And you have pleas'd to choose me forth, to make
These silent hours more grateful, by the mirth
My weak replies may raise you,

Que. Miracle!
I but imagin'd thee a woman, now
I shall believe thee one indeed; this coldness
Becomes no masculine habit. Come, we'll in,
And change our Sexes; Thou shalt wear my clothes,
And I will put on these, help on with thine,
And I will dress thee handsomely, and then
We'll act again.

Ros. Not for the world dear Madam. Not yet come?
Que. The world? This confirms my jealousie.
I'll search you to the soul, *Adonis* come,
I'll call thee so, and court thee with more charm
Than *Venus* did, when in the *Idalian* Groves
To buy a kiss, she offer'd the proud Boy
Her flaming Chariot, and her Doves of Snow.
'Tis in thy power to make thy fate and heart
More happy by consent to meet with mine;
Tempt not the anger of a Queen despis'd,
Whose breath can like a whirl-wind snatch thee up,
And drop thee in a Wilderness, where with sorrow
For thy neglect, thou by degrees maist sigh
Thy self into a Mist, which no Sun-beam
Shall pitie or take up into a Cloud.
But love me, and compose thy heart to mine,
Wee'l live with more delight, than fancie can
Inrich *Elizium* with. The soft hours shall stay
Till we allow 'em Wings, and while we kiss
And on each others Lips breath Incense thus,
Wee'l have ten thousand *Capids* for our guard,
Whose Bows shall awe the destinies, and we write
The King and Queen of Fate.

Enter Ferdinand, Leandro, Rodriguez, Ernesto, *Captain, Guard.*

Ferd. Will this deserve your faith?
Leand. We must believe.
Enter Violinda.
Viol. We are undone, the King.
Que. False Keys?
Rosa. 'Twas time to come.
Ferd. Had I not cause, my Lords, to appear sad,
When I suspected this so great affront?
My melancholy all this while was but

A mourning for this ſhame: Look but my Lords
Into your ſelves, and make this ſuffering yours.
Viol. Madam be rais'd again, I have an art
To fetch you off with honor, and the youth too.
I will perſwade him there can be no cure
In this extream but to pretend himſelf
A woman; I will dreſs him in your Gown
Before they can be ware on't; they all know
This way he cannot flie, mean time put on
A confidence, and let them know you are
The Queen, not to be ſhaken with their power;
This will gain time.
Que. Proſper in this.
Viol. I will
Redeem my fault, or never ſleep again.

Exit with Roſania.

Ferd. She bluſhes not.
Were ſhe not Queen, what names could we beſtow
Upon this want of modeſty?
Lewd. 'Tis plain.
We came in time.
Ferd. Moſt happily to prevent
Some further act of ſhame; can ſhe look on us
Without a bluſh?
Que. I ſee no ſuch attraction
In your ſtate faces that I ſhould deſire
Much to look on 'em. Who made you King I pray?
Ferd. Your power, I dare not call it love, preſuming
That I was fit to be your property,
Without a fault to ſee, or have a ſenſe
Of theſe diſhonors; This rank hear of blood,
Madam, what penitence can make this clear?
Admit your thoughts were wanton, and your flame,
Too great to be ſuppreſt, could you finde none

For

For your adulterate embrace, but one
That was my ſervant? my own hound devour me?
As if your luſt had not enough of ſhame
And miſchief to me, but your malice muſt
Appear in't too; with what ſecuritie
Can I expect to live, when ſhe begins
So ſoon to poyſon me?
Leand. We heard her ſay
They two would write themſelves the King and Queen.
Rod. So we did all.
Ferd. You may conſider theſe.
Leand. 'Tis impious
Madam with what grief do we
Remember now that Law you made
After your Coronation to preſerve
The name of your ſex chaſt which gave our Hearts
Hope of your bleſſed progreſs; you made it death
To ſtain the Marriage-bed; where ſhall we expect
The life of that good act, when you begin
A breach of chaſtitie by ſo black example?
If the King urge an Execution
Of what our voice co[illegible]d by yours impos'd
Upon the kingdom [illegible] ſhould prove your ſelf
More innocent or [illegible]ve us cauſe to mourn
This fall from virtue
Er. Madam we grieve for you.
Que So, ſo, have your great wiſdoms ſaid all yet?
I laugh at you (poor things) and am ſo far
From trembling at your thunder, that I pitty you,
And firſt I'l let you know you ſelves, you are
I take it all my ſubjects, I will not
Exempt you Sir, ſince Marriage takes not off
My Intereſt, and Eſſence here, all ſtrength
Flowing from me, and your Derivative ſhine
Extinct, when I frown you to darkneſs; by
What power dare you take an accompt of me?

That am above your Laws, which must obey
Me, as their Soul, and Dye when I forsake 'em?
But I will reason coolely, and admit
They live in force; 'gainst whom? are you so shallow,
To think we that created, and decreed 'em
For vulgar reformation, must be squard
And Levell'd by 'em, as we meant to lose
Our Character and distinction, and stoop
Toth' common file of subjects? this were policy!
I speak not this with sense of any guilt,
So to decline it, for I here defie you,
And bring an Innocence shall strike a blush
Upon your Souls, that sinn'd in my suspition. *Aside.*
Ferd. Where is the Boy? *Ernesto* take him to
Your custodie, and bid him not despair,
I have contriv'd the rest.

Enter Rosania (like a Woman) and Violinda.

Er. He's here.
Viol. Take it upon you, if it come to searching
Wee'l find a Jurie.
Capt. You are deceiv'd my Lord, with your good pardon,
He is not here.
Er. Who is not here?
Capt. The he you do expect;
And your Officious Ladyship might well
Have spar'd your pains, to put on all this trim.
Ferd. What means the fellow?
Capt. 'Tis no news to your Sir.
I could have told the Queen before, and you
My honourable Lords, this was no Boy,
Though now he would but seem o'th' tother sex,
I knew her name.
Ros. My name?
Capt. Are not you call'd *Rosania*?
Ferd. Ha! betraid?

Capt.

Capt. Yes indeed is ſhe, you were preſent Sir
I'th' Garden when this fine Hermophrodite
Declar'd what ſex was hid behind the Breeches,
And this I certified the Prince before.
Que. Now 'tis clear.
Capt. There are ſome tokens too I can remember,
As kiſſes, and excuſe for marrying with
The Queen, a Virgin ſtill, *&c.*
Omnes. A Woman?
Viol. But are you a Woman indeed?
Capt. And now my Lords, if you have Hearts that are
Honeſt and daring, come about agen,
For this is but a cunning piece of treaſon,
Againſt your Faith, and the Queens honour.
Ferd. We are both loſt *Roſania.*
Capt. 'Tis truth, or take my Head off.
Que. You do believe this transformation,
And know this Ladie, my good Lord, I did
Suſpect before the cauſe of your neglects,
And meeting with ſome dark Intelligence
From the Prince, to perfect this diſcovery,
Did in my Chamber wooe with apteſt forms
Of Love, to trie how long the ſex would be
Conceal'd; you heard a part, and ſee us kiſs,
And came in time with theſe wiſe Noblemen
To prevent further acts of ſhame.
Rodri. I'ſt poſſible?
Roſa. It was an ill contrivement to make me
Proof of the Queens diſhonour.
Er. An apparent Plot
Againſt the life and honour of the Queen,
Since he would urge that Law maliciouſly
Againſt her, knowing this to be a Woman,
And his cloſe ſtrumpet.
Rodri. The ſame Law muſt be
Their tryall.

Leand. What a change is here already ?
Que. You must not Lords deny me Justice.
Rodri. 'Tis insufferable
Against a common person.
Er. Let his first
Treason, if you think good Madam, be urg'd
In accusation.
Leand. So, so.
Que. You did us service Captain.
Capt. I am bound too't, heres more news for the Prince.
Que. Use your pleasures. *Exit.*
Rod. What need we circumstance, let him dye to morrow.
Que. Death will be mercie to so much ingratitude,
Command them both to severall custodies.
The morning shall behold 'em dead——
Ros. Now more lost then ever.
Exeunt. Manent. Ferd: Ros. & Guard.
Ferd. Pray lets take
Short leave of one another, 'tis in vain
To reason against providence, or say
We might ha' liv'd; though I must dye, and after
Be hid in my obscurest name, and shade,
I must declare whose blood they will profane
In bleeding thee; farewell, our last, last kiss.
My heart would fain come to thee, I will make it
My humble sute with my last breath it may
Be quickly sent thee.
Rosa. We shall both meet, when
This dust falls off, and our souls kiss agen. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V.

Enter Leandro, Rodriguez, Erneſto, Servants with Lights.

Er. MY Lord you tell us wonders, 'tis high time
To open ſuch a myſterie.
Rodri. This change
Will exceed all, and ſo convincing are
The circumſtances of this great diſcovery
They do command our faith.
Er. And you ſhall ſteer us.
Leand. Then let us loſe no time; oh my good Lords,
Did you but feel the torment of my boſome,
Till I diſcharge the duty, which ſo long
Hath ſlept in this concealment you would call
For wings to flye, and think all motion tedious;
For Heavens ſake lets make haſt, that we prevent
The morning, which will riſe upon this knowledge
With cheerfull beams, and put on all his glory.
Er. Moſt gladly we attend. *Exeunt.*

A Table and Taper ſet out.
Enter Ferdinand (with a book in his Hand.)

Ferd. I have no Heart to think of any thing
But my *Roſania*, all devotion,
When I remember her, flyes off, and leaves
My ſoul no contemplation but her ſafety;
They were too cruell to divide us, night
It ſelf looks now more black by this dim taper;
Roſania's eyes would brighten all but they
Weigh'd down with ſleep, and ſorrow, are perhaps
At reſt, a thouſand Angels watch about 'em;
And let ſome one who's office is to wait

On

On harmleſs love, preſent me to her dreams;
O let her hear me often call upon her,
As I am led to death, and when the ſtroke
Divides me from my ſelf, and from the World,
My Heart ſhall pay her tribute, and my blood
Do miracles, when every Crimſon drop
My Body bleeds, ſhall not in vain be wept,
But fall into ſome Letter of her name,
To keep alive our ſtory.

Enter two Servants (with Torches) **Leandro**, *Erneſto*, *Rodriguez*.

What lights are theſe?
This place ſure is not wont to be thus viſited.
They are ſpirits, ha! yet if I have a memory
Thoſe Faces were but late familiar to me.

They Kneel.

What mockery is this? if you be ſubſtances
Of things I know, go tell the Tyrant Queen
She might allow me death without this ſcorn,
This jeering Antimaſque.

Omnes. Long live the King.

Ferd. What King?

Omnes. Long live *Ferdinand* King of *Murcia*.

Ferd. A dream, a golden dream. What fancies wait
Upon our ſleep? and yet I wake, they are
Apparitions, I'l ſhut my eyes, and loſe 'em.
They wo not vaniſh. *Leandro*, *Rodriguez*, *Erneſto*?

Omnes. All your ſubjects. (and be

Leand. Collect your ſcatterd thoughts my Lord,
Aſſur'd, we now pay reall duties to you,
You are our King, and muſt be.

Ferd. Who ſays ſo?

Leand. I, whoſe cold fear, and frailty,
When fate of War had made you Priſoner,
Conceal'd the truth, and Juſtice of your title,

'Twas

'Twas I that sav'd you from your Uncles fury
And sent you to *Valentia*, while I cozen'd
The kingdom with your death, till time might ripen
Your challenge to the scepter; if you can
Find mercy to a treason, great as this,
I'll live, and study how to merit pardon.
Ferd. Rise, rise all,
And if you be *Leandro*, pray come neerer.
Rod. Pray Heav'n this unexpected happiness
Meet with no extasie, all senses are
Not arm'd for such extremes of Joy.
Er. The Queen,
When she finds this, will fall into a Feaver,
By instinct her Head must ake this very minute.
Rod. And shake too, for the Crown is tottering.
Ferd. Pardon? thou shouldst divide the kingdom with me.
But do all these believe it, will you not,
When I make second claim, deny me agen?
Call me Impostor?
Leand. Sir forgive that first,
And I'l not ask Heaven pardon for my next
Deniall, let death threaten all his stings;
And I have satisfied these Lords so well,
They are confirm'd in your just claim, and person.
Rod: Er. We lay our lives and fortunes at your feet.
Ferd. I may command you then, fetch me *Rosania*;
I'l be no King without her; do not stay
To hear how much I love her 'bove the Crown,
And all the glories wait upon it, she
That was my Page, my fellow Prisoner, *Rosania*.
Exit Rodrig.
'Tis that name next to Heaven I bow too.
Good my Lord follow him, and if she be
Awake, oh drop it gently by degrees,
(The joy is mighty, she a sad weak Virgin)

That

That I ſhall live to make her Queen. *Exit Erneſto.*
Stay you, and if I play too much the wanton with
My fate, or ſwell with expectation,
Speak ſomething to allay my hopes, and ſay
There may be croſſes yet, the Queen may want
Faith or conſent, or put caſe the people
(A dangerous torrent to oppoſe) like not
This Innovation, where is the King then?

Leand. Doubt not their Loves, you had their Hearts before;
Let nothing ſhake you.

Enter Roſania, Erneſto, Rodriguez.

Ferd. Th'art my better Angell.
Why then if my *Roſania* will be Queen.
The kingdoms ours agen; ſhe comes, ſhe comes.
Thou mak'ſt too little haſt to be a Queen.
I am my ſelf agen, my name is found,
I ſhall live to, thus to embrace *Roſania*
Without a fear, theſe Lords are all thy ſubjects,
I am a King.

Leand. You are.

Ferd. Then what muſt my *Roſania* be?

Roſ. Happy, if this be more
Than dream, my tears and ſufferings are all paid for
If this be true.

Leand. Moſt true.

Roſ. What a ſtrong arm
Hath Heaven?

Ferd. See how the Day hath made
Haſt to ſalute *Roſania*, and to wait
Upon thy triumph, bluſhes like a Maid
When ſhe is told ſhe is in Love, the Stars
Are gone to tell the other World, thy beauty,
Till now Ecclips'd with ſorrow, hath thrown off

The

The imprisoning veil, and shines above their bright-
But how shall we *Leandro* now contrive (ness.
For our Court entertainment, where the Queens
Prepar'd to hear our Tragedy?

Leand. Leave me
To order your appearance; but first Sir,
We must secure this Fort.

Er. The Captain is
My creature.

Ferd. Thou shalt be all our direction.
Come my *Rosania*, time hath turn'd a gen
Our Glass, and his keen sith this comfort brings,
It cuts no scepters down but to make Kings.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonario (reading a Letter,) and Soldier.

Leon. So neer?

Sold. We heard before of your affront
My Lord, and were prepar'd.

Leon. It hath outstrip'd my expectation,
These Letters say
Mendoza is their Generall new return'd
With victory from the *Moores*; his fame I honour,
My knowledge never reach'd his person.

Sold. Sir, he brings old Soldiers with him, the Commanders
Are such, whose faith and valor in those Wars
Already tried, he durst name to the King
To be employ'd here in your highness cause.

Leand. We will to Horse immediatly. I long
To salute the Army.

Sold. Which but wants your person
The Soul of their design; you may soon reach 'em.

Enter Captain.

Leon. I will.

Capt. Your Grace.

Leon.

Leon. That we had wings, away, to Horſe to Horſe.

Exeunt Leon. Sold.

Capt. Speed, and you be ſo hot o'th' ſpur, my buſineſs
Is but breath, and your deſign it ſeems rides poſt.

Enter Lieutenant and Antient.

The Earth runs upon wheels; whom do I ſpy?
My extraordinaries, I'l ha' ſport with them,
But firſt obſerve 'em.

Lieut. I ſee no profit in theſe offices
That we ha' brought.

Ant. Not extraordinary, as the name did promiſe.

Capt. The Rogues are poor, and now repent.

Ant. We were told by the cheating Captain
That we ſhould want Men to tell our money.

Lieut. This 'tis to deal with *Soldades*.

Ant. We ſhould command the Ladies too, and we
Were bountifull, a ſmall Pox take their beauties,
'Tis the greater curſe, I have undone
My ſelf in giving away enameld Rings
And Bracelets.

Lieut. Well, if I truſt a Captain agen.

Ant. Or I.

Capt. I'm glad they are payd; I wo'not leave 'em,
I feel my antipathy ſtrong yet.

Ant. I would venture half my ſoul to be reveng'd
If I knew how.

Capt. True Raſcals!

Lieut. The Ladies love him.

Ant. They all Love Men of War.

Lieu. Would his poop were a fire.

Ant. And Battels in Bed naturally.

Lieu. Well, what Ladies give him hereafter to buy new Feathers, may his body compell him to beſtow upon a Surgeon.

Ant. May Diſeaſes undermine his Fleſh like Gunpowder,

And

And blow all his skin up into blisters.

Lieu. May they that look for his Nose, go about for want of a ridge, and let him wear no Legs but what he buyes from the Carpenter.

Ant. May his face break out, and undo him in taffata, and may the patches at the last be so many, till his skin be invisible, and his goggle eyes look through a Mask.

Lieu. May he live to be as much coward as we ha' been, and be beaten!

Ant. Abominably beaten, and may the miracle be on our side, that we may be valiant, and be the Men to doe it, oh I would have no more mercy.——

Capt. Save you Gallants, save you Courtiers.

Both. My noble Captain.

Ant. It may be he did not hear us. (lately?

Capt. Hark you, what purchase have you two made

Both. Of what? (say,

Capt. Of Lands and loggerheads, Lordships I would I know you are both rich, you cannot choose,
But I will borrow no more o' you, faith be satisfied and leave off in time with the wealth you have.

Lieu. Where is it Captain?

Ant. Can you tell where we may borrow as much money upon our extraordinary places, as will set up shop agen? For this Court trade wo'not do.

Capt. How?

Lieu. No indeed Captain, we ha' made little benefit since we came to be extraordinaries.

Capt. Ye took not the right way then.

Ant. That may be.

Capt. Why, cannot you lie, and swear, and pawn your souls for six pence, the Devill could not furnish the City with two more hopefull *Borachios*. You have a Carrot-colourd Beard, and that never fails, and your worships face is a prognostication of preferment

Is a Prognostication of preferment, where
Beside Dominicall Letters you have all the
Conjuring Characters of the Planets.
But all this is your cunning, to dissemble your estates.

Lieu. By this empty pocket, I have but one Shirt (left.

Capt. You jeast y'faith.

Ant. And by all my no money, I have but half a one

Capt. Come, come, you took up linnen lately, I (heard
You did.

Ant. I, smocks.

Capt. Why they are in fashion with extraordinary Courtiers.

But if you be in earnest, I can tell, where you
May furnish your selves richly.

Both. Where? where?

Capt. W'y in the Shops for ready money, but you (would
Save charges.

Ant. I marry Captain.

Capt. Venture to rob a hedge, it is but hanging,
And whats that to men extraordinary?
But if your wants be reall, be not dejected,
I'l set you up agen my self, I have been
Beholding to you two for your good words
And wishes Gentlemen.

Lieu. It pleases you to say so, I begin
To smell.—

Ant. Not to us Captain, we have been beholding to you.

Capt. And it happens, as if fortune had made you miserable
A purpose, to bless you both with such a preferment, as wo'not be offerd agen in a Coronation.

Lieu. On good Captain, for we are extraordinary miserable.

Capt. Then observe; you are not ignorant how things go at Court, the King is in prison.

Ant.

Ant. So.

Capt. And his wench with him that walk'd in Breeches; The Queen resolves they shall both dye.

Ant. Good.

Capt. This morning too; now in regard the King is a person of qualitie——

Lieu. I think he be.

Capt. And the tother a Lady, as some imagine, you two may do very well to undertake now——

Both. Any thing.

Capt. To be a couple of Hangmen: d'ee mark? to dispatch the Queens enemies in what horrid way, her counsell shall think convenient you will do service to the State, and have extraordinary rewards; besides the honour and reputation of your places; what say? 'tis my pure love to make this first offer to you.

Ant. Do we look like a couple of Hangmen?

Capt. No you ha' not so good a complexion; and now I think on't you sha'not live to have that preferment: come, draw you that wear yout Sword like a Bum-baly, do as I bid you, and that quickly.

Ant. It wo'not come out Sir——

Cap. No.—this shall in then——

Ant. I will put more strength to't.

Capt. So, now, d'ee mark—kill one another.

Both. Kill one another?

Capt. Yes and doo't religiously, with as much alacrity as you would devour an Orphan: and do't handsomly, that you may not be hangd when you are dead. I'll see't done he that is dull shall have my goad to quicken him:—— *They fight.*

So, good good agen. well offer'd—they fight by these Hilts Furiously now cou'd I forgive 'em—so, enough.

Lieu. This is very fine sport.

Capt Necessity has taught 'em the noble science, come, if all fail, you shall fight challenges; ther's mony and

broken Pates to be got that way. you can make legs, and gape like Gudgins for benevolence, cut ſcurvy capers, to ſhew your Legs are well, when your Head bleeds; farewell; ſtay, you want money, I had forgot, there is twelve pence apiece for you.

Both. How Captain? I hope not.

Capt. They are not hearty yet, they think I ſerve 'em with Preſs money agen, no, tis my pure bounne.
Go, ſet up agen, and truſt Souldiers, without impertinent asking for your debts; they'l pay you.

Ant. As you ha' done.

Capt. I'l hearken how you behave you ſelves farewell. When you are rich, I'l viſit you agen, and borrow money.

Lieu. Too much is too much; humh.

Ant. Now have I a great mind to fight with your Captainſhip.

Lieu. So have I, now my Hands in, methinks 'tis nothing.

Capt. You are not deſperate?

Ant. We are a little better, as good be Hang'd for killing of you Captain, as live after the rate of our diſgrace. I am reſolv'd. (too't.

Capt. Two Maſtives at once may worry me. I am put

They fight.

Muſt we have tother 'bout. (time.

Ant. This is enough at once we may come too't in

Capt. Why now I love you, love you, as well as you do Law.

Ant. Upon good terms we love you too. (agen.

Capt. Let's ſhake Hands, you ſha'not to your vomit Now you dare fight, I'l tell you a hundred wayes to get moneys, come, wee'l drink and divide fortunes,
Run not back into cows agen.

Ant. I'l be Antient now agen.

Lieu. And I Lieutenant.

Capt. Both my own Boyes.

Ant. 'Tis not ſo hard to fight I ſee, if a Man be but deſperate, and give his mind too't. *Lieu.*

Lieu. Pox a Cowards; come Captain.
Capt. Let me hug ye my brace of *Mirmidons*,
And drink a Tun of Wine to this conversion. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queen, Violinda.

Que. The Prince so early met upon the way
This morning sayst? and with a Souldier?
Vio. And in that hast too, Madam I was told
The speed of Wings was slow, their fiery Horse
Bathing in foam, yet fled as if they meant
To leave the Wind, and Clouds behind 'em.
Que. Strange!
I could have wish'd him with less discontent
To have left us, but my stubborn fate design'd it;
Having thus snatch'd away himself, it will
Become us to compose, and make the best
Of our State game; I sent a Messenger
With our command, to th' Governor of the Fort,
He should attend the King by the Water gate
Leads to the Garden, we do purpose conference;
If *Ferdinand* wisely consent to break
The Magick that so chains his Heart to that
Idoll *Rosania*, wee'l be reconcil'd,
And Peace shall marry once agen our Hearts.

Enter Courtier.

Me thinks our Lords are cold in their attendance,
Where be our train of Ladies? —nay permit 'em,
A solitude becomes this sullen Day,
And our own thoughts; methinks thou dost not look
With thy own face upon me.
Vio. Not I Madam?
Que. My eyes have lost their virtue, all I look on
Have not the shape and colour they presented.
What whispers that? ha'?
Vio. Here was none Madam.

Que. I could be jealous of the Wind methinks,
And quarrell with the postures of those very
Shapes i'th' Arras; fie *Olivia*, call home thy reason.
Court. O Madam!
Que. What horror's in that voice? I see a treason
In's looks.
Court. O Madam, I beseech your pardon.
Que. Why? art a traitor?
Court Not I, but there are practices I fear
Against your royal person, the Court gates
Are shut, all's in confusion within,
And I could hear abroad loud acclamations
And triumph for the King, as he were new proclam'd.

Enter Captain.

Que. Which way comest thou?
Cap. Over the Wall Madam; the gates are shut,
I'l tell you news; young *Ferdinand* your Husband
Is in all state attended, and proclam'd
King in his own right, he is prov'd to be
What he did first pretend himself, *Leandro*,
And all the Lords confirm't, the Governor
Hath given him up the Fort, the wise City
Her Keys, and every officer on's knees
Is pledging and drinking the Kings health,
Que. Away and let thy face be seen no more,
But when the fatall noise of fire, some blood,
Or buriall calls thee forth.
Capt. This my reward
For bringing news the King's alive? take heed,
Do not talk treason in your own defence, —hark

Enter (in state) Rodriguez, Ernesto, Leandro, Ferdinand, (who takes the Throne) Attendants.

Que. From what an expectation am I faln!
Omnes. Long live *Ferdinand* King.

Ferd.

Ferd. We thank you; and will ſtudy to be worth
Your prayers and dutie; Madam, the Chancelor
Can cleer, and bring your faith to allow the wonder,
We are no Impoſtor now, nor need we borrow
A beam from you to make us ſhine, yet ſtill
You are our Coſen, fair *Olivia*,

Enter Roſinia and Ladies.

The Husband was a title long ſince due
To my *Roſania*, may it proſper here.
Our love and years grew up together, and
Our Souls by holy contract tied, when in
Alfonzo's Houſe, her Father, and my Guardian
(To whoſe truſt I was ſent an Infant by *Leandro*)
We plighted faith; it is no blemiſh
To fair *Olivia* ſtil to be a Virgin,
Though ſhe have loſt the Queen, ſhe is a Princeſs.
And hath now found a Kinſman, that ſhall ſtudy
What ſhall become his love, her blood and honour.
Upon your Lip I print this fair aſſurance.

Roſa. And mine ſhall be to do you ſervice Madam.

Que. If this be true, you muſt command my dutie.

Ferd. We hear Prince *Leonario* is departed,
When he ſhall know the progreſs of our fortunes
Hee'l quit his Stars, that hid their golden Heads
To mock him with a ſmall Eclipſe, o' purpoſe
To light him with more glorie to his happineſs. *Soft Alarum*
Ha? what clamors that? the frightfull noiſe increaſes.

Enter firſt Guard.

Guard. Flie, and ſave your ſelves, the Fort's ſurpris'd
By the Prince of *Arragon*, whoſe troups have ſeiz'd the
City, reeling with Wine, and careleſs of their ſtrength,
in their joyes for you Sir.

Ferd. The Prince of *Arragon*? the fates cannot
Be ſo injuſt, ſo envious of our bleſſing,

To ſnatch it from us in a minute; ha?
Help, help, quarter. *Divers within cry.*
Ferd. They are i'th' Court already.
Leand. We are all undone,
Lets yield and ask conditions honourable.
Ferd. Dye he, that dares but think ſo, yeeld? no, *Ferdinand*
Was here too late a Priſoner; let us ſell
Our lives at glorious rates, the Evening puts
A Maſk upon the horror, follow me. *Exit.*
Leand. To certain death; Ladies ſtay you, the danger
Will meet us here to ſoon, and yet your perſons
In honour challenge ſafety. *Ex. Lords.*
Que. Is there no end of my diſtractions?
Or hath my folly yet deſerv'd more vengeance?
Roſ. It cannot be Heaven will ſo ſoon deſtroy
The bleſſing it beſtow'd if thus you puniſh
Whom you advance, who will believe your gifts
Are more than flattery to betray our Peace?

Enter Leonario Alfonſo, Ferdinand, (Priſoner,) Rodriguez, Erneſto, Souldiers.

Leon. This Ladie is my prize.
Que. How Sir your prize?
Leon. Miſtake me not, ther's no diſhonour meant
Your perſon; yet I boldly may pronounce
You are, and muſt be mine. I am not ignorant
You are a Virgin all but name, be wiſe
As you are fair, and I forget what's paſt,
And take this ſatisfaction; if I meet
Contempt, where I with honour once more Court you,
You will create a flame ſhall never dye
But in the Kingdoms aſhes; you were mine
Firſt by your own election ſeal'd above,
If I muſt loſe what Heaven beſtow'd upon me
The quarrell is not mine
But virtues, whoſe right Hand is arm'd with Juſtice!

Enter

Enter Captain.

Puniſh not where you owe your Heart, but let
Both our revenges meet in that Impoſtor;
I find your noble Soul return; Lord Generall
While I retire with this fair Queen whom not
One violent accent ſhall affright, much leſs
A rude attempt, take hence that counterfet,
And cut his Head off.

Roſ. O my deareſt Lord?

Leon. The reſt may if they pleaſe find mercy.

Capt. I were beſt be o' this ſide.

Leon. Away with him.

Ferd. Inſulting Prince, thou dareſt not.

Leon. How Sir, dare not?

Ferd. I ſaid it,
Thy better, being a King, in my own right,
Without her charitie, proclam'd and juſtified,
By Birth a Prince.

Leand. All this is truth Sir.

Leon. You muſt not Cozen thus my faith, away;
Cut off his Head.

Alfon. Diſpatch you with the Queen,
Let me alone to make his Head ſecure.

Leand. Nay take mine too. I'l wait on him in death,
It ſhall begin my ſervice.

Roſ. Cruell Prince.

Que. What fate muſt I obey?

Roſ. My death will adde ſome lines
Unto thy bloody Chronicle; pray let us dy together.

Leon. You ſhall ſpeak, her ſentence Madam.

Que. She muſt live then.

Leon. To all we offer mercie, but to *Ferdinand*,
His doom is fixt; come Madam.

Que. Whither Sir?

Leon. I know the way to your Chappel, he that loves us
Make haſt, and bring the Prieſt.

Capt.

Capt. That's I, I know
Her Chaplains, they are my friends, and all good fellows.
Exit.

Ferd. Pray can you tell me, where, or what I am
Or what I must do next?

Alfon. Yes, you must dye.

Ferd. Let not that grieve you Gentlemen, 'tis nothing
To part with life, and if but my *Rosania* would not weep
Methinks I could shake off this dust, and leap
To Immortality without a guide,
And in that cheerfull flight prepare the blest
With so much praise and wonder of thy virtue,
They shall be more in love with thee, than I,
And double all their prayers to bring thee to 'em.

Ros. No we will dye together.

Alf. You shall.

Ferd. How?

Alf. Both live, and love, and bless my age the witness.
D'ee know me?

Rosa. Father?

Ferd. Guardian.

Leand. *Alfonso*, my noble Kinsman.

Alf. How joyes flow in my Heart, to see this constancy!

Ferd. How came you to be his?

Alf. I have deceiv'd the Prince, our forces are *Valentia's*,
Not *Arragons*, which he by Letters sent for
In his revenge, but we met the Intelligence
And arriv'd sooner, to pretend our selves
The Armie he expected; you shall know more hereafter.

Ferd. I want a knowledge where to begin my gratitude,
The joyes you bring are mighty, and overcome us.
O my *Rosania*?

Ros. This was beyond hope.

Enter Captain.

Capt. So, so, 'tis done, he has mumbled up the ceremony;

A compendious Prieſt may do much in few words;
They are faſt enough; the Queen was wiſe to take him;
You are onely like to be a loſer Sir; they come.

Enter Leonario, Queen.

Alfon. All joyes to the Prince of *Arragon*, and the fair *Olivia*.

Leon. Why not the Queen *Olivia*?

Alfon. Not while this Gentleman's Head is on, believe it.

Leon. Where is *Mendoza*?

Alfon. Hid within this buſh——
But here's *Alfonſo* Generall of the Army
Sent from *Valentia* to aſſiſt King *Ferdinand*
To his native right.

Leon. Valentia?

Alfon. My Maſter having faild in his firſt aids
To *Ferdinand*, intended not ſit down
With ſo much loſs but rais'd another Army,
Which in our march conſulted our ſecurity
By Interception of all paſſages;
Your meſſenger by a party was ſurpriz'd,
Him, ſtubborn to diſcover what he was,
Imperfect in his anſwer, we Interpreted
Some ſpie, and ſearching found your Letters fraught
With miſchief and revenge, theſe ſent to our King
We had command to haſten our deſign,
And ſteer our courſe by Sea to *Carthagena*,
How after we arriv'd, we gaind your faith
And purpoſes, Your highneſs knows.

Leon. Betrayd?

Alfon. Sir, be a Prince, and juſt to your own honour,
And having perfected your fair deſires
With her, we hope you will account your ſelf
Moſt happy that you miſt a power to ſerve
Further revenge upon a lawfull Prince,
My Soldiers will obey me now, although

To help your Marriage I appear'd no friend
To *Ferdinand*.

Leand. Who was the Prince preſerv'd
By me, and ſent an Infant to this Lord,
My noble Kinſman.

Alfon. Him I bred, till time
And ſtrength might arm him to return, and claim
His own.

Leon. *Leandro* denied this before.

Leand. To my diſhonour, 'twas a coward fear
To loſe my ſelf unprofitably

Leon. I apprehend with wonder.

Ferd. If you repent not love and our alliance,
She ſhall be worth your beſt embrace, and we
Forgetfull of your paſſion, entertain you
With all affection to our blood.

Leon. I meet it,
And ſatisfied in this ſtory, Joy I was
Prevented; I congratulate your Stars Sir;
Nor is this treaſure of leſs price to me
Than when her Temples were enchac'd with Empire.

Que. This love will give my ſoul another form.

Ferd. Our ſtorie hath been full of change, but love
Hath met a glorious victory, and tied
Our ſouls together with moſt firm embraces.
My Lord *Leandro* you ſhall to *Valentia*,
With our beſt thanks and greeting to the King;
His Armies charge is ours beſide what elſe
We owe his Royall bountie. Once more welcome
Alfonſo now my Father, witneſs I
Preſerve my faith to my *Roſania*,
I hear the Prieſt call us to other rites,
His Altar doth expect another pair,
Make haſt to light his Tapers with thine eyes
And make our hearts each others Sacrifice.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

Epilogue, Captain.

Gentlemen,

I Am no Epilogue, I come to pray
You'd tell me your opinion of the Play,
Is the Plot current? may we truſt the wit
Without a Say-Maſter to autoriſe it?
Are the lines Sterling? do they hold conceit?
And every peece with your allowance, weight?
That when you come abroad, you'l not report
You are ſorry to have given white money for't?
So, ſo, I know your meaning, now pray tell
How did the action pleaſe ye, was it well?
How did King Stephen *do, and tother Prince?*
Enough, enough, I apprehend, and ſince
I am at queſtions w'ee, tell me faith
How do you like the Captain? ha? he ſaith,
I'l tell you, y'are my friends, none here, he knows,
I mean you o'the Gentry, t'whom he ows
No money, will enter a falſe action,
And let the reſt look too't, if there be one,
Among his City creditors, that dares,
He hath vow'd to preſs, and ſend him to the Wars.

FINIS.

THE IMPOSTVRE

A Tragi-Comedie,

AS

It was Acted at the private House

IN

BLACK FRYERS.

WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Armes in St. *Paul's* Curch-yard.

1652.

TO SIR *ROBERT BOLLES*

Baronet.

SIR,

IT hath been a Complement with ſome, when they have treated Friends, to profeſs a barrenneſs in that which they had prepared not without ſtudied charge, and Curioſitie. As I was never ſo inſolent to magnifie my own, being beſt acquainted with my weak abilities: ſo I ſhould deſerve a juſt affront to my ſelf, and undervalue your perſon, to preſent you with any thing were firſt cheap in my own opinion. Sir, this Poem, I may with modeſty affirm, had a fair reception, when tt was perſonated

on the ſtage, and may march in the firſt rank of my own compoſitions, which directed now by my humble devotion, comes from the preſs to kiſs your hand, and bear your noble Name in the dedication. I cannot have ſo much prejudice upon your nature, to think you will decline it, and ſhould I abate thoſe other characters of honour that ſhine upon you, your indulgence to Muſick and ſingular love to the worthy profeſſors eminently ſhew the harmony of your ſoul, and while Poetry is received a Muſicall part of humane knowledge, I cannot deſpair of your candid entertainment. Sr. I beſeech you take it, as an earneſt of my thoughts to ſerve you, I am aſſured it brings with it, beſide the acknowlegment of your late obligation upon me, ambitious deſires to preſerve my intereſt in your favour, while I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

The humbleſt of your

Honourers,

Ja: Shirley.

The Prologue.

Our poet not full confident he ſays,
When Theaters free vote had crown'd his plays,
Came never with more trembling to the ſtage,
Since that poetick Sobiſm poſſeſt the age.
A Prologue muſt have more wit than the play,
He knowes not what to write, fears what to ſay.
He has been ſtranger long to'th' Engliſh ſcene,
Knowes not the mode, nor how with artfull pen
To charm your airy ſoules; beſide, he ſees
The Muſes have forſook their groves, the trees
That fear'd no thunder, and were ſafely worn
By Phæbus *own prieſts, are now rudely torn*
By every ſcurrile wit that can but ſay
He made a Prologue to a new —— no play.
But let 'em paſs; you Gentlemen that ſit
Our judges, great Commiſſioners of wit,
Be pleas'd I may one humble motion make,
'Tis that you would reſolve for th' authors ſake,
I'th' progreſs of his play not to be ſuch
Who'l underſtand too little, or too much
But chooſe your way to Iudge; to th' Ladies one
Addreſs from the Author, and the Prologue's done,
In all his Poems, you have been his care,
Nor ſhall you need to wrinckle now that fair
Smooth Alablaſter of your brow, no fright
Shall ſtrike chaſt eares, or dye the harmleſe white
Of any cheek with bluſhes, by this pen
No Innocence ſhall bleed in any ſcene,
If then your thoughts ſecur'd you ſmile, the wiſe
Will learn to like by looking on your eyes.

THE

Perſons.

Duk *of* Mantua.
Honorio, *his Son.*
Flaviano, *The Dukes Creature.*
Leonato, *The Duke of* Ferrara's *Son.*
Petronio, *a noble man of* Ferrara.
Bertoldi, *an inſolent Coward, ſon to* Florelia.
Claudio, *a creature of* Flaviano.
Volternio, Hortenſio } *Colonells.*
Antonio, *a Gent.*
Frier.
Pandolfo, *a ſervant of the Tavern.*
Soldiers.
Servants.

Abbeſs.
Fioretta, *Daughter to the Duke of* Mantua.
Donabella, *Siſter to* Leonato.
Juliana, *A Miſtris of* Flaviavo.
Florelia, *A noble Lady, Mother to* Bertoldi.
Ladies.

THE

THE IMPOSTURE

Enter Duke Honorio, Flaviano.
(at ſeverall Doors.)

Duke.

NO Army yet diſcover'd?
Flav. None.
Duke We are loſt.
Honor. Deſpair not ſir.
Duke Away, thy confidence is folly,
Is not danger round about us,
From every part deſtruction ſtaring us
I'th'face? this City, like a fatall Center,
Wherein the bloody lines of War, and Famine,
Prepare to meet?
Flav. And every minute we expect a Battery.
Honor. The walls are not ſo eaſily made duſt,
As the beſiegers would perſwade our faith;
Diſarm not your own hearts, my confidence
Tells me we ſha'not ſuffer, the Duke of
Ferrara may ſend yet to raiſe the ſiege.
Duke Fond Boy, it was thy counſell to depend
Upon his aids, and promiſe *Fioretta*,
Thy Siſter, with ſo great a dowry to
The Dukes vainglorious Son; fame has beli'd
His valour, and we now are cheated of
Our lives and Dukedome.

Honor. Sir, with my duty ſafe, let me intreat you
Not ſtain the character of a Prince ſo much;
The intereſt we have in that great Title
Should make us wiſe in our belief; for when
Princes break faith, Religion muſt diſſolve,
And nature grone with burthen of the living
Beſide his Son *Leonato*, how ever
Traduc'd or ſullied by ſome Traitors envy,
Deſerves a noble fame, and loves the hope
Of our alliance; I ne'r ſaw his perſon
But, twere a ſin, honor could not forgive
In us to queſtion him.
Duke We tool our ſelves;
Lets think of timely Articles and yield.
Flav Whilſt there is hope of mercy.
Hon Oh! this want
Of man will make all our well meaning ſtarres
Forſiet their kind aſpects, & turn their influence to death
Flav. My Lord, I cannot be concern'd in name
And honour with your perſon, whoſe leaſt blood
Is worth ten thouſand arteries of mine,
Therefore while ſuch neceſſities invade us
I cannot but prefer your lives, and in
My duty counſell, you would think of what
Is offer'd here, rather than hazard all
By a vain expectation of an Army
From *Leonato*, who with all his forces
Is not yet ſure to proſper in our cauſe.
Duke. Conſider that *Honorio*.
Flav. Nay, ſhould Heaven
So ſmile upon us, that his ſword o'r come,
This to weak apprehenſion may promiſe
Our glory, but examine well the cloſe,
There may be greater danger in his victory,
Than all our want of him can threaten.
Hon. You perplex my underſtanding.

Flav. He expects your Siſter the reward of his great (ſervice.
Hono. Is it not Juſtice ?
Flav. Yes, forbid it goodneſs,
He ſhould not thrive in his fair hope, and promiſes;
But if her Highneſs find not in her heart
Conſent, to meet the Prince with love and marriage,
Who ſhall defend us from his power? that muſt
Keep us in awe, and this earth, panting yet
With frights and ſufferings of the Warre.
Hono. It is my wonder Lord *Flaviano*, your wiſdome
Should weave theſe wild impoſſibilities ;
My Siſter not conſent? nature, her birth,
Obedience, honor, commen gratitude,
Beſide ambition of what can be hop'd for
To make her happy, will give wings to her deſires.
Duke I cannot tell. *Hono.* I cannot think,
Your reaſon ſir can be ſo much corrupted,
To look upon my Siſter with that fear,
She ſhould not fly to meet our great preſerver;
Do you believe, ſhe now 'mong holy Virgins,
Lead thither by her own devotion,
During this Warr to pray, and weep for us
(Teares, whoſe clear Innocence might tempt an Angel
To gather up the drops, and ſtring for Saints
A Chriſtall Roſarie) can wiſh us ſafe
By his victorious arm, without a will
To be her ſelf his own reward? her virtue
Muſt needs inſtruct her that, and we apply
No motive to her heart —— *A ſhout within.*
Du. What news? *Enter Claudio.*
Claud. From the Watch-tower we deſcry an Army
Marching this way; the Sun which hath thus long
Muffled his face in clouds, as it delighted
In their approach, doth gild their way, and ſhine
Upon their burgonets to dazle the faint eyes
Of our beſeigers. *Hono.* 'Tis *Leonato.*

Claud. Our Enemies, whoſe Troops circle the Town,
Are making haſt to meet 'em, and the Foot
Quitting their trenches, now are gathering
Into a body, as it ſeemes reſolv'd
To give 'em battle.

Duke. We have life again.
Honorio, collect what ſtrength we have,
And make a ſally at your beſt advantage.
'Tis good to engage 'em both waies.

Hon. How my thoughts triumph allready! Ex.

Duke. Now my Son is gone,
Who is not of our Counſell; wee muſt think
How to behave us, if the Prince ſucceed,
Our daughter which wee promis'd him in marriage,
Being already ſent away, the price
Of his great Victory.

Flav. Trouble not your ſelf,
Great Sir, your wiſdom that inclin'd your faith
To my true Character of the Prince,
And took my counſell for her abſence, ſhall
Applaud my future policy; hee's not come
To conqueſt yet, however Princes are not
Oblig'd to keep, what their neceſſities
Contract, but prudently ſecure their ſtates
And dear poſterity; truſt to my care,
Fioretta is no match for *Ferraras* Son,
A Prince deep read in luſts, faithleſs, and cruell,
So will a Turtle with a Vulture ſhew,
Or Lamb yoak'd with a Tiger: ſhee's a pledge
Deſtin'd by better fate to Crown your age
And heart with bleſſings Sir.

Du. Hark,
The drums talk lowder, from the battlements,
I may behold their fight, and ſee which Army,
Conqueſt, now hovering in the air, will mark
Her glorious perch, upon whoſe Plumed heads

She

She may advance, and clap her brazen wings. Ex.

Soft Alarum

Flav. Sir I'l attend: *Claudio.*

Claud. My Lord.

Flav. Thou left'ſt the Princes *Fioretta* ſafe at *Flo-(centia?*

Claud. Yes Sir.

Flav. How did ſhe like her progreſs? thou didſt urge
It was my care of her, to take her from
The fright and noiſe of War.

Claud. I did my Lord.

Flav. And did ſhe taſte it well?

Claud. To my apprehenſion exceeding well,
And gave me ſtrickt commands
To ſay ſhe will remember, and reward
Your love and care of her.

Flav. Did ſhe name love?

Claud. The very word ſhe us'd, and I return'd,
How much your ſtudy and ambition was
To merit her fair thoughts.

Flav. And didſt thou ſcatter, as I inſtructed
Here and there dark language, to
Diſſafect her with the Prince, to whom
The Duke hath raſhly made a promiſe?

Claud. All; I had fail'd my duty elſe my Lord.

Flav. Call me thy friend, thou haſt deſerv'd me, now
Attend the Duke——ſo, now my next art muſt be,

Exit. Claud.

How to come off with with *Leonato*, if his
Army prevail, the Duke muſt be inſtructed;
Honorio thinks his Siſter ſtill i'th' Nunnery;
That thought muſt be preſerv'd; a thouſand wheels
Move in my ſpacious brain, whoſe motions are
Directed by my ambition to poſſeſs
And call *Fioretta* mine, while ſhallow Princes
I make my State decoyes, then laugh at 'em.

Alarum, Enter Honorio lead by Claudio over the Stage wounded.

The Prince *Honorio* wounded; fate I bleſs thee.
How is it with your highneſs?

Hon. I am ſhot ſir.

Flav. Would it were dangerous--be careſull of him;
A curſe upon that hand that miſt his heart. *Ex. Hon.*
So, ſo, fortune thou ſhalt have eyes agen
If thou wouldſt ſmile on miſchief, I will build thee
An Altar, and upon it ſacrifiſe
Folly and all her children, from whoſe blood
A curled ſmoak ſhall riſe, thick as the miſts
That breath from Incenſe to perfume and hide
The ſacrifiſing Prieſt; fight on,
Ye are brave Fellows, he that conquers may
Get Honor, and deep wounds, but I the day. *Exit.*

Alarum and Retreat. Then Enter Leonato, Volternio, Hortenſio, and Souldiers in Triumph, at one door; at the other, Enter Men with boughes of Laurell ſinging before the Duke, Flaviano, Claudio.

You Virgins, that did late deſpair
To keep your Wealth from cruell men,
Ty up in ſilk your careleſs hair,
Soft peace is come agen.

Now lovers eyes may gently ſhoot
A flame that wo'not kill:
The Drum was angry, but the Lute
Shall wiſper what you will.

Sing Iö, Iö, for his ſake,
Who hath reſtor'd your drooping heads,
With choice of ſweeteſt flowers make
A garden where he treads;

Whilſt,

Whilſt, we whole groves of Laurell bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the Maſter of our Spring,
And all the bloom we ow.

Duk. Our hearts were open ſir before the gates
To Entertain you, I ſee *Laurells* grow
About your temples, where, as in a grove
Fair Victory Enamour'd on your brow
Delights to ſit, and cool her reeking head
And crimſon treſſes in your ſhade.
Flav. The City
In glory of this day ſhall build a Statue
To you their great preſerver, whoſe tough braſs
Too hard for the devouring teeth of age
Shall eat up Time, to keep your fame Eternall;
Our active youth in honor of your name
Shall bring agen the old Olympick games,
And willing to forget what's paſt in time,
And ſtory, count their years from this dayes triumph,
As if the World began but now; the wives
As if there were no legends paſt of love,
Shall only talk of you, and your great Valour;
And careleſs how mans race ſhould be continu'd
Grow old in wonder of your deeds; our Virgins
Leaving the naturall tremblings that attend
On timorous maides, ſtruck pale at ſight of blood,
Shall take delight to tell what wounds you gave,
Making the horror ſweet to hear them ſing it;
Their hands at the ſame time compoſing Garlands
Of Roſes, Mirtle, and the conquering Bay,
To adorn our Temples, and the Prieſts, and while
The Spring contributes to their art, make in
Each garden a remonſtrance of this battle,
Where flowers ſhall ſeem to Fight, and every plant

Cut into Forms of green Artillery,
And inſtruments of War, ſhall keep alive
The memory of this day, and your great Victory:
Yet all that can be ſtudied ſhort of you,
Our beſt, a rude Imperfect Monument
Of your deſerved honors.

Leo. Y'are too bountifull
In language ſir, the ſervice wee have done
May merit your acknowledgment, which though
The Juſtice of your cauſe directed firſt
To this ſucceſs, was not without a hope
Of a reward you promis'd, and I value it
More than you can eſteem all your preſervings;
So much hath fame prefer'd your Daughters Virtue
To every excellence.

Duke. This adds to what
Wee held before exceſs of honor to us.
I had but a part i'th' Univerſall benefit
Your Valour gave, but this affection
Falls like a happy Influence on my ſelf
And blood, whoſe aged ſtreams you fill with bleſſings.
My Daughter ſhall be yours, in which I ſum
My lives chief ſatisfaction. My Lord
Go to the houſe of Benedictine Nuns,
Among whoſe ſweet ſociety our Daughter,
During this War and tumult, went to offer
Her prayers for our deliverance.
I am in a ſtorm, and now muſt ſtand (*aſide*)
My deſperate fate.

Horten. I hope ſhee's not turn'd Nun?

Leo. I ſhould not like it. (much

Vol. May not we viſit the holy houſe? 'tis pitty ſo
Sweet fleſh, ſhould be engros'd and barrell'd up
With penitentiall pickle 'fore their time,
That would keep freſh and fair, and make juſt work
For their Confeſſions. I do not like the women
Should be cabled up.

Hor. I

Hor. I think ſo.

Vol. I would this Virgin would be peeviſh now.

Hor. Why ſo? (rets.

Volt. That we might ha' ſome ſport among the Leve-

For I would ſo inflame the Generall
He were affronted, that wee ſhould have all
Commiſſion to work into the Warren.

Le. We do want a perſon here, whoſe name is great
I'th' Regiſter of honor, it would much
Enlarge our preſent happineſs to Embrace him,
Your Son the prince *Honorio.* *Duke.* 'Twas his chance
Upon a ſally, when your colours gave
Us Invitation to the Field, and ſpirited
Our ſouldiers, to receive a ſhot, whoſe cure
May excuſe the want of his attendance ſir,
Nor will I doubt his wounds are doubled by
The thought he cannot wait upon your perſon.

Le. He ſhould have honor'd us, and made me proud
To know, whom ſo much fair deſert hath made
Dear in the voice and love of men: but I
Shall not deſpair to ſee him. We want
A limb of our own Army, where is Signior
Bertoldi, that came with us to ſee Faſhions?
I hope we have not loſt him.

Horten. Sir, I know not, I fear hee's ſlain.

Volt. He wo'not dy ſo nobly;
He'l nere give up the ghoſt without a Fetherbed.
He vvas ſick laſt night at the report vve vvere
But three leagues off the Enemy, and call'd
For a hot caudle. I that knevv his cold
Diſeaſe perſvvaded him to drink, vvhich he
Did fiercely as I could vviſh, in hope to ſee him
Valiant and vvalk the round, but quite againſt
Nature his ague ſhook him more, and all the Drink
Whichvvas the full proportion of a gallon
Came out at's forehead in faint ſvveat; he had
Not mov'd ten paces, but he fell dovvn backvvard

And

And ſwore he was ſhot with a cold bullet; how
They rould him like a Barrel back to his Tent,
For levers could not raiſe him to make uſe
Of's feet agen, I know not, nor ſince ſaw him.

Hort. I hope hee's ſtill aſleep.

Volt. But when he wakes,
And finds the Army marcht away, He dares not,
Go home agen alone,& how hee'l venture
O'r the dead bodies hither——he has don't.

Enter Bertoldi.

Eer. Where is the General?

Leo. Here comes our mirth.

Hort. A walking Armorie;noble Signior *Bertoldi.*

Bertol. If you want Pikes or Muskets there, I could
Ha brought field peeces, but I durſt not venture
My chine.

Leon. Where had you theſe?

Bert. Ask, ask the men I kill'd, if they deny
A ſyllable I'l forſwear the Warrs.

Volt. He has diſarm'd and rob'd the dead.

Hort. A coward has impudence to rob a Church.

Volt. He durſt not take 'em from a man that had
But ſo much life in him to gaſp or grone,
That noiſe would fright him.

Hort. I rejoyce *Signior*, y'are ſafe come home.

Bert. I would I were at home, and you get me
Among your Guns agen——how iſt *Volterino?*

Enter Flaviano.

Volt. This news wil much exalt your Mothers heart.

Leon. He is return'd but with a melancholy face.
Where is the Princeſs?

Du. Where is our Daughter?

Flav. Where her devotion I fear will make
This Dukedome moſt unhappy, if your virtue
Exceed not what is read in other Princes,
It was my fear that place, and converſation,
Would mortifie too much that active heat Should

Should wait on the deſires of high-born Ladies.
Leon. The myſtery?
Volt. Do not you find it? they have nunnified her.
Flav. Sir, your pardon;
She whom firſt fear and fright of War perſwaded
To joyn her prayer and perſon with the Virgins
In the religious Cloyſter, by what art
Or holy magick won, is now reſolv'd——
Leon. What, hath ſhe vow'd?
Flav. Untill a year be finiſhed
By revolution of the dayes great guide,
Not to forſake the Nunnery, but ſpend
Her hours in thankfull prayers to Heaveu for this
Great victory.
Volt. So, ſo, It will come to the battery I talk'd on.
Duke It cannot be.
Leo. It muſt not be
Volt. I am of that opinion my Lord,
It muſt not be, this is a ſtratagem.
Flav. She humbly praies you would interpret this
No breach of filiall piety, nor your
Highneſs a will to wrong ſo great a merit
As hath engag'd all fortunes here, and lives
To bleed for you, but weigh in your beſt charity
That duties are firſt paid to Heaven, the ſpring
And preſervation of what makes us happy,
And ſhe is confident when you conſider——
Leon. How much my honor ſuffers, to imploy
The ſtrength I have to puniſh this affront.
Bert. A pox upon't, we ſhall ha' more fighting now
Duke I hope you have no thought of any practice
Here to deſerve that language?
Volt. Y'are abus'd.
Leon. If you be her Father ſir, I muſt expect
What did ingage me hither, and without
Delayes, or leave this City in a flame.

Bert. More

Bert. More Fire-works? (titude.
Leon. In whoſe Aſhes I will bury this foul ingra-
Duke We are ruin'd all.
Bert. There is not ſo much danger, to be put
In Rank and File with Pye-meat in an Oven,
If a man were certaine to come out agen
Dow-bak'd.
Leon. Yet ſtay. I have conſidered,
I may have leave to ſee this Frozen Lady.
Duke We are more undone.
Flav. Your perſon may prevail ſir,
And by ſome better charm, gain her conſent,
Or if you pleaſe not to ingage your ſelf
Upon the trouble of a haſty viſit,
The preſence of her Father, and what elſe
We can prepare to keep your ſmile upon us,
Shall be inforc'd, to clear how much we aim
At the perfection of your wiſhes.
Bert. So, ſo. *Leon.* Proſper.
Flav. I have now courage ſir to ſerve your will,
And am o'th' ſudden confident.
Leon. It pleaſes. *Exit Leon.*
Duke It is impoſſible.
Flav. Promiſe any thing
In ſuch a ſtrait, and not deſpair to effect it.
Be private men content with their poor Fathom,
Since Heaveu we limit not, why ſhould not Kings
Next Gods, perform the ſecond mighty things?
Your ear——— *Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Flaviano and Abbeſſe (with a Letter.)

Flav. YOu will obey the Dukes command?
Abbeſ. Good Princes,
Puniſh, not teach us ſacrilege; I'l obey

A thouſand ſufferings ere ſuch a rape--- *Flav.* A rape?
Abbeſſe. Of honor, Honeſty, Religion;
I am plac'd here to preſerve, and not betray;
The Innocent; ſhould I inſtead of prayer,
Chaſt life, the holyneſs of vow, of diſcipline,
With thoſe auſterities that keep wild blood
In calm obedience, now begin to teach
Soul-murdering liberty, the breach of all
Was promis'd Heaven.
Flav. Wy' Madam you miſtake,
We ask no Virgin to turn Whore, we onely
Deſire you would perſwade ſome pretty Nun,
In this extremity, to take upon her
The Princeſs *Fioretta*, whom *Leonato*
Ne'r ſaw, and be his Wife in honeſt marriage.
Ab. Can you be thus
Unjuſt to him, ſo late preſerv'd your lives?
Flav. Trouble you not your reverend head with that,
He ſhall be ſatisfied, and you remain
Still mother of the Maid, no more ſour faces,
But turn your wit to'th' buſineſs. *Ab.* Never ſir.
Flav. Take heed and have a care of this incloſure,
The Dukes breath makes all flat, tis yet no common;
Are old, and ſhould be wiſe.
Ab. I would be honeſt.
Flav. Shew it in your obedienee; will you do't?
Ab. Never.
Flav. D'ee hear? I ſent unto this holy place,
A Damzel call'd *Juliana*, ſhe's in your Catalogue,
And yet but in probation, cauſe I ſee,
You make ſo nice a conſcience, ſo ſevere,
I'th' rules of honeſty, and would not have,
Your Virgin province touch'd with leaſt defilement,
Pray let me ſpeak with her, it will concern you.
Ab. Would you pervert her?
Flav. I know not what you call perverting,

But ſhe has not too much Nuns fleſh,
And tis my charity to your chaſt Order
To give you timely notice.

Ab. What do I hear?

Flav. No more than you may juſtifie in time,
If things prove right, ſhe was a merry ſoul
And you ha' not ſpoild her, if you mean to be
No Midwife, let me talk with her a while.

Ab. Protect us Virgin thoughts. *Exit.*

Flav. So, ſo, this was reſerv'd to wind up all,
It may be fortunate;
I know her ſpirit high, and apt to catch at
Ambitious hopes and freedom, ſome good counſell
May form her to my purpoſe, I have plung'd
Too farre, to hope for ſafety by return,
I'l truſt my deſtiny to the ſtream, and reach
The point I ſee, or leave my ſelf a rock
In the relentleſs waves; ſhee's here, I'm arm'd.

Enter Juliana and Abbeſſe.

Jul. By your own goodneſs, reverend Mother give
No belief to him; though he be a great man,
He hath not been held guilty of much virtue,
Yet tis my wonder he ſhould ſtain my Innocence;
Pray in your preſence, give me leave to acquit
My Virgin honor; for the wealth of all
The World, I would not have this ſhame be whiſper'd
To the ſtain of our profeſſion.

Enter Nunne.

N. Madam, the Duke.

Ab. The Duke?

Flav. Peace to the fair *Juliana*. *Exit Abbeſſe.*

Jul. Y'are not noble,
A moſt diſhonord Lord, your titles cannot
Bribe my juſt paſſion, who will truſt a man?
Oh ſir, you are as black, nay have a ſoul
As leprous with ingratitude, as the Angels

Are

Are white with Innocence; was't not enough
To rob me of my honor, the chief wealth
Of Virgins, and confine me to my tears,
Which ne'r can waſh away my guilt (ſhould I
Live here to melt my ſoul into a ſtream
With penitence) but when I had reſign'd
The World with hope to pray, and find out mercy,
You muſt thus haunt me with new ſhame and brand
My forehead here, as if you meant to kill
My better eſſence by deſpair, as you
Have ſtain'd my body. *Flav.* Deer *Juliana* I
Confeſs I injur'd thee thou knew'ſt no ſin
But from my charm, 'twas only I betraid thee
To loſs of thy dear honor, then of liberty,
For 'twas my practice, not thy pure devotion
Made thee a Recluſe firſt; but let not paſſion
Loſe what I would not only ſave from ſhipwrack,
But make as happy as thy thoughts can wiſh thee;
By thy vvrong'd ſelf tis true, nor could I chooſe
Another vvay than by diſcovery
Of both our ſhames to right thee, I am come
To make thee ſatisfaction in ſo high
And unexampled vvay of honor, thou
Shalt ſay I did deſerve to be more vvicked,
When thou haſt vveighed the recompence.
Julia. You amaze me
Flav. Collect thy ſenſes, and diſcreetly mind me;
Thou canſt not be concern'd ſo much alive
In any other ſtory, hear me gently
And prize the vvealth of every ſyllable.
Enter Duke and Abbeſſe. (ſtill
Ab. Had you been pleas'd to have left your daughter
My charge and ſvveet companion, I ſhould
Have left no duty uneſſaid, to have ſhevvn
In vvhat degree I honor'd her, but I
Muſt not diſpute your royall pleaſure, though

With

With ſome ſad thoughts to ſeparate, I reſign'd her
To your commands.
Duke. It was your virtue Madam, ſhe found no
Conſent to be profeſt, nor love the Prince,
To whom I promis'd her a Wife, although
Our fears keep warm his hope, in his belief
Shee's here inclos'd ſtill, but without thy help,
We are all loſt.
Julia. The Prince *Leonato*?
Flav. Ther's a preferment, this is conſiderable.
Julia. If you my Lord be ſerious; a Princeſs!
The change would do well.
Flav. Be but confident to manage it.
Julia. Hath he not ſeen the Princeſs by picture?
Fla. Never.
Julia. Strange!
Fla. 'Twas a ceremony, in the neceſſities of our ſtate,
The Duke ne'r thought on, & I meant not to inſert it,
As knowing *Fioretta* had no zeal,
To what her Father darkly had contracted;
His Highneſs doth expect thee.
Julia. It would be
More for my honor, if he took the pains,
To viſit our Religious houſe, and then——
Flav. It ſhall be ſo.
Julia. But twill be neceſſary,
You purge me to the *Abbeſſe*, no ſuſpition,
Muſt live within her thought.
Flav. I apprehend;
Oh! you have ſhot a trembling through my ſoul,
I dare not kiſs your hand, the Earth you tread on,
Would too much grace the lips have ſo prophan'd you.
Madam your pardon; ſir be you the witneſs,
I have wrong'd this noble Virgins honor,
It was my anger, and revenge upon
Your goodneſs that ſo late oppos'd me made

Me careleſs, where I flung diſgrace and ſcandall,
Thus I implore her mercy and forgiveneſs,
Take her white thoughts to yours agen, ſhe is
As innocent from ſinfull act by me
As the chaſt womb that gave me life.
Duke Tis piety,
Thus to reſtore the Innocent, I conceive not
His aym in this.
Abbeſſe Tis ſatisfaction.
Juli. When I ſtray from your ſweet precepts---
Abbeſ. In, I am confirm'd.
Flav. All to our expectation, ſhee's prepar'd,
A Miſtris for the Prince.
Duke But now I think on't
She muſt not marry him, it will breed ill blood.
Flav. By all means marry him, there's no other way
To ſend him hence, and quit us of the Army,
I'l inſtantly acquaint him how I proſper. *Exit.*
Duke It muſt not be, my honor will bleed for it.
I have been too much guided by *Flaviano*.
Madam ——
Abeſſe Your face is troubled.
Duke No, my heart
Which you may cure with honor, as I have
Contriv'd it now——
Abbeſſe I ſhall ſtudy with my loſs of life
To gain your boſom peace.
Duke I like this Virgin,
I know my Lord here hath been practiſing,
But finds her not inclin'd to that extent
We had propos'd, ſhe is virtuous, you ſhall
Counſell her onely but to take the name
Of my *Fioretta*, but not change her life
To marry with the Prince; I do believe,
Her chaſt, Oh let your goodneſs keep her ſtill ſo,
And fortifie her vertuous thoughts, I doubt not

But ſhe with holy eloquence, and pretence
Of vow, and Virgin ſanctity,
May ſo prevaile upon him both to ſave her ſelf,
Our honors, and the Kingdom from a ſacrifice.
May not this be?

Ab. Such extremes I know not.

Du. If ſhe perſiſt a chaſt, and noble Virgin,
You muſt diſpence, we have but little time
For pauſe, unleſs this preſent care be found,
We all muſt bleed to death upon the wound.

Exeunt.

Enter Bertoldi.

Bert. Hum! ſhall I never fight? drink wo'not do't,
No nor a Whore the greater provocation;
I ſpeak it to my ſhame, I never durſt
Fight for my wench, yet Gentlemen commend
My confidence at paying of a reckoning,
There I can kill 'em all with curteſie, (per,
Diſcharge my Peeces like a Mr. Gunner at a great ſup-
Yet I am not valiant, this muſt be mended ſomeway.

Enter Volterino.

Volterino? a word;
Tis not unknown to you, that I am a coward.

Volt. No, not a coward, but you, are not ſir,
If I were put to anſwer upon Oath,
So valiant altogether as *Don Hercules*,
That ſtrangled a great Bull with his forefinger (horſe
And's Thumb, and kil'd the King of *Troys* great Coach
With a box o'th' ear.

Ber. Pox on't, do not abuſe me, I ſhall take it
Scurvily and you deny it.

Volt. But you wo'not beat me.

Ber. Ther's the thing, I know't
As well as you can tell me, I am baſe,
And in plain terms a coward.

Volt. Why doſt not beat thy ſelf for being one?

Bert. Then

Bert. Then I durſt fight; no, I was begotten
In a great Froſt, between two ſhaking Agues,
I never ſhall be valiant, who can help it?
But when you come home agen, if you vvill but
Svvear I am valiant ——

Volt. You ſhall pardon me.

Bert. Come, my Mother ſhall make you amends; a ha,
You love her, ſhe's a Lady and a Widdovv,
That has the Goldfinches, hark in your ear,
You ſhall have her.

Volt. Shall I have her?

Bert. A vvord to the vviſe.

Volt. Would I vvere ſure on't.
If I have thy Mother, I vvill not only ſvvear thou art,
But make thee valiant.

Bert. Would it vvere poſſible, upon that condition
You ſhould ha' my Siſter too.

Volt. She's dead.

Bert. If ſhe were alive I mean——

Volt. Farewell, wee'l treat agen, and if I live
Thou ſhalt be *Julius Cæſar*. *Exit.*

Enter Hortenſio.

Bert. When I dye, thou ſhalt be *Cæſars* heir.
Noble *Hortenſio*.

Hort. I am in haſt, what's the matter?

Bert. There lies your way, a hundred thouſand Ducats
Will find entertainment ſomewhere elſe.

Hort. Canſt thou help me to 'em?

Bert. Yes, and a better buſineſs.

Hort. How? where noble *Bertoldi*?

Bert. Wy--- but you are in haſt.

Hort. No, no, where is all this money?

Bert. Safe enough in a place.

Hort. But how ſhall I come by it?

Bert. You know my Mother.

Hort. The rich Lady *Florelia*, the Court Widdow,
Shee's my Miſtris.

Bert. You ſhall have her.

Hort. Shall I?

Enter Leonato, Flaviano, Volterino.

Bert. Yes, and be Maſter of as much money
As will make you mad.
The Prince, hark in your ear.

Fla. I knew I ſhould prevail, and I am happy,
There's no froſt now within her, if your excellence
Would grace the Monaſtery with a viſit
And ſatisfie your ſelf, your preſence will
Perfect the buſineſs, and be a juſt excuſe
To ſome nice ceremonies that detain
Her Perſon to comply with virgin modeſty,
The Duke will meet you there.

Leon. I will attend him.

Flav. You will conſider Sir it is a place
Not us'd to publique treaties, though diſpenc'd with
For this your ſolemn view, and conference,
Your perſon may be truſted there, without
A numerous train.

Leon. You ſhall direct me Sir.
Volterino, you ſhall only wait upon me.
Sir when you pleaſe.

Flav. I'm proud to be your conduct.

Exit. Leo. Flav. Volt.

Bert. You ſhall have her
And her Eſtate, that's fair, ſhe has enough
To undo the Devill if he go to law with her,
My Father's dead and has told him that already.

Hort. I'l do't.

Bert. Here's my hand, my mother's thine.

Hort. Not my mother.

Bert. She ſhall be any thing I'l have her,
Do you but perſwade her I am valiant,
And I'l venture to beat her, and ſhe dare
Deny to marry any man I pleaſe

To

To call my Father in law.
Hort. Let's walk and think on't.
Bert. You may ſwear any thing,
And you pawn your ſoul for me,
You know you cannot be a loſer. *Ex.*

Nunns Diſcovered ſinging

O fly my ſoul, what hangs upon
thy drooping wings,
and weighes them down,
With love of gaudy mortall things?
The Sun is now i'th' Eaſt, each ſhade
as he doth riſe,
is ſhorter made,
That Earth may leſſon to our eyes:
Oh be not careleſs then, and play
untill the Star of peace
Hide all his beames in dark receſs;
Poor Pilgrims needs muſt loſe their way,
When all the ſhadowes do entreaſe.

Enter Duke, Leonato, Flaviano, and Volterino.
Soft Muſick, after the Song
Enter Juliana Abbeſſe, and Nunns.

Le. She is exceeding fair, what pitty 'twere
Such beauty and perfection ſhould be
Confin'd to a melancholy Cell: I approach
You Madam with the reverence of a votary,
You look ſo like a Saint, yet nature meant
You ſhould not with ſuch early haſt tranſlate
Your ſelf to heaven, till earth had been made happy
With living modells from your excellent figure.
You that become a cloud, and this dull dreſs
So well, whoſe ſight doth pale, and freeze the blood,
How will you ſhine to admiration
Of every eye, when you put on thoſe Ornaments
That fit your name and birth? if like a ſtatue

Cold and unglorified by art, you call
Our ſenſe to wonder, where ſhall we find eyes
To ſtand the brightneſs, when y'are turn'd a ſhrine,
Embelliſht with the burning light of Diamonds,
And other gifts that dwell like ſtarres about you?

Iuli. If you do fancie me an object ſo
Prodigious, for the ſafety of your eyes
And others, tender-ſighted, give conſent,
I may not change this poverty and place,
(More pleaſing to my ſelf, than all the pride
Can wait thoſe Goddeſſes, at Court you bow to)

Leon. And yet 'twere hereſie in me to ſay
You could receive addition or glory
By the contributary blaze of Wealth,
Or other dreſs, which art and curioſity
Can form; you are not by them grac'd, but they
By you made beautifull. Iewells near your eye,
Take ſoul and Luſtre, which but once remov'd
Look dull as in their quarry.

Fla. He is taken.

Leon. I now applaud my fate, and muſt account
My undertaking in this War to ſave
Your Dukedom, but the ſhadow of a ſervice,
When I conſider my reward. Oh! haſt
To make me Envi'd of the World, and once
Poſſeſt of you, to undervalue all
But Heaven, of which you are the faireſt coppy.

Iuli. My Lord, our ſtudy here is life, not language,
And in that little time I've had of practice,
My tongue hath learn'd ſimplicity, and truth;
You are a Prince, and in your Creation
But one degree from Angels, ſtrive to riſe
That one round higher, and y'are perfect; I am
By my good Fathers leave, and the ſweet rules
Of this Religious order, now i'th' way
To meet another Bridegroom, before whom

While you ſtand a competitor, you fall
To Atomes; ſir my love is planted here,
And I have made a vow, which your own charity
Will bid me not to violate,(your triumph
Being the ſpring of my imperfect duty,)
That for a year, I'l ſpend my time among
This happy Quire, to offer up my Prayers
And humble gratitude to Heaven, a weak
Oblation for our ſafeties.

Flav. Ha? how's this?

Leon. My Lord, did you not ſay you had prevail'd?
What mockery is this?

Flav. I am undone.
What does the Gipſey mean, ſhee'l betray all.
Moſt excellent Madam. *Iu.* Oh my Lord imploy
Your counſell, to advance not Kill our Virtue,
Remember where, and what I am.

Flav. So, ſo.

Volt. Sir will you ſuffer this? a new affront.

Iulia. I am reſolv'd
To live and pay you better tribute here
For your affection, and unequal'd ſervice.
Here no diſtraction will afflict my prayers,
Which truſt me I will offer chaſtly for you,
At every hour of my devotion.
'Tis you, next Heaven, that gave this bleſſing to us,
To meet, and in the holy Quire breath up
Our ſacred Hymes, while Angells Eccho to us,
And Heaven delighted with our harmony,
Opening her azure curtaines will preſent us
A viſion of all the joyes we pray and hope for.

Flav. This my inſtructions?

Iulia. O think my Lord
To what a loſs of Heaven your love invites me,
Yet let me not be thought while I pretend
The choice, and ſweetneſs of a Recluſe, I

Should in a thought accuſe your worth, who are
The man of all the World I moſt could fancie;
If I be ſeen to bluſh, make it no ſin,
I know it is but honourable love
Wings your deſire, and that which ſhould prefer you,
Is merit of your Sword that cut our way,
To freedom and ſoft peace, Religions Pillow,
The Nurſe of Science, and the generall bleſſing,
You have a title yet more ſtrong pleads for you,
The contract, and the promiſe of a Prince
A chain with many Links of Adamant.

Duke I like not that.

Juli. To bind and make me yours,
When I have nam'd theſe ſeverall intereſts,
And look upon my ſelf ſo ſhort of merit,
I chide your unkind deſtiny, at ſuch
Expence of honor to go off unſatisfied,
And quickly ſhould deſpiſe my ſelf the cauſe
Of your diſtaſt, but that my vow confirms me,
And muſtring up Religious thoughts prevailes,
Above my other will, made to obey you,
Tis but a year my Lord, that I have bound
My ſelf this exile.

Leon. Tis an age.

Juli. But while Time hath one minute in his Glaſs of (that,
Nothing ſhall take me hence, unleſs you bring
An impious ſtrength upon this holy dwelling,
And force me from my cell, but you are far
From ſuch a ſacrilege, oh think not on it,
I'l place you in my heart while you are virtuous,
But ſuch an Act might loſe thoſe noble thoughts
Of you I wiſh preſerv'd, but I offend,
And am too large in this unwelcome argument,
May wiſdom guide your Princely thoughts,
Whilſt I return to pray for you.

Exit.

Flav. Shee

Flav. She has orethrown all.
Volt. Sir, if you love her ſhe
Hath taught you a cunning way to make her yours,
This habit is compel'd, a little force,
For form will diſingage her, ſhe does love you,
And pleaded handſomely againſt her ſelf.
Leon. No more--I'l not deſpair yet of your Daughter,
This is but Virgin nicety, at the next
Meeting ſhe may incline to ſmile upon me,
Shee's too much treaſure to be won at firſt
Aſſault, *Volterino.*

Exit Leon. Volt. Hor.

Duke. Flaviano.
Flav. I did expect a ſtorm.
Duke We are not ſafe yet.
Flav. I wonder why *Juliana* kept not promiſe,
The Dog-dayes thaw her chaſtity, I'm mad,
Oh for ſome ſtratagem to ſave all yet,
But you Sir(give me leave to ſay) are timorous,
Princes ſhould fix in their reſolves, your conſcience
Should be as ſubject to your will, as I am.
Duke I muſt confeſs *Flaviano* I had
No fancy to *Julianas* mariage. (man
Flav. That was all my hope, how could I love the
Durſt kill him now.
Duke I ſhudder, what noiſe is that?
Flav. Theſe horrors will eternally affright us.
Enter Leon. Bert. Volterino, Hortenſio, with ſwords drawn.
Leo. The man that dares be guilty of leaſt Inſolence,
To any Virgin, dyes. *Exeunt Leon. Volt. Horten.*
Ber. My hopes are nipt, I thought to have taſted,
Nuns fleſh, but the General has made it faſting day. *Ex.*
Flav. I hope he means to force away *Juliana* ——
Ha? they attempt it, proſper 'em deer fate.
Bleſt beyond expectation.
Duke Doſt think,
We ſhall be ſafe.

Enter

Enter Leonato, Juliana in her habit, Volterino, Hortenſio.

Leon. Injoy the other benefit of my Sword
In peace, this ſhall be mine.

Exit Leon. Jul. Vol. Hort.

Flav. The ſtars dote on us.

Enter Honorio and Claudio.

Hon. VVhat unexpected tumults fright the City?

Du. You are too bold upon your wound *Honorio*
To come abroad.

Flav. The Prince has ſtoln your Siſter
From the Nunnery.

Hono. He dares not
Blemiſh his honor ſo, though he deſerv'd her,
And all our lives, ſhould ſhe be obſtinate.

Flav. Tis done.

Honor. This Act ſhall loſe him, death upon
The Surgeon, that hath dallied with my wounds,
But I'l revenge this rape.

Duke Look to the Prince. *Exit.*

Flav. I could adore my deſtiny, the wench ſure,
Meant to be raviſh'd thus, I kiſs thy policy;
This chance hath made a dancing in my blood,
While ſin thrives, tis too early to be good.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

Enter Antonio and Fioretta.

Fior. IS this *Ferraras* Court?
Anto Yes Madam.
Fior. I will not yet diſcover, I ſhall find,
A time *Antonio* to reward thy faith
And ſervice to me.

Enter

Enter Donabella, Florelia, Ladies.

Anto. Here areLadies Madam.

Dona. I have a great deſire to ſee this wonder,
The Princeſs *Fioretta*, ſo much fam'd
For beauty.

Flor. Comes ſhe with his Excellence?

Do. Moſt certainly, ſo ſpeaks the Prince *Leonato's*
My Brothers Letters, and that with ſome difficulty,
He gaind her from the Nunnery.

Flor. Who is this?

Don. She has an excellent ſhape, ſome ſtranger;
Prethee *Florelia* ask.

Anto. This Lady Madam,
Seems to make ſome addreſs this way; I know not,
Upon what Jealouſie my Lady left *aſide.*
Placentia ſo privatly, where ſhe
Was entertain'd by *Flavianos* Mother,
Though old, a Lady of no decrepit brain.

Fior. Antonio.

Flor. A Lady, Madam, calls her ſelf *Lauriana*,
Born in *Placentia*, but the Warrs affrighting,
Both *Mantua* and the confines, ſhe came hither
With confidence of ſafety, till the ſtorm
At home be over.

Dona. It is not fit a perſon of your quality
And preſence ſhould be ingag'd to common perſons,
And if I may entreat, you ſhall conſent
To be my gueſt at Court, which will be proud
To entertain ſuch beauty.

Fior. It muſt be
Too great an honor Madam.

Don. Leonato my Brother hath ſecur'd your peace at home,
Which cannot be leſs pleaſing, if you taſt
The freedom I can here provide and promiſe you,
We expect him every minute with the Princeſs
Fioretta, in whoſe love he holds more triumph

Than

Fior. And yet his fame was Earlier than this conqueſt,
For many noble Virtues, but has your grace
A confidence that he brings *Fioretta* with him?
Dona. Since he left *Mantua* we received ſuch letters.

Enter Petronio.

Pe. Madam, the Prince is come to court, and with him
The gallant Lady wee expected.
Fior. I am not well o'th' ſuddain.
Dona. Virue defend!
Pe. The good old Duke your Father, will
Shew comfort in his ſick-bed to behold
A Son and Daughter.
Fior. Are they married?
Petro. No Madam, but I am confident
So great a joy will not be long deferr'd,
'Twere ſin ſuch hope ſhould wither by delay,
They both wiſh to be happy in your preſence,
And you at firſt ſight of this Princely ſiſter
Will much applaud your brothers fate.
Dona. I hope ſo,
How is it Madam yet?
Fior. I do beſeech you
Let not your graces too much care of me
Detain you from the joy your brother brings.
Another *Fioretta*?

Enter Leonato.

Leo. Donabella?
Dona. I ſhall not fear a ſurfet in my joyes
To ſee you ſafe.
Fior. A gallant Gentleman.
Leon. What Ladie's that?
Dona. A ſtranger, ſir, with whom I have prevail'd
To grace our court a while, which will be Honor'd
In ſuch a gueſt.
Leo. And I ſhould call it happineſs
If you would pleaſe to dwell for ever with us,

I have brought home ſuch a companion,
For both your beauties you will not repent.

Fior. The Duke of *Mantuas* Daughter, I congratulate
Your double victory, and if I may,
Without imputed flattery ſpeak my thoughts,
You did deſerve her, had ſhe to her birth,
All the additions that grace a Woman.

Leon. You have conferr'd a bounty on me Madam,
And leave me hopeleſs to reward the debt
Iow this fair opinion.

Fior. Sir, the venture
You made through blood, and danger, doth deſerve it,
And ſhe were impious, did not think her ſelf
Much honour'd to be call'd your valors triumph.
I ſhall betray my ſelf. Cenſure me not,
Immodeſt or ſuſpectfull of her virtue,
Whom you have made the darling of your heart.

Enter Bertoldi.

Bert. Sir the Duke calls for you.

Dona. Signior Bertoldi.

Bert. Your Graces creature.

Leon. Will it pleaſe you Madam?

Fior. I humbly pray your Highneſs to excuſe me,
I may have time and happineſs to attend you,
When with more health I may preſent my ſervices,
I dare not ſee this Lady.

Leon. Wait you upon that Lady *Signior.*

Bert. With all my heart; incomparable Lady----

Fior I have ſervants to attend me.

Bert. But not one,
More humble, or more active for your ſervice,
You cannot chooſe but know my Lady Mother;
I have not ſeen her yet, but ſhe ſhall ſtay,
I'l kneel to her when I have done with you.

Exit

Enter

Enter Florelia, Volterino.

Flor. But is my Son so valiant, Signior?
This War hath wrought a miracle upon him.
Volt. He was a coward beyond *Ela*, Madam,
I must acknowledg, to whom men in pitty
Of his Birth, and care of your much-loved honor
Often forgave his life, but see the turn,
He that went forth (for all our conjurings
And promise of no danger) as he had
Been marching towards *Ætna*, nay before
The instant fight would have given all the World
To have been assur'd when he came home, but one
Of every thing about him ——
Flo. What d'ee mean?
Volt. One eye, one ear, one arm, and but one leg
To have hopt home withall, strange, how i'th' heat
O'th' Battle he grew double, and there fought
As he had two soules; oh! had you seen
When like a Magazine he march'd, with pikes
With guns & Corslets, which he took from th' Enemy,
With swords more than a Surgeons sign, stuck round,
And seeming like a porcupine to shoot
The Iron Quills--
Flo. But is this possible?
Volt. I never saw a Dragon do such things.
Flor. This was not by instinct, but some example
He saw in you, that wak'd his sleeping spirit.
And he must owe all that is Valiant in him
To your brave soul, which like a burning Comet
Flew with prodigious terror to the Enemy.
Volt. You do not Jeer your servant?
Flor. And so he, by your great blaze
Saw his next way to honor;
Nor can I but acknowledge all my joyes
Now in my Son do flow from you; a souldier
Was ever high in my esteem, but you

Have

Have plac'd the title neareſt to me, pray
Favour me often with your viſit.
Volt. The Town's my own.
Flor. No complement good *Signior*, your love
If plac'd on me, ſhall find an object, though,
Not equall to your favors, not ingratefull;
I wonder he abſents himſelf ſo long.
Volt. My care ſhall be to find him out and bring him
A welcom preſent to your eye. She's caught. *Exit*
Flor. Theſe Soldiers think if they but once lay ſiege,
We muſt come in by force or compoſition.
Although a Maiden Town may not hold out,
A Widdow but well vittled with the bare
Munition of her tongue, will tire an Army;
I muſt ſuſpect my Son, for all this legend,
No mighty man at armes; hee's here.

Enter Bertoldi, Hortenſio.

Hort. Your bleſſing.
Flor. Take it, and with it all my prayers, thou maiſt
Grow up in honor, and deſerve to be
Thy Fathers Son.
Bert. Kiſs her *Hortenſio*, do, ſhe is thine own.
Hort. 'Twas my ambition Madam
To wait upon my Convert, and to kiſs
Your white hand.
Flor. *Signior Volterino* was here but now, and has
Told me ſuch ſtories, Son—— *Bert.* Of me?
He had better eat my Spaniard, then mention me
With any ſcruple of diſhonour. (ders.
Flor. He extolls you for a Soldier, and tells me won-
Hort. If you dare believe me Madam, your Son has
Behav'd him like a Gentleman.
Bert. I confeſs,
I was—but that's no matter, thank this Cavalier;
can re ceive and give a gaſh, and look on't
When I ha' don without your cordial waters

Shall

Shall I cut you o'r the face Mother?
Flor. Sir I am poor to recompence the honor
You have done my Son, I ſee he is your convert,
You that infus'd a ſoul in him cannot
Enough be glorified.
Hort. Tis within your power
Madam to overpoiſe all my deſerts.
True, I did ſtir thoſe dormant ſeeds of nobleneſs
Your blood left in him, and made glow thoſe ſparks,
Into a flame, were hid in hills of Aſhes;
Now he is yours, and if you Madam think
I have done any ſervice by an Act
Or precept that could light your Son to honor,
You make me fortunate, and encourage
A Souldier to imploy his whole life here.
Flo. How d'ee mean?
Ho Without more complement to love you, and---
Flo. VVhat?
Ho. VViſh my ſelf with you Madam when you dream
Flr. You would be with me when I dream.
Hort. But I ſhould wake you. (broke.
Flor. But I ſhould be very angry to have my ſleep
Hort. But I would pleaſe you agen,
And rock you into a traunce with ſo much harmony,
You ſhall wiſh to dye in't. I am very plain.
Flor. Me thinks you are very rough.
Hort. A Souldiers garb,
The old but the beſt faſhion; a Sword,
And flattery were not meant for one mans wearing;
Madam I love you, but not doat upon you,
For you are ſomething old.
Flor. I am indeed ſir.
Hort. Yet you are very handſome, and I love you;
Y'are witty, fair, and honeſt, but a VViddow,
And yet I love you; I do know you are rich,
Exceeding mighty rich.
Flo. And yet you love me. *Hort.*

Hort. But Madam, I am a man.
Flor. I do not mean to try you *Signior*,
Pray Son do you.
Hort. Now put your vote in.
Bert. What ſhould I do Madam?
Flor. Try whether he be a man or no.
Bert. Should I?
Flor. D'ee hear? they ſay you are grown valiant:
Upon my bleſſing I command you ſtrike
This Gentleman, and do it preſently.
Bert. Strike him?
Flor. Yes.
Bert. A way, away, what here?
Flor. Even here, this very minute.
Bert. Not for your houſe, and all the monies in't,
Not for my Fathers Wardrob, and I were
An Adamite atop o'th' Alps, though you
Admire the reliques, and have turn'd your Gallery
Into a Chapel, where his ſeverall ſuites
Hang up like Images for you to pray to:
Strike one taught me to fight? *Exit Flor.*
Hort. Is ſhe gone? what ſaid ſhe?
Bert. The fooliſh woman——
Hort. Why what's the matter?
Bert. Shee ſhews her breeding, but do not you deſpair.

Enter Florelia.

Flor. If I miſtake not ſir, you would pretend
You love me honourably.
Hort. May I periſh elſe.
Flor. When you can make't appear in viſible wounds
Upon your head or body, that my Son
Dares fight——you and I'l be maryed.
Bert. I told you *Signior* you ſhould have my Mother.
Hort. The Devill ſhall have you both upon eaſier
Viſible wounds upon my head or body? (conditions;
Flor. And here's my hand upon the ſight thereof,

I'l be your wife; and ſo farewel till dooms-day.

Hort. But hark you Lady

Bert. My Mother's a Witch. I ſhall ne'r be valiant
In this World, what quarrels I may have i'th' next,
I know not,
There are ſome dead threatned to cudgell me.

Hort. Is there no hope, that I may catch you in
The Nooſe of Matrimony, unleſs your Son
Firſt break my head?

Flor. I wo'not ſwear.

Hort. It is not your beſt courſe, take heed of vows.

Flor. Why my dear *Signior*?

Hort. For your ſouls ſake, and yet
Diſpoſe that as you pleaſe, I'l ſee who dare
Cary your body from me, ſpight o' *Lucifer*
I will ha' that, and come by't lawfully;
And ſo my ſervice; think on't.

Flor. A fine fellow. *Exeunt. Manet Bert.*

Bert. Would I had his audacity; my Miſtris,
Yet knows not what I mean, but I will to her,
And kiſs her Glove immediatly. *Exit.*

Enter Honorio.

Hon. This Court is like a twilight, where I cannot
Diſtinguiſh day, or perfect night, ſome faces
Are cheerfull as the morn, others agen
Are dark, and wrapt like evenings in a miſt
Is is inſtinct for my approach, that brings
A reſolution to revenge the rape
Upon my Siſter; grow more ſtrong my thoughts,
And let no fear diſtract you. Prince I have
Conſider'd thee in all thy pride of merit,
Allow'd my Fathers Contract, and did give thee
My Siſters heart in thy own vote, but when,
She onely made a pauſe for ceremony,
Not diſaffection, ſince thou could'ſt forget
Thy honour of a Prince, to invade her Chaſtity,

And

And forfeit thy Religion, thus I come,
To whip thy blood, or leave my own a ſacrifice.

Enter Petromo.

Sir, may a ſtranger ask without offence, why
The Court like *Janus* doth preſent a double
Face, as it labour'd twixt the fierce extremes
Of triumph and deſpair.

Petro. Sir you miſtake not
The mixture of our paſſions, the Court
Smiles in our happineſs to entertain
The Prince, and his fair Miſtris, but doth wear,
A grief and paleneſs, for the Duke, whoſe want
Of health delayes their marriage.

Honor. I apprehend;
Sir I am bold, May not a Gentleman
Engag'd to viſit other Courts of *Italy*,
Make his ambition fortunate to receive
A favour from this Prince, and kiſs his hand,
Before he leave the Dukedome?

Enter Leonato.

Petro. He is here Sir.

Leon. Lord *Petronio*, intreat the Princeſs
Fioretta, and my Siſter meet me i'th' grove——
This Gentleman——

Hono. kiſſes his hand.

Hono. You have made me happy;
Though I want honor to be known, your fame
Speaks you a valiant Prince, and fortunate,
And I muſt with the World congratulate
Your victory at *Mantua*, upon which,
So rich a triumph waites.

Leon. What triumph ſir? *Hon.* The Princeſs *Fioretta*.

Leon. I acknowledge,
That Garland is my glory, ſuch a treaſure,
Was worth more ſervice, than my ſword could merit:
But I muſt be a debtor to my ſtarres,

And can releaſe all other happineſs,
Within their influence to come, ſo they
Confirm me Lord ſtill of her beauties Empire.
Hono. This doth becom your Excellence; what error
(Receive it not prophane) ſhould Heaven and nature,
Have made, to have kept your hearts too long aſunder?
And yet I may miſtake, for though your Grace,
Affect her with all height your ſoul can fancie,
I know not how her love may anſwer this
Deſert in you.
Leon. How ſir?
Hono. Your Highneſs pardon;
I am no Prophet, nor do wiſh to ſee,
Upon your ſpring, another winde than what
The wings of pregnant Weſtern gales do inrich
The air withall, which gliding as you walk,
May kiſs the teeming flowers, and with ſoft breath
Open the Buds to welcom their preſerver;
I wiſh you might grow up two even Cedars, (riſh,
Till your top-boughs kiſs Heaven that made you flou-
When ſtooping to behold the numerous branches
That proſper in your growth, and what refreſhing
The World below receives by your cool ſhade,
You wave your heads in the applauſe and wonder.
This is the Song I bring to your chaſt *Hymen*,
And thus would every good man pray, but that
They fear.
Leon. Fear, what?
Hono. The bleſſings they invoke,
With all their importunity of prayers,
Will not deſcend.
Leon. I cannot reach you ſir
Without a perſpective, but this wanders from
The doubt you made of *Fiorett.a* love,
To anſwer mine, that talk was dangerous,
I muſt not hear't agen.

Hon. You

Hon. You muſt, unleſs
You can be deaf, or cut the tongue of fame out.
Leon. The man hath ſomwhere loſt his ſenſes; go back
And find thy ſtrangled wits, this language has
No chain of reaſon, I loſe breath upon
A thing diſtracted.
Honor. Tis not come to that,
I've no ſuch hot vexation, but a ſoul
Poſſeſt with noble anger, and with pitty.
Prince, I muſt tell you there are dangerous ſymptoms
Of a State Apoplex; thoſe aiery ſtilts
Of fame you walk on, will deceive your pride,
When every honeſt breath, angry at what
You did ſo late in the contempt of goodneſs,
Will tell the wind how it miſtook your praiſe,
And in a ſigh conclude her ſad repentance.
I come not ſir to flatter.
Leon. It appears ſo.
Honor. But tell you what hath eat into your ſoul
Of honor, and there poiſond all the worth
The VVorld once lov'd you for.
Leon. You talk as if
You had conſulted with my fate, and read
The leaves of my inevitable doom;
VVhat action hath ſo much incens'd my late
Kind ſtarres to this revolt, and threatneth like
To buſie tongues in my diſgrace?
Honor. The noiſe is lowd already, would there were
No truth in men, who ſay, you raviſh'd *Fioretta*
Sweet Princeſs from her Prayers, and left a Monument
Of ſuch a ſacrilege committed by you,
The very ſtones ſince groan in her behalf
You raviſh'd from the Nunnery, on this
Muſt needs depend her hate,
VVhoſe perſon and Religious vow you have
Unlike a Prince prophan'd.

Leon. Y'are very bold,
What confidence can that outſide raiſe in you
To be thus ſawcie?

Hono. Sawcie?

Leon. Impudent.
Is life a burden, that you dare my anger?
What art?

Ho. A gentleman, that have more right to honor
Than he that is a Prince, and dares degenerate.

Le. There's ſomthing in thy face would have me think
Thou maiſt be worth my puniſhment, that I
Could uncreate thee, if thy veines do houſe
But Common blood, to make thee a fit Enemy
In Birth, and ſoul to me, that I might kill thee
Without a bluſh to honor, do not tempt
My Juſt rage, that provok'd will ſcorn a ſword,
And make thee nothing with a look; be gone,
Get hence with the ſame ſpeed, thou wouldſt avoid
A falling Tower, or hadſt new ſeen a Lioneſs
Walking upon ſome cliff, and gazing round
To find a prey, which ſhe perſues with eyes
That ſhoot contracted flame, but when her teeth
And pawes arrive, they quickly leave no part
Or ſign of what there was.

Ho. Iuſt heaven, how high he talks, and counterfeits
Your noiſe! I have a charm againſt your thunder;
If thou haſt courage to ſtay, thou quickly ſhalt repent
Heavens Iuſtice in my arm ſent to reverge
Thy ſacrilege, the more to encourage thee
To fight, I am thy equall, and a Prince. { *They Draw*
Or may thy ſin o'take my blood, and ſet
A weight upon my ſoul when thou haſt kil'd me

Enter Donabella, Juliana.

Iuli. Alas my Lord?

Don. Dear Brother?

Help

Help, what traitor's this?
Leon. Away ſweet *Fioretta.*
Honor. Fioretta.
Iu. Ha? I am undone, alas what do you mean?
My Brother, Prince *Honorio.*
Leon. Thy brother?
Iuli. Oh let me hold thee ſafe in my Embraces.
Don. Leo. Honorio.
Hono. The ſame, but not her brother.
Leon. Pardon me,
Whoſe ſoul diſdain'd in my belief thou wert
An inſolent ſtranger, to acknowledge any thing
Of ſatisfaction, but let thy ſiſter
Now ſpeak for both.
Hono. Give ſpace to my amazement.
Iu. If changing thus ſoft kiſſes, armes and heart
You interpret violence, *Fioretta*, then
Thy ſiſter has been raviſhed; who hath thus
Abus'd your faith, and wrong'd this Princes Virtue?
Clear as the light of ſtars. I muſt confeſs
I ſeem'd to wave his courtſhip, when he firſt
Beheld me veild, which modeſty inſtructed,
And though my heart were won, I kept it ſecret,
To make more proof of his, who not conſenting
To be depriv'd too long of what he lov'd,
He brought a force to'th' Cloiſter: but took me
His own away without a rape, and ſince
All his adreſſes have been honorable.
Hono. Inſtead of ſatisfaction, you inlarge
My wonder; what Impoſtures here? the Prince
Is coſend, yet ſhe ownes me; pardon me,
I was made believe, you did moſt impiouſly
Compell my ſiſter, and by force injoy'd her,
But now I find we are all abus'd; to what
Misfortune might this error have engag'd us?
Leon. This is my ſiſter.

Honor. You cannot want a charity
That are ſo fair.
Juli. Would *Leonato's* Sword
Had proſper'd in his death; I muſt be confident;
You have not yet made glad my heart *Honorio*,
With our good Fathers health, I have ſome trembling
Within my blood, and fear all is not well.
Hono. Gypſye?
Julia. You look not cherefully.
Hono. My Father injoyes a perfect health.
Juli. That word hath bleſt me.
Siſter and *Leonato*, you'l excuſe,
If I tranſgreſs with joy to ſee my Brother;
Were but the Duke my Father here, I ſumm'd
All my delights on earth——
Honor. She confounds me.
Juli. Honorio and I will follow you.
Hono. You are not my Siſter? *Exit Leon. Dona.*
Juli. Sir, tis very true.
Hono. Where is ſhe?
Juli. You ſhall know what will make you happy ſir,
If you preſerve this wiſedom.
Hono. I have ſeen you before.
Juli. But I am deſtin'd here, to do ſuch ſervice
To your Family you ſhall know more ——
Hono. Give me breath for two minutes,
Be confident of my ſilence, they expect you. *Ex. Jul.*
So let me have ſome air, am I *Honorio.*

Enter Fioretta, Bertoldi.

What prodigies are theſe? we are all bewitch'd,
Ha Siſter, *Fior.* Brother *Honorio.*
Honor. Tis ſhe, what's he?
Fio. Not worth the interruption of one kiſs.
Ber. My friend ——
Hono. My fool---*Fioretta* ſhew me where

We

We may injoy a ſhade, I'l tell thee wonders.

Exeunt, manet Bert.

Ber. Sir I ſhall meet with you agen; a pretty fellow.

Exit.

ACT. IIII.

Enter Fioretta and Donabella.

Fior. MAdam: I fear this walk into the Park, (more
May engage your grace too far without ſom
To attend you,

Do. Our own thoughts may be our guard,
I uſe it frequently; but to our diſcourſe
Of Prince *Honorio*, for we cannot find
A nobler ſubject, I obſerve that he
And you have been aquainted.

Fior. Twas my happineſs,
To have my breeding in the Court of *Mantua*,
Where I among the reſt of his admirers,
Seeing his youth improv'd with ſo much honor,
Grew into admiration of his virtues,
VVhich now he writes man do ſo fully crown him,
His Fathers Dukedome holds no ornament
To ſtand in competition.

Dona. You ſpeak him high,
And with a paſſion too, that taſts of love.

Fior. Madam, I honor him,
As may become his ſervant.

Dona. As his Miſtris rather.

Fior. My heart is clear from ſuch ambition,

Dona. But yet not proof againſt all *Cupids* ſhafts;
I do not think but you have been in love.

Fior. VVho hath not felt the wounds? but I ne'r look'd
Above my birth and fortunes; Prince *Honorio*,
May become your election, and great blood.

Dona.

Dona. I find it here already.
Fior. Nor could you
Endear it where ſo much deſert invites
It to be belov'd.
Dona. My looks do ſure betray me,
I do believe him all compos'd of honor,
And have receiv'd your Character from the World
So noble, all your praiſe can be no flattery.
I know not by what powerfull charm within
His perſon, Madam, I confeſs my eyes
Take ſome delight to ſee him, but I fear——
Fior. I find your Jealouſie, and dare ſecure you.
If in your amorous boſom, you feel, Madam,
A Golden ſhaft, the cure is made by cheriſhing
The happy wound; my deſtiny hath plac'd
My thoughts of love, where they cannot concern
Your trouble or ſuſpition, nor indeed
My hope, for I deſpair ever to meet,
His clear affection whom I honor.
Dona. Would (cious;
This Court contain'd whom you would make ſo pre-
I ſhould with as much chearfullneſs aſſiſt
Thy wiſhes, as deſire thy aid to mine;
I do believe you have much credit with
His thoughts, and virtue to deſerve it Madam.
Fior. If you truſt me,
The favor I have with his Highneſs, ſhall not
Create your prejudice, be confident,
Your birth, your beauty, and thoſe numerous graces
That wait upon you, muſt command his heart.
Dona. Madam you force a bluſh for my much want
Of what y'are pleas'd to impute my ornaments,
You are acquainted with your ſelf, and ſhew
What I ſhould be, if I were rich like you,
But my diſparity of worth allow'd,
Would you would call me Siſter, and impoſe

Somthing

Somthing on me, my act of confidence,
And free diſcovery of my ſoul, may
Deſerve faith from you, that I ſhall never
Injure his name you love.
Fior. There is no hope
In my deſires, and therefore I beſeech,
Dear Madam, your excuſe, yet thus much I
Dare borrow of my grief to ſay, he lives
Now in the Court, for whoſe ſake I thus wither.
Dona. Alas I fear agen, is he compos'd
Of gentle blood, and can to thee he cruell?
Fior. No, he is very kind, for he did promiſe
To be my Husband, we ha' been contracted.
Don. Diſperſe theſe miſts, & clear my wonder Madam.
Fior. When time and ſorrow ſhall by death prepare
My ſad releaſe of love, you may know all;
Were the condition of my fate like others,
It were no grief to name him.
Dona. This doth more inlarge my Jealouſie.
Fior. But let us leave this ſubject, till time fit,
To ope the maze of my unhappy fortune.

Enter Bertoldi.

Bert. I heard that ſhe was come into the Park,
They cannot far be; they are in view,
And no man with'em, I'l now be valiant.

Enter Florelia and Honorio.

Flor. It was her Highneſs charge I ſhould direct you,
I know her walk.
Bert. The bluſtring Prince agen;
Who ſent him hither? I think he conjures.
Now dare I with as much confidence undertake
To cure a Lyon rampant, o'the' Tooth-ach,
As but go forward; and my valiant Mother ——
Honor. Your Son; I muſt excuſe my ſelf then to him.
Ber. Now ſhall I be fit for a Carbonado.
Honor. I hope you'l pardon ſir, if I appear'd,
Leſs ſmooth when I laſt ſaw you. *Ber.* My

Bert. My good Lord; your Grace is too much humble,
I'm your blow-ball, your breath diſſolves my being,
But to ſhew how free my wiſhes are to ſerve you,
If you have any mind, or meaning to my Mother——
Honor. How do you mean?
Bert. In what way your Grace pleaſes,
She ſhall be yours, your Highneſs may do worſe,
Although I ſay't ſhe has thoſe things may give
A Prince content.
Honor. Your Son is very curteous.
Flor. I ſhould prepare you ſir to look with mercy
Upon his folly. But the Princeſs.
Bert. Mother.
Flor. VVill you be ſtill a fool,
VVhat ſaid you ſir to th' Prince?
Bert. VVill you be wiſe and uſe him tenderly.
Flor. Stain to thy Fathers blood——
I was comming Madam. *Exeunt, manet Bert.*
Bert. Vmh: he is my rivall, would my hilts
VVere in his belly; they are out of ſight;
It is no rutting time, no trick?
Enter Flaviano and Claudio diſguis'd.
Flav. Signior Bertoldi.
Bert. I do not know you friends, but how ſoever,
There is a purſe of mony *Flav.* Sir, I want not.
Bert. That Gentleman perhaps can drink; I like not
Their goggle eyes, twas well I gave 'em mony:
VVhat d'ee want elſe? you are Souldiers;
I love a Souldier.
Flor. I am a Gentleman of *Mantua* ſir,
That owe my life to your command, as one,
That had an intereſt in the preſervation,
Your army brought when the Enemy beſieg'd us.
Bert. Your mercy *Signior*, and how do all
Our limber friends 'it'h Nunnery? I was one
O'th' Cavaliers went with the Generall,

Into

Into the Orchard of *Heſperides*
To fetch the golden Dragon.
Flav. Golden Apple,
You mean the Princeſs *Fioretta Signior*;
Is ſhe married ſir?
Bert. No, no, the Duke will neither dye, nor live,
To any purpoſe, but they will be ſhortly;
Have you a mind to kiſs her hand?
Flav. I ſhall be proud——
Bert. You ſhall be as proud as you pleaſe ſir.
Flav. You can reſolve me, is *Honorio*
Our Duke of *Mantuas* Son here?
Bert. Yes, he is here,
Heaven were a fitter place for him.
Flav. Ha! look to him,
For he is come with bloody thoughts to murder
Your Prince *Leonato*, caution him to walk
With a ſtrong guard, and arm himſelf with all
That can be proof againſt his Sword or Piſtoll,
He cannot be too ſafe againſt the treaſon
And horrid purpoſe of *Honorio*.
Bert. His mouth is Musket bore; but are you ſure
He did reſolve to kill our Prince?
Fla. Moſt certain.
Bert. I am very glad to hear't. *Fla.* Glad ſir?
Bert. Yes, I cannot wiſh him better then a Traitor,
Now I ſhall be reveng'd.
Flav. Has he been guilty of any affront to you?
Bert. He is my Rival.
Flav. Why do not you kill him then?
Bert. Pox on him, I cannot indure him.
Flav. He is then reſerv'd to fall by me.
Bert. Tis too good to be true; are you maryed *Signior*?
Flav. What then?
Bert. If you be not, do this & you ſhall have
My mother, a Lady that has Gold enough to pave

The Streets with double Ducats, heres my hand,
Kill but this huffing Prince, my Mothers yours,
Enter Honorio.
And all her moveables —— tis he alone too,
There's a convenient bottom sir hard by *Exit Hon.*
The finest place to cut his throat, I'l not
Be seen.
Flav. I am resolv'd, charge home thy litle Murderers,
And follow.
Cland. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit after Hono.*
Enter Volterino and Hortensio. (relia?
Volt. But tell me hast thou any hopes of Madam *Flo-*
Hort. I had a lusty promise.;
Volt. From her?
Hort. Ye Coxcomb her sweet Son.
Volt. Why so had I, he did contract her to me,
A flat bargain and sale of all she had,
So I would say he was valiant.
Hort. That was the price he made to me, but I,
Had hope last visit from her self. (tion,
Volt. Be plain, I'l tell thee, she gave me strong expecta-
And came on like a Cheverell.
Hort. I hear,
She has given out she will have one of us.
Enter Florella.
Volt. She cannot love us both.
Hort. Would she had one, & then the toy were over,
I could make shift to love her. (well.
Volt. And to lye with her estate, one helps the tother
Florel. I finde a change within my self, I hope,
I sha'not prove in love now after all
My jeasting, and so many coy repulses,
To men of birth and honor.
Volt. Tis she.!
Florel. Why do I think upon him, then? I fear,
This man of War has don't.

Hortan. I

Horten. I have it, wee'l finde whether she affect
Or Juggle with us presently.
Florel. Those postures,
Would shew some difference, here I can observe——
Volt. Your Mistris?
Horten. Mine if she be pleas'd, what interest
Can all your merit challenge above me?
Volt. You will repent this insolence, I must,
Forget to wear a sword, and hear thee name
Florelia, with that confident relation
To her fair thoughts, and not correct your pride,
I'l search your heart, and let out those proud hopes,
That thus exalt you.
Hort. You are cosend *Signior*,
I do not fear your probe--she lets us fight, *Fight*
If we had no more wit, we might foin in earnest.
Florel. Ha, ha, ha, are you at that ward Gentlemen?
Volt. She laughes to see us fence o' this fashion,
Lets come a little closer. *Fight.*
Flor. Hold, hold Gentlemen,
For your own honors, is this valour well
Employ'd? what cause can urge effusion,
Thus of that noble blood was given you
To serve your Country? are you mad?
Hort. We are but little better to be both in love.
Flor. What Woman,
Considered in her best is worth this difference;
She is cruell cannot finde a better way
To reconcile you, than by letting blood.
Do you both love one?
Volt. It does appear so Madam.
Flor. I would I knew the Lady makes you both
Unhappy, I would counsell her some way,
To set your hearts at peace.
Volt. Tis in your power.
Hort. Without more circumstance, do but look upon

Your

Your ſelf, and end our civill Wars; we ha' both
Opinion of your virtue, and both hope
An intereſt in your love, if you will pleaſe
To point which of us two is moſt concern'd
In your affection, you conclude our danger,
And oblige one your everlaſting Servant.
Volt. This Madam is a charitable way
To know your own, and ſave two lives, for we
Shall fix upon your ſentence, and obey
The fate you give us.
Flor. Do you fight for me?
And will it ſave Inciſion, and preſerve
Your noble veins to know whom I prefer
In my beſt thoughts of love? this is but reaſonable,
And twill be hard to ſet a period
To this contention, for I love you both
So equally, obſerve me Cavaliers,
Tis moſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh which
Is firſt in my neglect, for I love neither:
Fight or be friends, you have your choice, and I
My liberty—— I had forgot to thank you,
For your infuſion of that fierce courage
Into my Son, there is great hope if he
Live till next year, he may be a Conſtable,
He has an excellent art to keep the peace. Farewell.
Volt. Madam, for all this I believe you love----
Hort. I believe now ſhee's old and has no teeth,
Elſe ſhe would bite at one of us —— Reverend Madam,
That word has fetch'd her,--we ha' no other cordiall,
At this dead pang for your diſdain, but drink now;
If you will have your Son made a fine Gentleman,
Be ſure you ſend him to the Tavern to us,
He knows the rendezvous, though you deſpair,
We may wind him up yet with ſpirit of Wine,
However wee'l be merry, and perhaps,
For all this, drink your health.

Volt.

Volt. Buoy Madam.
Hort. If you love your Baby ſend him. *Exeunt.*
Flor. I am to blame, but I muſt help it ſome way.
Exit.

Enter Honorio, Flaviano, Claudio with Piſtols.

Hono. Two Engins of ſo ſmall extent to do
Such mighty execution? may I ſee
Theſe inſtruments you ſay you have invented,
And ſo commend for ſervice?
Flav. Yes my Lord,
Shew 'em to th' Prince, do they not fright already?
Your Grace may take full view, and quickly be
The proof what force they have.
Honor. I am betrai'd,
Who hath conſpir'd my death
Flav. To vex you, ſee him——
Honor. Flaviano, what mak'ſt thou here?
Flav. To put of theſe commodities; you are
A princely Marchant, and affect this kind
Of traffick, that you may not dy i'th' dark,
I'l tell you a brief ſtory, which you may
Report i'th' other world, I did affect
Ambitiouſly thy Siſter *Fioretta,*
Abus'd thy Father with a falſe opinion
Of *Leonato,* for my end remov'd
His Miſtris from the Cloiſter, and perſwaded
A witty Nunne to take her name, and cheat
The Prince, whom he ſuſpects not yet.
Honor. Dam'd raſcall?
Flav. For pure love to your Siſter I did this.
Hono. Why having been ſo impious, does thy malice
Perſue me, ignorant of all thy treaſons?
Flav. Would you know that?--becauſe I am undone
In my chief hope, the Princeſs whom I thought
Thus plac'd ſecure, and apt for my own viſit

Is gone, is vaniſh'd, and as ſoon I may
Find the impreſſion of a Ship at Sea,
And by the hollow tract in waves oretake
The winged Bark, diſtinguiſh where the Birds,
At Chace 'ith' air, do print their active flight,
As find in what part of the envious World
Fioretta is beſtow'd; this ſad intelligence
Surpriz'd me like a ſtorm, nor was it ſafe
To look upon the Duke, who muſt too late
Repent his truſt, and puniſh it. In this conflict
Of deſperate thoughts, I thus reſolv'd to ſee
Ferrara, and the Lady I preferr'd,
But find things cannot proſper, if you live?
Whoſe angry breath will throw down what my policy
Wrought high, and ſtrike my head beneath the ruines.
Are you now ſatisfi'd why you muſt not live?

Honor. Hear me, ſhee's ſtill in ſilence, and believ'd
My Siſter by the Prince.

Flav. When you are dead, then
You vvill be ſure to tell no tales; novv ſhoot——

Claud. In my opinion, if all this be truth,
The miſchief you ha' done may be ſufficient,
And he may live.

Flav. Villain vvilt thou betray me?

Claud. You have betraid your ſelf, and after this
Confeſſion, as I take it, I may be
Your Ghoſtly Father, and preſcribe you a Penance.

Flav. Hold.

Claud. I will but Phyſick you, your ſoul has caught
A vehement cold, and I have tvvo hot pills
Will vvarm you at heart.

Hono. Shall my revenge be idle?

Claud. Good Prince, you are too forvvard, & you be
So hafty, I'm o' this ſide; did you think,
I vvould be falſe? yet leſt my aim be unlucky,
Truſt your ovvn hand to guide 'em.

Flav. Thou

Flav. Thou art honeſt,
Thus I ſalute thy heart *Honorio*---ha, no charge.
Claud. Tis time ſir to be honeſt, I could ſerve you
In ſome Court ſins, that are but fleſh-colour,
A wickedneſs of the firſt dye, whoſe brightneſs
Will fade, and tincture change; your murder is
Crimſon in grain, I have no fancy too't.
Sir you are ſafe.
Hono. I ſee thou haſt preſerv'd me.
Flav. I'm loſt for ever.
Hono. Tis but a minute
Since you were found, you muſt be pleas'd to walk
Into the Court, the Veſtall you preferr'd
No doubt will bid you welcome. Fate I thank thee.
Flav. Falſe ſtarres, I dare you now.
Claud. I ſhall wait on you.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana.

Juli. I have collected all my brain, and cannot
In any counſell of my thoughts find ſafety;
Honorio's death wo'not ſecure my ſtrength,
Or prop my languiſhing greatneſs; tis but like
A cordiall when the pangs of death hang on us,
Nay to my preſent ſtate no other than
Some liberall portion of a quivering ſtream,
Drunk to abate the ſcorching of my Feaver,
It cooles to'th' taſt, and creeps like Ice diſſolv'd
Into my blood, but meeting with the flame,
It ſcalds my boſom, and augments the fire
That turnes my heart to aſhes; poor *Juliana*,
To what a loſs hath thy firſt ſin betray'd thee?
Ambition hath reveng'd thy breach of Honor,
And Death muſt cure Ambition, for I have
No proſpect left, but what invites to ruine.
I am reſolv'd not to expect my fate,
But meet it this way.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Deareſt *Fioretta*?
Ha, what offends my Princeſs? there is ſomething
That dwells like an Eccliplſe upon thy eyes,
They ſhine not as they did, a diſcontent,
Is like a mildew fallen upon thy cheek,
Tis pale and cold, as Winter were come back
To over-run the Spring.

Jul. My deareſt Lord,
My face is but the title to a volume
Of ſo much miſery within, as will
Tire your amazed ſoul to read.

Leo. Thou doſt
Freez up my blood already. O call back
Part of this killing language, if thou mean'ſt
To make me underſtand thee; the amazement
Doth fall ſo like a deluge, I am drownd,
Ere I can think my feares; how have we liv'd
At diſtance? thou ſhouldſt walk upon this Earthquake
And my ground tremble not, but with this fright
I am awake, open the volume now,
I will read every circumſtance.

Jul. Obſerve then, what firſt becomes my ſorrow.

Leo. Doſt thou kneel?
That poſture is for them have loſt their Innocence;
We muſt do this to Heaven.

Jul. I muſt to you.

Leon. What guilt can weigh thee down ſo low?
Doſt weep too!

Jul. I ſhould not love my eyes if they were ſilent,
They know this ſtory will too ſoon o'rcharge
My feeble voice, that every tear could fall

Into

into ſome character which you might read,
That ſo I might diſpenſe with my ſad tongue,
And leave my ſorrows legible; oh my Lord,
I have wrong'd you above hope to find your mercy.

Leo. Take heed, & think once more what thou haſt don
Ere thou deſcribe ſuch an offence, leſt I
Believe a fault, will drown us both with horror;
Thou haſt not broke thy vow, nor given away
Thy honor, ſince thy faith did ſeal thee mine?

Jul. Not in a thought.

Leo. I wo'not ſee thee kneel,
Riſe, and be welcome to my armes, thou haſt
Done nothing can offend me *Fioretta.*

Jul. Alas—— I am not *Fioretta.*

Leo. Ha! this doth confirm me, thou haſt all this while
But mock'd my fear, and yet this weeping is
Not counterfeit, thou art too blame my love,
Is it thy jealouſie, that I am cold
In my returnes to anſwer thy affection?
Or have I leſs in thy eſteem of merit
Than thy hopes flatterd thee? or doth the time
That dully moves, and intermit the joyes
We promis'd when the Altar had confirm'd us
Sit heavy on thy thought? we will awake
From this our ſullen ſleep, and quit off thoſe
Sick Feathers that did droop our wings; fly to
The holy man whoſe charm ſhall perfect us,
And chain our amorous ſoules.

Iul. Divide us rather;
Joy is a fugitive of late, and while
You think of *Hymen*, you remove your wiſhes.
Fioretta will forbid the Prieſt.

Leon. Canſt thou forget thy love ſo much?

Juli. Alas my Lord,

You have been all this while abus'd, and when
I have ſaid enough to aſſure your Faith, that I
Am not your *Fioretta*, but a Virgin,
Compell'd to take her name, you will I hope
Kill me your ſelf, and ſave me a deſpair,
That will conclude my breath elſe in few Minutes.
Leon. Are not you *Fioretta*, but a Virgin
Compell'd to take her name? who durſt compell thee?
Jul. The Duke of *Mantua*.
Leon. I diſſolve in wonder.
Durſt *Mantua* uſe me thus? thy name?
Juli. Iuliana;
My blood, (excepting what does fill the veins
Of Princes) flowing from the nobleſt ſpring
Of honor.
Leon. Where was *Fioretta* then?
Iuli. Conveid I know not whither, ere you came
To ſave their lives that did betray you thus.
I was too careleſs of my fate, that I
Kept ſuch a glowing ſecret ſtill within me,
I had no fear to be conſum'd, that had
Another Fire within me, whoſe wide flame
Had ſoon devour'd all my conſiderings.
Alas my Lord, You did appear ſo full
Of honor, virtue, and ſuch Princely love,
Twas eaſie to forget on whom you ſmil'd,
I had no thought to wiſh my ſelf unhappy,
Or own another name to my undoing,
Yet now more tender of your birth and fame
Than my own life, I caſt my ſelf beneath
Your feet a bleeding ſacrifice.
Leon. Am I awake and hear all this?
Iul I ſee my Lord,
In your inraged eye, what lightning is

Prepar'd, tis welcom; ſince I danot hope
To live upon your ſmile, I would fain dye
Betime, before the ſhame of my diſhonour
Inforce a mutinie upon my ſelf;
But think my Lord while I confeſs all this
Againſt my ſelf, how free I might have been,
How happy, how near Heaven, above thoſe glories,
Had not you forc'd me from the bleſſed Garden
Where I was planted, and grew fair, though not
Oblig'd by any ſolemn vow, 'twas you,
Your own hand raviſh'd me from that ſweet life,
Where without thought of more than ſhould concern
Your welfare in my prayers, I might have ſung,
And had converſe with Angells.

Enter Petronio.

Petro. Sir, I bring ſad news.
Leon. I prethee ſpeak, I am prepar'd for all.
Petr. The Duke is dead.
Leon. My Father dead?
Petro. I do not like the Princeſs at that poſture.
Leon. I have forgot your name Lady--you may riſe.

Enter Honorio, Flaviano, Claudio, and Guard.

Hon. My Lord I bring you news welcom as health
Or liberty, your ſoul will not be ſpacious
Enough to entertain what will with joyes
And ſtrong amazement fill it; how I ſwell,
With my own happineſs to think I ſhall
Redeem your noble heart from a diſhonor
Wil weigh down death. You think you vvalk on Roſes
And feel not to vvhat Dragons teeth, and ſtings,
You vvere betraid. I bring a diſinchantment,
And come vvith happy proofs.
Leon. To tell me this is not

Your Siſter *Fioretta:* but a Nunne
Subornd to cheat me —— I know all the buſineſs,
And am reſolv'd in my revenge. *Iuliana,*
Svveet ſuffering Maid, dry thy fair eyes, tis I
Muſt make thee ſatisfaction, I thus
By thy own name receive thee to my boſom,
But you that practis'd cunning, ſhall e'r time
Contract the age of one pale Moon, behold
The Countrey I preſerv'd a heap of ruines.

Inl. Flaviano? ſir ——

Honor. Do you knovv vvhom you embrace?
Flaviano has confeſt
Himſelf the Traitor, and the black contriver
Of all this miſchief; *Leonato* hear me,
Or by thy Father nevvly falln to aſhes,
I ſhall repent I had an honorable
Thought of thee. *Flaviano;* Madam, vvitchcraft,
My rage vvill ſtrangle my diſcourſe, my ſoul
Is leaping forth to be reveng'd upon
That Devill; Prince keep off, his very breath
Will ſtifle thee, and dam thy honor to
All ages, *Fioretta's* now in Court.

Flav. Ha! in the Court?

Leon. This is ſome nevv device. (Harpies;

Honor. I charge thee by thy blood throvv of theſe
And do my Siſter juſtice, vvhom their treaſon
Hath made a ſcorn, that minute ſhe uſurps
Her name of Bride, I ſhall forget the Altar,
And turn my ſelf the Prieſt, with all your blood
To make a purging ſacrifice.

Leon. If when we
Receive our rites, thou doſt but frovvn, or vvhiſper
To interrupt one ceremony, I
Will make thee hold the tapers vvhile the Prieſt
Performes the holy office; tell thy Siſter
Here I beſtovv, vvhat you have made me forfeit.

Preſent

Preſent her to the Nunnery, and counſell
Thy ignoble Father, when I next ſee *Mantua*
To be a ſleep in's Coffin, and his vault
Deep, and thick rib'd with Marble, my noiſe elſe
Will ſhake his duſt; thy youth finds mercy yet,
Take the next whirl-wind, and remove--our guard;
Petronio we confine him to your houſe. (man
Hono. Thou coward Prince, there's not one honeſt
In all the World, our ſins aſcend like vapours,
And will, if Juſtice ſleep, ſtupifie Heaven,
For thine own glory wake, if thou diſpenſe
With this, proud man will cry down providence.

Exeunt.

ACT. V.

Enter Volterino, Hortenſio, Pandolpho (with a Towell.)
A Table ſet out and ſtooles.

Volt. SUch Wine as *Ganimede* doth skink to *Iove*
When he invites the Gods to feaſt with him
On *Inxos* wedding-day.
Pandol. Jove never drank ſo brisk a Nectar as I'l draw.
But does *Signior Bertoldi* come?
Hort. What elſe? my Alderman o'th' Cellar.
Volt. He is our *Hilas*; ſhall we not ha Muſick?
Hort. By all means, and the Mermaids.
Pand. You ſhall have any thing;
But if *Signior Bertoldi* come, I have
A boon to beg, I have a pretty plot
To make you laugh.
Volt. What is't?
Pand. As you are Gentlemen, do not deny me;
I have been your up-and-down-ſtairs-man to draw
The beſt blood o'th' Grape theſe ten years,
Troy held out no longer, I have a device

Shall

Shall make you merry when he comes, if you
Will give me leave to ſhift, and help a jeaſt.
He is a Coward ſtill, under the Roſe?

Hort. As any lives under the Sun, be confident.

Volt. The ſame ſenſeleſs peece of timber,
You may cut him into a Bed-ſtaff.

Pand. I'l ſend you Wine, ſay I am valiant,
Let me alone with the Cataſtrophe. *Exit*

Hort. What will he do?

Volt. I know not, he were beſt make us laugh,
I ſhall expound the matter elſe.

Enter Bertoldi, and Drawer (with Wine.)

Bert. My Mother remembers her ſervice Gentlemen,
I left my Miſtris to come to you; and how?
Shall we drink like Fiſhes? *Tolle roll lolly, &c.*

Volt. Sit, ſit, a health to the Lady you kiſt laſt.

Bert. Let it come, I'l pledge it,
And it were the Gulf of *Venice.*

Hort. And who's your Miſtris?

Bert. Faith I do not know her name, nor ever kiſt any thing but her Glove in my life.

Volt: But you have told her your mind?

Bert. Not I by this Wine——but thats all one,
She is a Lady, well bred, and companion
To the Princeſs, that's enough.
Here *Signior* —— would we had ſome Wenches here.

Hort. Some bouncing bona robas, hang this dul City there's no muſick in't, no ſilken Muſick.

Vol. Oh for a Wench could ſpit fire now, that could whizze like a Rocket, and fall into a 100 blaſing ſtars, ſuch a Fire-drake would be warm company in a cloſe room, *Signior.*

Hort. And it were in a Cellar under the *Alpes*, it would make *Hercules* melt in the back.

Bert. But

Bert. But for all that, I do not like a ſinner of ſuch a fiery conſtitution.

Hort. You would not venture upon the golden Fleece then, which is but the morall of a Maidenhead.

Bert. I never heard that afore.

Hort. So ſay the learned, firſt for the difficulty to obtain it, being watch'd by a Dragon, and then for the Rarity, there being but one in all the World.

Bert. But one Maidenhead?

Volt. And that ſome hold as doubtfull as the Phœnix or Unicorn, ſuch things are in Hiſtory, but the man's not alive that will take his Oath in what climat they are viſible. Here's to the *Swan* that broke her heart with ſinging laſt.

Hort. And to the *Dolphin* that was in love with a Fidlers Boy of *Thebes*, who carryed him croſs the Seas on her bak a fiſhing, while he ſung the ſiedge of *Troy* to the Tune of *Green-ſleeves*, and caught a Whale with an angling rod.

Bert. I'l pledge 'em both; they are very fine healths. Are theſe your Miſtreſſes names Gentlemen?

Enter Pandolfo like a Soldier.

Volt. Myſticall, Myſticall.

Bert. I Underſtand they are myſticall—who's this?

Pand. Save you Gentlemen.

Volt. Tis the Drawer.

Pand. I do not like the odor of your Wine { *He throws it in* Bert. *face.*

Bert. Was it a health? let it go round Gent. I am troubled with ſore eyes, & this *Signior* has waſh'd 'em for me, I hope I ſhall ſee to thank him.

Hort. Cry mercy *Signior*, you are like a noble Gent. I ſaw at *Rome*, you are the very ſame, to whom his Holineſs gave a penſion, for killing 6 great Turks in *Tranſilvania*, whoſe heads were boyl'd, and brought home in a Portmantua.

Pand. I

Pand. It was but 5 ſir and a Saraſens.
Hort. You are the man?
Volt. Pray give me leave to honor you.
Bert. I deſire to be your poor admirer too,
My eyes are clear to ſee your worth, my name
Is *Bertoldi* at your ſervice. (*John,*
Pand. To you *Signior*, a health to *Julius Caſar*, *Preſter*
And the grand *Cham* of *Tartaria.*
Volt. You ſha'not pledge him.
Bert. No.
Volt. Make your exceptions, I'l juſtifie 'em.
Hort. This Cavalier drank t'ee ſir.
Bert. I do remember, but I cannot pledge him.
Pand. How ſir?
Bert. No ſir, I'l pledge my friend *Preſter Jack*,
But for *Julius Caſar* and the grand *Cham* they are
Pagans, I ha' nothing to ſay to 'em.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a Gentleman, he ſeems of quality,
Enquiring for *Signior Volterino* and *Hortenſio.*
Hort. Admit him, and he be a Gentleman.

Enter Florelia like a Gentleman.

Flor. You'l pardon if a ſtranger that has had
A long ambition to kiſs your hands,
Rather intreat for his acceſs, than loſe
The happineſs of your knowledge.
Volt. Sir, y'are moſt welcome.
Hort. If you will keep us company
You muſt be equally ingag'd.
Bert. My humble ſervice, *Signior Hortenſios* Miſtris.
Flor. You honor me; would I were off agen.
Bert. Excuſe me *Signior.*
Flo. Y'are too full of ceremony. (*Caſar,*
Pand. Sir, is there any difference between you & *Julius*
You would not pledge his health?
Bert. No difference in the world.

Pand: How

Pand. How, no difference between you, and a Roman (Emperor?

Flor. Divide 'em, what's the matter?

Hort. O for ſome Trumpets.

Bert. Somebody hold my Sword, give me the Wine, I'l drink it——

Pand. So, we are friends.

Flor. O ſhamefull!

Bert. But I ſhall find a time—— (nough.

Pand. Find twenty thouſand years, there's time e-

Volt. I'l be your ſtickler.

Bert. I ha' not pledg'd the *Cham* yet, nor I wo' not, come, I know you well enough.

Pand. Know me, for what?

Bert. For a brave fellow, and a man may believe thee thou haſt done things as well as the beſt on 'em, but I know not where, nor I care not, tel me of *Julius Cæſar*: I am a Gentleman, and have ſeen fighting afore now, here's a Cavalier knows it, I ſcorn to be baffel'd by any *Tranſilvanian* Turk-killer in Chriſtendom, I; thar't a

Volt. Well ſaid, and a Sandiack. (Muftie.

Bert. And a Sandiack, I defie the grand *Cham*, and all his Tartars, y'are a ſtinking obſtreperons fellow to tell me of a Turd and a Fart, and I honor you with all my heart. *Hort.* He call'd you Muftie.

Pand. What's that?

Ho. And a Sandiack, that is ſon of whor in 2 languages.

Pand. How? in two languages? then my honor is Concern'd, have I in 30 battells gainſt the *Turk*
Stood the dire ſhock, when the Granadoes flew
Like Atomes in the Sun,
Have I kil'd 20 *Baſhawes*, and a Muſſelman,
And took the Sultans Turbant Priſoner,
And ſhall I be affronted by a thing
Leſs than a Lancepreſado? *Bert.* Will no body hold me?

Flor. Gentlemen, this heat muſt needs be dangerous.

Pand. Let me but ſpeak with him

Volt. No

Volt. No danger o' my life, let 'em go together:
And let us mind our buſineſs.

Pand. Signior, I am your friend, and pitty you
Should loſe ſo much your honor, be adviſ'd,
I'l ſhow a way how to repair your fame, { *Pand. & Bert. talk privately.*
and without danger.

Hort. To *Volterinos* Miſtris.

Flor. I receive it, I ſhall have my ſhare, I now
Repent my curioſity to ſee
Their humors, and to hear what they would ſay
Of me ——

Hort. Let 'em alone —— to *Volterinos* Miſtris.

Volt. Come, to my Whore.

Flor. Your Whore *Signior*?

Volt. Does that offend you?

Flor. Not me —— I ha done you right.
I am well enough rewarded & they beat me. (ſtranger,

Ber. I know not how to deſerve this curteſie being a
But if you want a Wife noble ſir, and will accept of my
Mother, you ſhall have her before any man in *Italy*.

Pand. I thank you ſir,
But be ſure you hit me full o'th' head.

Bert. Tis too much, a cut o'th' leg and pleaſe you.

Pand. No, let it be o'th' head.

Bert. You wo'not ſtrike agen?

Pand. Mine's but a foil.

Hort. They meaſure and give back ——

Pand. Oh I am ſlain, a Surgeon. { *Bertoldi ſtrikes Pand.*

Flor. I'l take my leave.

Hort. By this hand, I'l drink his Mothers health firſt,
There's no danger & he were dead; a health to the Lady
Florelia, I drink it for his ſake.

Volt. Away, and get a Surgeon.

Bert. Come, to my Lady Mother.
A man is not born to be a coward all his life.

Flor. I can no more ſir.

Hort. You

Hort. You ſhould ha' told me ſir at firſt,
There is no remedy, tis to an honorable Lady.
Flor. You muſt excuſe me ſir.
Bert. Throw't in his eyes.
Hort. At your requeſt. *Hor. throwes the Wine.*
Flor. Y'are moſt uncivill.
Hort. Y'are a muſhrump. *ſtrikes Flor.*
Flor. So ſir, y'are a multitude, and in a Tavern,
I did believe you ſir a Gentleman,
If you be, give me ſatisfaction nobly.
Hort. With all my heart.
Flor. Then thus——

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Signior Bertoldi* flye, his wound is dangerous,
We fear he wil bleed to death before the Surgeon come.
Volt. Out by the Poſtern.
Bert. Pox, a conſpiracie, I ſhall kill but one, I ſee that;
Would I were a Mite in a Holland Cheeſe now. *Exit.*
Hort. I wo'not fail you ſir.
Serv. He deſires to ſpeak with you before he dye.
Hort. Is *Bertoldi* gone?
Volt. *Hortenſio*, I gueſs you may be ingag'd:
Leave me to theſe things, There may be danger.
Hort. I know the private way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Honorio.

Hon. Virtue and honor, I allow you names,
You may give matter for diſpute, and noiſe,
But you have loſt your Eſſence, and that truth
We fondly have believ'd in human ſoules,
Is ceas'd to be, we are grown fantaſtick bodies,
Figures, and empty titles, and make haſt
To our firſt nothing, he that will be honeſt,
Muſt quite throw off his cold decrepit nature,
And have a new creation ——my poor Siſter,

Enter Fioretta.

She has heard the Dukes reſolve.

Bert. Oh

Fior. Oh let me dye, upon thy boſom Brother,
I have liv'd
Too long; they ſay the Duke reſolves to marry
With *Juliana*, ſo they call her now,
Whoſe ſorcery hath won upon his ſoul;
I have walk'd too long in dark Clouds, and accuſe
Too late my ſilence, I am quite undon,
There was ſome hope while he did love my name,
But that and all is baniſh'd; is't not in
The power of fancy to imagin this
A dream that hath perplext us all this while?
If it be reall, I will be reveng'd,
Tis but forgetting what I am, and then
I am not concern'd.

Honor. Rather forget the Duke,
And live to triumph in a love more happy.
He is not worth a tear.

Enter Donabella.

Dona. How's this? my heart!

Honor. Come, I wil kiſs theſe ſorrows from thy cheek,
This Garden wants no watering, preſerve
This rain, it is a wealth ſhould ranſom Queens,
As thou doſt love me, chide thy ſaucie grief,
That will undo the ſpring here, and inforce
My heart to weep within me equall drops
Of blood for theſe.

Dona. Oh my abus'd confidence,
Lauriana now I find hath but betraid me,
Inſtruct me rage and jealouſie.

Fior. I am reſolv'd. *Exit Donab.*

Honor. Well ſaid, take courage *Fioretta*,
Appear with thy own name and ſufferings,
Thy ſight will ſtrike the proud Impoſtors from
Their Pyramids of glory.

Fior. It were more revenge to dye.

Honor. Not ſo deer *Fioretta*, ſomthing glides

Like

Like cheerfulneſs o'th' ſuddrn through my blood;
Deſpair not to be happy: Let's conſult,
And form the apteſt way for all our honor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Flaviano.

Flav. There's but one cloud in all our sky, were that
Remov'd, we were above the rage of ſtorms:
That *Claudio* knows too much. I look upon
His life like a prodigions blazing Comet;
He pa lls my blood; if I but meet him hanſomly,
I'l make him fixt as the North-ſtar. I hear
No whiſper of him yet; were but he dead,
Iuliana and her friend might revell here:
The Duke ſhould have the name, but we would ſteer
The Helm of State, and govern all. I have
Gain'd much upon *Leonato*'s eaſie faith,
Who thinks me innocent, and that only duty
Miſlead my nature and my tongue to obey
The Duke of *Mantua* and the Prince, upon
Whoſe heads I have tranſlated all my guilt,

Enter Leonato, Claudio.

And fram'd their jealouſie at home my cauſe
Of flight for refuge hither---Ha, my eyes
Take in confuſion! The Duke and *Claudio!*
'Tis doomſday in my ſoul.
Leon. Can this be juſtified?
Claud. I dare confirm this truth with my laſt blood.
Flav. I dare not hear it. That I now could fling
My ſelf upon the winds — *Exit.*
Claud. And ſhould be happy
Were *Flaviano*'s life put into ballance
Againſt my own, to make it clear by his
Confeſſion. To my ſhame I muſt acknowledge
I was the agent 'twixt 'em; he was pleas'd

To chooſe me his ſmock Officer, a place
Poor Gentlemen at Court are forc'd to ſerve in,
To pleaſe luxurious greatneſs, younger brothers,
Who cannot live by fair and honeſt wayes,
Muſt not ſterve ſir.

Leon: *Flaviano*'s Whore?
Where can we hope to truſt our faith, when ſuch
White browes deceive us? *Enter Iuliana.*

Iul I do not like
This *Claudio*'s buſineſs here, the Duke is troubled;
My whole frame trembles.

Leon. Madam *Iuliana*?
My excellent white Devil, you are welcome,
Where is your Catamountain *Flaviano*?
You are no Serpents ſpawn?

Iuli. Oh hear me ſir, by your own goodneſs.

Leon. When didſt thou kneel to Heaven?

Iul. I ſee my leproſie unveild, that ſin
Which with my loſs of honor firſt ingag'd
My miſerie, is with a Sun-beam writ
Upon my guilty forehead, but I have not
(Excepting the concealment of my ſhame,
Which charity might privelege) offended
Above what I confeſt, and you have pardond.

Leon. She hath a tongue would almoſt tempt a Saint
To unbeleeve Divinity, ſhe learnd
Some accents from that firſt Apoſtate Angell
That mutin'd in Heaven; away,
I dare not truſt my frailty; where's *Flaviano*?

Exit. Leon. and Claud.

Iul. My ſoul doth apprehend ſtrange ſhapes of horror.

Enter Fioretta.

Ha —— tis the Princeſs *Fioretta.*

Fior. Can you direct me Madam, how I may
Speak with the noble Lady *Iuliana*?

Iul.

Juli. I can inſtruct you Madam where to find
A miſerable woman of that name.
Fior. Where?
Jul. Here. *Kneels.*
Fior. Do not deceive me,
I came to viſit her whom the Dukes love
And confluence of glories muſt create
A Ducheſs, to whoſe greatneſs I muſt pay
My adoration.
Jul. Do not mock her, Madam,
To whoſe undoing nothing wants but death;
Let not my ſin, which cannot hope your pardon,
Make you forget your virtue; Princely natures,
As they are next to Forms Angelicall,
Shew the next acts of pitty, not deriſion,
When we are fall'n from Innocence.
Fior. Do you know me?
Jul. For the moſt injur'd Princeſs, *Fioretta.*
Fior. You muſt know more, I come to take revenge
And kill thee.
Jul. Thus I kneel to meet your wounds,
And ſhall account the drops my proud veines weep
Spent for my cure; oh Madam you are not cruell,
You have too ſoft, too mercifull a look;
When you ſee me, your countenance ſhould wear
Upon it all the terrors that pale men
Can apprehend from the wild face of War,
A civill War, that wo' not ſpare the womb
That gron'd and gave it life, this would become you,
Or fancie meager Famine when ſhe hunts
With hollow eyes, and teeth able to grind
A rock of Adamant to duſt, or what
Complexion the devouring peſt ſhould have,
Were it to take a ſhape, and when you put
Their horrors in your viſage, look on me.

Fior. What hath prepar'd this bold reſolve?
Jul. A hope
To be your ſacrifice; I was not before
Without a thought to wiſh my ſelf thus layd,
And at your feet to beg you would deſtroy me.
Fior. Can you ſo eaſily conſent to dy,
And know not whither afterwards this guilt
Would fling thy wandring ſoul?
Jul. Yes. I would pray
And ask your ſelf, and the wrong'd world forgiveneſs.
Fior. Why didſt thou uſe me thus? *weeps.*
Jul. I could, if you
Durſt hear me, ſay ſomething perhaps would take
Your charity. Do you weep? gentle Madam?
And not one crimſon drop from me, to wait
Upon thoſe precious ſhewers? not to invite
Your patience upon the loſt *Iuliana*,
But to call back your tears into their ſpring,
And ſtay the weeping ſtream, I can inform you,
The Duke looks on me now with eyes of anger;
I have no intereſt in a thought from him,
That is not arm'd with hate and ſcorn againſt me.
Fior. This will undoe my pitty, and aſſure me
Thou haſt all this while diſſembled with my Juſtice.
Jul. I would I might as ſoon inveſt my ſoul
With my firſt purity, as clear this truth;
Or would the loſs of him were all that ſits
Heavy upon my heart; I cannot hope
For comfort in delayes of death, and dare
Attend you to him, though it more undo me.
Fior. Riſe, and obey me then.
Jul. I follow, Madam;
My uſe of life is only meant to ſerve you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hortenſio.

Hort. This is the place within the wood he promis'd

To meet in, there is Saint *Felices* Chapell,
That Father *Cyprians* cell, I hope my Gamſter
Will think it fit, I ſhould not walk and wait
Too long for him, theſe buſineſſes of fighting
Should be diſpatch'd as Doctors do preſcribe
Phyſicall Pills, not to be chewd but ſwallow'd;
Time ſpent in the conſidering deads the appetite,
If I were not to fight now, I could pray;
Theſe terms of honor have but little grace with'em,
Like Oiſters we do open one another
Without much preface; he that fights a duell
Like a blind man that falls but cares to keep
His ſtaffe, provides with art to ſave his honor,
But truſts his ſoul to chance, tis an ill faſhion.

Enter Frier.

Fri. This is the Gentleman by her deſcription
That comes to fight, another Champion?

Enter Flaviano.

Fla. Do none perſue me, what a timerous Hare
This guilty conſcience is, I am not ſafe,
I had no time to think of a diſguiſe,
And this can be no wilderneſs, the Duke
Would give his Pallace for my head.
Hor. Say ſo?
Flav. Oh for ſome *Pegaſus* to mount! a Frier?
His habit will ſerve rarely, ſeeming holineſs
Is a moſt excellent ſhrovvd to cheat the world.
Good Father ſanctity, I muſt be bold,
Or cut your throat, nay I can followv.
Fri. Help, help.
Hort. Thou ſacrilegious Villain.
Flav. I am caught already.

Hort. My good Lord *Flaviano.* Father
You may come back, and help to bind the Gentleman
If I did underſtand him well, he ſaid
The Duke has ſome affairs to uſe his head-peece;
I would not have him out o'th' way, when I
Return— to that tree— you were beſt be gentle.

Flav. I can but dye. { *Flav. is tied to a Tree.*

Hort. Oh yes, you may be damn'd
All in good time, and it is very likely.

Fri. You have preſerv'd my life Son.

Hort. It was my happineſs to be ſo near,
When virtue was diſtreſt.

Frier. You have not done ſir,
As you are noble follow me, there is
Another enemy to meet, but I
Dare be your ſecond and direct you.

Hort. What means the *Fryer?*
I'l walk and ſee the worſt on't.

Exeunt all but Flav.

Enter Bertoldi.

Bert. Oh for a Tenement under ground to hide me,
This wood will hardly do't, if I can lurk
Here but till night; I am furniſh'd well with ducats;
Your melancholy mole is happy now,
He fears no Officers, but walks invisible;
Would I were chamber-fellow to a worm,
The Rooks have princely lives that dwell upon
The tops of Trees, the Owls and Bats are Gentlemen,
They fly and fear no warrants, every Hare
Out-runs the Conſtable, only poor man
By nature ſlow and full of flegm, muſt ſtay,
And ſtand the curſed Law, I do not think
Tis ſo much Penance to be hang'd indeed,
As to be thus in fear on't.

Flav. Sir

Flav. Sir, look this way.

Bert. Oh! if I had but the heart of a womans Tailor, I might run away now.

Flav. I am rob'd and bound. (you.

Bert. Umh, are you bound? there's the leſs danger in

Flav. For charity releaſe me.

Bert. You are ſurely bound—— whats that?
I hear another whiſpering o' that ſide;
Now I ſweat all over, I but think
If I were naked, how Maids might gather dew
From every part about me——Tis the wind
Among the leaves. I do not like the Trees
Should lay their heads together o' this faſhion.
You are my faſt friend ſtill.

Flav. Signior Bertoldi.

Bert. Does he name me?
You and the Tree ſhall grow together now,
I came not hither to be known; ſome Thief,
Or ſturdy rogue; I have heard of theſe devices
In woods before; ſhould I unbind him now,
Hee'd cut my throat, or rob me for my charity.

Flav. I am the man for your ſake undertook
To kill the Prince your rivall.

Bert. Did you ſo? I'l truſt you ne'r the ſooner;
Well remembred, I'me glad y'are not at leiſure;
You that will kill your Prince, will make but little
Conſcience to quarter me.

Flav. But he is ſtill alive.

Bert. Is he ſo?
Why then I am the leſs beholding to you.
So, you ſhall cancell your own bonds your ſelf.

Enter Hortenſio, Florelia and Frier.

How now, more perſecution?

Hort. Here was a Duell quickly taken up,

And quaintly too, I did not think to marry
The Gentleman that challeng'd me to fight,
I thank your device Madam.

Flor. Thank the blow you gave me ſir,
I love a man dares ſtrike.

Hort. I'l pleaſe you better with my after ſtriking.

Bert. My Mother and *Hortenſio* ?

Enter Volterino and Officers.

Volt. *Signior Bertoldi* well met, lay hands on him
And bind him faſt, he has a dangerous ſpirit

Bert. Who I? you may as well ſay I have skil in the
Black art, *Volterino*, Gentlemen, there's my Mother.

Volt. Your Son is valiant Madam now I hope,
As you can wiſh, he has kil'd his man; but I
Studious to gain your favor have procur'd
His pardon from the Duke.

Hort. Is the Drawer dead?

Volt. Dead as the Wine he ſometimes drew.

Hort. Farewell he; will you ſalute my Lady *Signior*
And give us joy? yon Frier married us.

Bert. Let me go, I have my pardon.

Volt. Not yet; now you ſhall be hang'd agen,
Did not you ſwear I ſhould have your Mother

Bert. You ſhall have her yet.

Flor. If it be ſo,
He ſhall be worth your ſuit, and compound fairly.

Volt. No, I have thought of my revenge; becauſe
I cannot have your Mother, d'ee obſerve,
If you expect the benefit of this pardon,
You ſhall marry mine.

Bert. I'l marry any living ſoul, (not

Volt. Shee's ſomethiug old, till the laſt night I ſee her
Theſe forty years, ſince when ſhee's grown ſo ugly,
I dare not own her, and ſome think the reaſon

Of

Of her deformity to proceed from witchcraft.
Bert. Alas good Gentlewoman.
Volt. I mean ſhe is a Witch her ſelf,
And has two Cats they ſay,
Suck her by turnes, which ſome call her Familiars;
She has not had a tooth this thirty years;
And you muſt kiſs her with a ſpung i'your mouth,
She is ſo full of flegm, elſe ſheel go near
To ſtrangle you, and yet they ſay ſhe has
A moſt devouring appetite to mans fleſh,
You may have a devill of your own to attend you,
And when y'are melancholy,
Sheel make you Ghoſts and Goblins dance before you
Bring Bears and Bandogs with an o'r grown Ape
Playing upon the Gittern.
Hort. Where is this creature? ſhall he not ſee her firſt?
Volt. I left her in a Sive was bound for *Scotland*,
This morn to ſee ſome kindred, whence ſhe was
Determin'd to take Eg-ſhell to *Skeedam*.
Enter Pandolpho diſguis'd.
From thence when ſhe has din'd ſhe promis'd me
To ride poſt hither on a Diſtaff.
Bert. How?
Volt. Oh here ſhe is, what think you of a Husband
Mother? can you love this Gentleman, hee's one
Will be a great comfort to you.
Pandol. I like the ſtripling well,
He will ſerve to watch my pits, and ſee that none
Of my ſpirits boile over.
Bert. Is this your Mother
Come I'l be hang'd, tis the more hanſome deſtiny
Unleſs you will take compoſition——
Pandol. Let me talk with the Gentleman.
Hort. I am at leiſure now to wait on you ſir.
Unbind, and lead him to the Duke.

Volt. Flaviano

Volt. Flaviano? you are the Gentleman his Higneſs
Gave ſtrict command ſhould be perſu'd, I ſhall
Be proud to wait upon you to the Court.

Fla. I wo'not loſe my paſſion on ſuch bloodhounds.

Bert. We are agreed, hey, here's my pardon.

Pand. Yes, I am ſatisfied, and can thank you *Signior*
In ſeverall ſhapes—

Hort. The Drawer.

Pand. I did want a ſum like this to ſet me up: I was
Provided gainſt your Sword, a pretty night-cap,
And almoſt Piſtoll proof, I ſhall be rich,
I thank your bounty, and ſo rid the Witch.

Exit.

Flor. Here's none of the Dukes hand.

Volt. It needs not Madam.
I know not yet by what device you came together thus.

Hort. I'l tell you as we walk.

Bert. Pay for a pardon and not kill my man?
The Duke ſhall hear o' this.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. No news of *Flaviano* yet? ſome furies
Have ſure tranſported him.

Enter Petronio.

Petro. A Gentleman with Letters ſir from *Mantua.*

Enter Duke of Mantua.

Leon. Ha! admit him---leave us, the Duke himſelf?

Du. That comes to offer
A pledge for young *Honorio*, not in thought
Guilty of that unprincely entertainment
You had at *Mantua.* if my Son, as fame
Is buſie in *Ferrara*, be expos'd
To your diſpleaſure, change my fate with his,

That

That to my ſhame in part conſented to
The practice of a Traitor *Flaviano*,
Who us'd my power to advance his own ambition
To your diſhonour, and inſtead of my
Fioretta, whether now alive or dead
I know not, cheat your faith with *Juliana*,
To quit the noble ſafety your Sword brought us,
My life is troubleſome in the loſs of fame,
And *Fioretta*.

Leon. Where is *Flaviano*?

Duke Fled like a guilty villain from my Juſtice,
May hortor overtake him; let my Son
Live by ſome noble deeds to expiate
His Fathers forfeit, and diſgrace; I come
Without a guard, and were it not a crime
To my eternity, cou'd ſacrifice
My ſelf without expecting your revenge,
Or nature to conclude my age.

Enter Donabella, Fioretta, Juliana.

Dona. Let me have Juſtice.

Fior. Give me Juſtice Prince.

Jul. Let me have Juſtice too.

Leo. Againſt whom Siſter?

Dona. Againſt this Lady.
She hath conſpir'd to take away my life.

Fior. My enemy is Duke *Leonato* ſir,
Who hath conſpir'd to take away himſelf,
A Treaſure equall with my life.

Jul. My Enemy is *Iuliana* ſir, that hath conſpir'd
To rob her ſelf, both of her life and honor.

Du. Mant. Tis ſhe, my aged eyes take leave of ſeeing,
Expect no object after this ſo welome.
My Daughter *Fioretta*.

Fior. Deereſt Father.

Dona. How, *Fioretta*? ſhe is then but Siſter

To

To my *Honorio*, life of all my joyes,
My feet have wings at this glad news.

Exit.

Leon. Were you the Suffering Lady *Fioretta*?
How could you live ſo long within the Court,
And no good Angell all this while acquaint me?
Fior. This joy is too too mighty, and I ſha'not
Repent my exile to be thus rewarded.
Leon. Confirm my happineſs again, no treaſon
Shall now divide us.
Duke Your hearts grow together.
Leon. I have receiv'd by *Claudio* the particular
Of *Flavianos* treaſon, he has guilt
Above your knowledge ſir, *Juliana* findes it,
And is confeſt his ſtrumpet.
Duke You amaze me.
Fior. I bleſs now my ſuſpition, when I was
Convaid from *Mantua*, which directed me
To leave *Placentia* ſecretly, and invite
My ſelf a ſtranger to this Court, where now
I meet as much joy as my ſoul can fancie.
Ju. You have not all this while pronounc'd my doom,
I fear you hold intelligence with my ſoul,
And know what pains I feel while I am living,
You will not be ſo mercifull to kill me.

Enter Claudio, Volterino, Hortenſio, Florelia, Bertoldi, Flaviano.

Claud. Flaviano!
Hort. I preſent you with a Gentleman,
I took rifling a Hermit in the Wood,
As it appears in hope to ſcape perſute,
Hid in a Friers habit, who diſpatch'd
After a matrimoniall betwixt
This Lady and my ſelf.

Bert. That

Bert. That old Gentleman ſhould be Duke of *Mantua*
What think you ſir?
Claud. And that his Daughter *Fioretta.*
Bert. She is my Miſtris.
Claud. She is like to prove the Ducheſs of *Ferrara.*
Bert. His Grace will not uſe me ſo,
I will have Juſtice, Juſtice Gentle Duke.
Flor. Are you mad.
Bert. I'l be reveng'd o' ſomebody.

Exter Hororio, Donabella

Leon. *Honorio* your ſon, to meet your bleſſing.
Don. This was the life I feard to loſe by her,
Whom I ſuppos'd my rivall, pardon Madam.
Duke Thus circled, I muſt faint beneath my happineſs
Leon. Forgive my paſſion, and receive a Brother.
Honor. That name doth honor us, where is *Flaviano?*
Flav. Whoſe witty brain muſt ſentence me? let it
Be home and hanſom, I ſhall elſe deſpiſe
And ſcorn your coarſe inventions.
Fior. Let me obtain, ſince providence hath wrought
This happy change, you would not ſtain our joyes
With any blood, let not their ſins exceed our charity.
Leo. Let him for ever then be baniſh'd both
Our Duke-doms.
Ho. What ſhall become of *Juliana?*
Duke She (if your grace more fit to judge, conſent)
Shall to a houſe of converts and ſtrict penance,
Where *Flaviano*, as the price of her
Loſt honor, ſhall pay her dowry to Religion;
What doth remain of his eſtate, ſhall be
Emploid toward the redeeming Chriſtian Captives.
Jul. I chearfully obey, and call it mercy.
Leon. Tis a moſt pious Juſtice.

Bert. Juſtice

Bert. Juſtice, thats my kue, Juſtice, Juſtice to *Bertoldi*
Againſt *Signior Volterino*, I am cheated.
Flor. Will you be a fool upon record?
Leon. You ſhall have Juſtice.
Volterino, we appoint you, till he learn
More wit, to be his Guardian, and at your
Diſcretion govern his eſtate, ſo leave us.
Volt. I ſhall with my beſt ſtudy manage both.
Bert. I am as good as begg'd for a fool.
Leon. And thus we chain our hearts and provinces.
Madam I wiſh you joyes, to *Fioretta*
I give my ſelf, my Siſter to *Honorio.*
Treaſon is ſick in her ſhort reign, but when
Heaven ſees his time, Truth takes her Throne agen.
Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue.

Epilogue, by *Juliana*.

NOw the Play's done, I will confeſs to you,
And wo'not doubt but you'll abſolve me too.
There is a myſterie, let it not go far;
For this Confeſſion is auricular:
I am ſent among the Nuns to faſt and pray,
And ſuffer piteous penance, ha, ha, ha,
They could no better way pleaſe my deſires,
I am no Nun—— but one of the Black-Friers.

FINIS.

THE CARDINAL, A TRAGEDIE, AS It was acted at the private House IN *BLACK FRYERS*, WRITTEN By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Not Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.
1652.

To my worthily honored Friend *G. B.* Esq;

SIR,

I *Did suffer at the first some contention within me, and looking upon my self, was inclined to stifle my ambitious thoughts in this Dedication; but when some time, and a happy conversation, had preferred me to more acquaintance with you, (which was more argument to me, than the fame I had heard of your reputation, with the most temperate and ingenious men) I found you not only an excellent Judge, but a good Man: at this my modesty took full encouragement, to make this offering, which as I conceive to be the best of my flock, I knew not a better Altar whereon to make it a sacrifice, with this protestation, that it comes (and that is it only, which makes all devoti-*

ons acceptable) *from the heart*, *and your candid acceptance will bind me with all my services*, *and remembrance*, *to merit a reception with you*, *in the quality and honour of*,

Sir,

Your most humble

devoted Servant,

JA. SHIRLEY

Prologue

Prologue.

THe Cardinal, 'cauſe we expreſs no ſcene,
We doe believe moſt of you Gentlemen
Are at this hour in France, *and buſie there,*
Though you vouchſafe to lend your bodies here;
But keep your fancy active, till you know
By th' progreſs of our Play, 'tis nothing ſo;
A Poets art is to lead on your thought
Through ſubtle paths and workings of a plot,
And where your expectation does not thrive,
If things fall better, yet you may forgive;
I will ſay nothing poſitive, you may
Think what you pleaſe, we call it but a Play,
Whether the comick Muſe, or Ladies love,
Romance, or direfull Tragedy it prove,
The Bill determines not; and would you be
Perſwaded, I would have't a Comedie,
For all the purple in the name, and ſtate
Of him that owns it; but 'tis left to fate;
Yet I will tell you e're you ſee it plaid,
What the Author, and he bluſht too, when he ſaid
(Comparing with his own for't had been pride
He thought, to build his wit a Pyramyde
Vpon anothers wounded Fame,) this Play
Might rivall with his beſt, and dar'd to ſay ---
Troth I am out; he ſaid no more; you then,
When 'ts done, may ſay your pleaſures Gentlemen.

To the ſurviving Honour and Ornament of the Engliſh Scene, *Iames Shirley*.

AS Fate, which doth all human matters ſway,
Makes proudeſt things grow up into decay;
And when they are to envyed greatneſs grown,
She wantonly falls off, and throws them down:
So, when our Engliſh Dramma was at hight,
And ſhin'd, and rul'd with Majeſty and might,
A ſudden whirlwind threw it from it ſeat,
Deflowr'd the Groves, and quench'd the Muſes heat.
Yet as in Saints, and Martyr'd bodies, when
They cannot call their bleſſed Souls agen
To earth; Reliques, and aſhes men preſerve,
And think they do, but what, bleſt they deſerve:
So I, by my devotion led, aſpire
To keep alive your noble Veſtal fire,
Honour this piece, which ſhews, Sir, you have been
The laſt ſupporter of the dying Scene;
And though I do not tell you, how you dreſs
Virtue in gloryes, and bold vice depreſs;
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutcheſs fall,
Or the juſt ruine of your Cardinal;
Yet this I dare aſſert, when men have nam'd
Johnſon (the Nations Laureat,) the fam'd
Beaumont, and *Fletcher*, he, that wo'not ſee
Shirley, the fourth, muſt forfeit his beſt ey.

HALL.

Persons.

King *of* Navarre.
Cardinal.
Columbo, *the Cardinals Nephew.*
Alvarez.
Hernando, *a Colonel.*
Alphonso.
Lords.
Secretary *to the Dutchess.*
Colonels
Antonelli, *the Cardinals Servant.*
Surgion.
Guard.
Attendants, &c.

Dutchess Rosaura:
Valeria, } *Ladies.*
Celinda, }
Placentia, *a Lady that waits upon the Dutchess.*

Scene Navarre.

THE CARDINAL.

ACT I.

Enter two Lords (at one door) Secretary (at the other.)

1 *Lord.*

WHo is that?

2 *Lo.* The Dutchess Secretary.

1 *Lo.* Signior.

Secr. Your Lordships Servant. (mourning

1 *Lo.* How does her Grace since she left her
For the young Duke *Mendoza*, whose timeless death
At Sea, left her a Virgin and a Widdow?

2 *Lo.* Shee's now inclining to a second Bride,
When is the day of mighty mariage
To our great Cardinals Nephew, *Don Columbo*?

Secr. When they agree; they wo'not steal to Church,
I guess the ceremonies will be loud, and publick.
Your Lordships will excuse me. *Exit.*

1 *Lo.* When they agree? alas poor Lady, she
Dotes not upon *Columbo*, when she thinks
Of the young Count *D'Alvarez*, divorc'd from her
By the Kings power.

2 *Lo.* And Counsell of the Cardinal to advance
His Nephew to the Dutchess bed; 'tis not well.

1 *Lo.* Take heed, the Cardinal holds intelligence

With every bird i'th' air.

2 *Lo.* Death on his purple pride,
He governs all, and yet, *Columbo* is
A gallant Gentleman.

1 *Lo.* The darling of the War, whom Victory
Hath often courted; a man of daring
And moſtexalted ſpirit, pride in him
Dwels like an ornament, where ſo much honour
Secures his praiſe.

2 *Lo.* This is no argument
He ſhould uſurp, and wear *Alvarez* title
To the fair Dutcheſs, men of coarſer blood
Would not ſo tamely give this treaſure up.

1 *Lo.* Although *Columbos* name is great in war,
Whoſe glorious art and practice is above
The greatneſs of *Alvarez*, yet he cannot
Want ſoul, in whom alone ſurvives the virtue
Of many noble Anceſtors, being the laſt
Of his great family

2 *Lo.* 'Tis not ſafe, you'l ſay, to wraſtle with the King.

1 *Lo.* More danger if the Cardinal be diſpleas'd,
Who ſits at helm of State; Count *D'Alvarez*
Is wiſer to obey the ſtream, than by
Inſiſting on his privilege to her love,
Put both their fates upon a ſtorm.

2 *Lo.* If Wiſdom, not inborn Fear make him compoſe,
I like it; how does the Dutcheſs bear herſelf?

1 *Lo.* She moves by the rapture of another wheel
That muſt be obey'd, like ſome ſad paſſenger,
That looks upon the coaſt his wiſhes fly to,
But is tranſported by an adverſe wind, ſometimes
A churliſh Pilot.

2 *Lo.* She has a ſweet and noble nature.

1 *Lo.* That commends *Alvarez*, *Hymen* cannot tie
A knot of two more equall hearts and blood.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo.

2 *Lo.* *Alphonſo?*

Alph. My good Lord.

1 *Lo.* What great affair
Hath brought you from the confines?

Alp. Such as will
Be worth your counſells, when the King hath read
My Letters from the Governour; the *Arragonians*,
Violating their confederate oath and league,
Are now in arms; they have not yet marcht towards us,
But 'tis not ſafe to expect if we may timely
Prevent Invaſion

2 *Lo.* Dare they be ſo inſolent?

1 *Lo.* This ſtorm I did foreſee.

2 *Lo.* What have they, but the ſweetneſs of the King,
To make a crime?

1 *Lo.* But how appears the Cardinal
At this news?

Alp. Not pale, although
He knows they have no cauſe to think him innocent;
As by whoſe Counſell they were once ſurpriz'd.

1 *Lo.* There is more
Than all our preſent art can fathome in
This ſtory, and I fear I may conclude,
This flame has breath at home to cheriſh it;
Ther's treaſon in ſome hearts, whoſe faces are
Smooth to the State.

Alp. My Lords, I take my leave.

2 *Lo.* Your friends good Captain. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutcheſs, Valeria, Celinda.

Val. Sweet Madam be leſs thoughtfull, this obedience
To paſſion, will deſtroy the nobleſt frame
Of beauty that this Kingdom ever boaſted.

Cel. This ſadneſs might become your other habit,
And ceremonious black for him that died;

The times of ſorrow are expir'd, and all
The joys that wait upon the Court, your birth,
And a new *Hymen* that is coming towards you,
Invite a change.

Duk. Ladies, I thank you both,
I pray excuſe a little melancholy
That is behind, my year of mourning hath not
So cleer'd my account with ſorrow, but there may
Some dark thoughts ſtay, with ſad reflections,
Upon my heart for him I loſt; even this
New dreſs, and ſmiling garment, meant to ſhew
A peace concluded twixt my grief and me,
Is but a ſad remembrance: but I reſolve
To entertain more pleaſing thoughts, and if
You wiſh me heartily to ſmile, you muſt
Not mention grief, not in advice to leave it;
Such Counſells open but afreſh the wounds
Ye would cloſe up; and keep alive the cauſe,
Whoſe bleeding you would cure; lets talk of ſomething
That may delight; you two are read in all
The Hiſtories of our Court; tell me *Valeria*,
Who has thy vote for the moſt handſome man?
Thus I muſt counterfeit a peace, when all
Within me is at mutiny.

Val. I have examin'd
All that are Candidates for the praiſe of Ladies.
But find— may I ſpeak boldly to your Grace?
And will you not return it in your mirth,
To make me bluſh?

Duk. No, no; ſpeak freely.

Val. I wo'not rack your patience Madam. but
Were I a Princeſs, I ſhould think Count *D' Alvarez*
Had ſweetneſs to deſerve me from the world.

Duk. Alvarez! ſhee's a ſpy upon my heart. (ly.

Val. Hee's young, and active, and compos'd moſt ſweet-

Duk. I have ſeen a face more tempting.

Val. It

Val. It had then
Too much of woman in't, his eys ſpeak movingly
Which may excuſe his voice, and lead away
All female pride his captive; His hair Black,
Which naturally falling into curl's---
Dut. Prethee no more, thou art in love with him.
The man in your eſteem *Celinda* now?
Cel. *Alvarez* is (I muſt confeſs) a Gentleman
Of handſome compoſition, but with
His mind (the greater excellence) I think
Another may delight a Lady more,
If man be well conſidered, that's *Columbo*,
Now, Madam, voted to be yours.
Dut. My Torment!
Val. She affects him not.
Cel. He has perſon, and a bravery beyond
All men that I obſerve.
Val. He is a Souldier,
A rough-hewn man, and may ſhew well at diſtance;
His talk will fright a Lady; War, and grim-
Fac'd-honor are his Miſtriſſes; he raves
To hear a Lute; Love meant him not his Prieſt.
Again your pardon Madam; we may talk,
But you have art to chooſe and crown affection.
Dut. What is it to be born above theſe Ladies
And want their freedom? they are not conſtrain'd,
Nor ſlav'd by their own greatneſs, or the Kings;
But let their free hearts look abroad, and chooſe
By their own eys to love; I muſt repair
My poor afflicted boſome, and aſſume
The privilege I was born with; which now prompts me
To tell the King he hath no power nor art
To ſteer a Lovers Soul.

Enter Secretary.

What ſays Count *D'Alvares?*

Sec. Madam hee'l attend you.

Dut. Wait you as I directed, when he comes
Acquaint me privately.

Sec. Madam, I have news,
'Tis now arriv'd the Court, we shall have wars.

Dut. I find an Army here of killing thoughts.

Sec. The King has chosen *Don Columbo* General,
Who is immediately to take his leave.

Dut. What flood is let into my heart! how far
Is he to go?

Sec. To *Arragon.*

Dut. That's well
At first, he should not want a pilgrimage (him.
To the unknown World, if my thoughts might convey

Sec. Tis not impossible he may go thither.

Dut. How?

Sec. To the unknown other World, he goes to fight,
That's in his way, such stories are in nature.

Dut. Conceal this news.

Sec. He wo'not be long absent;
The affair will make him swift to kiss your Graces hand.

Dut. He cannot flie
With too much wing to take his leave; I must
Be admitted to your conference; ye have
Enlarg'd my spirits, they shall droop no more.

Cal. We are happy, if we may advance one thought
To your Graces pleasure.

Val. Your ey before was in eclipse, these smiles
Become you Madam.

Dut. I have not skill to contain my self.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. The Cardinals Nephew, Madam, *Don Columbo.*

Dut. Already? attend him. *Ex. Pla.*

Val. Shall we take our leave?

Dut. He shall not know *Valeria* how you prais'd him.

Val. If

Val. If He did, Madam, I should have the confidence
To tell him my free thoughts.

Enter Columbo.

Dut. My Lord, while I'm in study to requite
The Favour you ha' done me, you increase
My debt to such a sum, still by a new honouring
Your servant, I despair of my own freedom.

Col. Madam, he kisseth your white hand, that must
Not surfet in this happiness — and Ladies,
I take your smiles for my encouragement;
I have not long to practise these Court tricks.

Cel. He has been taught to kiss.

Dut. Ther's something, Sir,
Upon your brow I did not read before.

Col. Does the Character please you Madam?

Dut. More,
Because it speaks you cheerfull.

Col. 'Tis for such
Access of honour, as must make *Columbo*
Worth all your love; the King is pleas'd to think
Me fit to lead his Army. *Dut.* How, an Army?

Col. We must not use the Priest, till I bring home
Another triumph, that now staies for me
To reap it in the purple field of glory.

Dut. But do you mean to leave me, and expose
Your self to the devouring war? no enemy
Should Divide us; the King is not so cruell.

Col. The King is honourable, and this grace
More answers my ambition, than his gift
Of thee, and all thy beauty, which I can
Love, as becomes thy Souldier, and fight *She weeps.*
To come agen, a conqueror of thee;
Then I must chide this fondnesse.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Madam, the King, and my Lord Cardinal.

Enter King, Cardinall, and Lords.

King. Madam, I come to call a Servant from you,
And ſtrengthen his excuſe; the publick cauſe
Will plead for your conſent; at his return
Your mariage ſhall receive triumphant ceremonies;
Till then you muſt diſpence.

Card. She appears ſad
To part with him, I like it fairly Nephew.

Val. Is not the General a gallant man?
What Lady would deny him a ſmall courteſie?

Cel. Thou haſt converted me, and I begin
To wiſh it were no ſin.

Val. Leave that to narrow Conſciences.

Cel. You are pleaſant.

Val. But he would pleaſe one better. Do ſuch men
Lie with their Pages?

Cel. Would'ſt thou make a ſhift?

Val. He is going to a bloody buſineſs;
'Tis pity he ſhould dye without ſome heir;
That Lady were hard-hearted now that would
Not help poſterity, for the meer good
O'th' King and Common-wealth.

Cel. Thou art wild, we may be obſerv'd.

Dut. Your will muſt guide me, happineſs and conqueſt
Be ever waiting on his ſword.

Col. Farewell. *Ex. K. Col. Card Lo.*

Dut. Pray give leave to examine a few thoughts;
Expect me in the Garden.

Ladies We attend. *Ex. Ladies.*

Dut. This is above all expectation happy;
Forgive me virtue that I have diſſembled,
And witneſs with me, I have not a thought
To tempt or to betray him, but ſecure
The promiſe I firſt made to love and honour.

Enter

Enter Secretary.

Sec. The Count *D'Alvarez* Madam.
Dut. Admit him,
And let none enterrupt us; how ſhall I
Behave my looks? the guilt of my neglect,
Which had no ſeal from hence, will call up blood
To write upon my cheeks the ſhame and ſtory
In ſome red Letter.

Enter D'Alvarez.

D'Alv. Madam, I preſent
One that was glad to obey your Grace, and come
To know what your commands are.
Dut. Where I once
Did promiſe love, a love that had the Power
And office of a Prieſt to chain my heart
To yours, it were injuſtice to command.
D'Alv. But I can look upon you Madam, as
Becomes a ſervant, with as much humility,
(In tenderneſs of your honor and great fortune,)
Give up, when you call back your bounty, all that
Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.
Dut. Hath love taught thee no more aſſurance in
Our mutuall vows, thou canſt ſuſpect it poſſible,
I ſhould revoke a promiſe made to heaven
And thee ſo ſoon? this muſt ariſe from ſome
Diſtruſt of thy own Faith.
D'Alv. Your Graces pardon
To ſpeak with freedom, I am not ſo old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time
Not to ſee when, and where I am at loſs,
And how to bear my fortune, and my wounds,
Which if I look for health muſt ſtill bleed inward,
(A hard and deſperate condition;)
I am not ignorant your birth and greatneſs,

Have

Have plac'd you to grow up with the Kings grace,
And jealouſie, which to remove, his power
Hath choſen a fit object for your beauty
To ſhine upon, *Columbo* his great favorite;
I am a man, on whom but late the King
Has pleas'd to caſt a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wiſely to direct,
And light me to my ſafety. Oh, Dear Madam!
I will not call more witneſs of my love
(If you will let me ſtill give it that name)
Than this, that I dare make my ſelf a loſer,
And to your will give all my bleſſings up;
Preſerve your greatneſs and forget a trifle,
That ſhall at beſt when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.

Dut. Miſery
Of birth and ſtate! that I could ſhift into
A meaner blood, or find ſome art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequall; yet
Thoſe nice diſtinctions have no place in us,
Ther's but a ſhadow difference, a title,
Thy ſtock partakes as much of noble ſap
As that which feeds the root of Kings, and he
That writes a Lord, hath all the eſſence of
Nobility.

D'Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our ſeparation, the Kings diſpleaſure
Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinals
Plot to advance his Nephew; then *Columbo*,
A man made up for ſome prodigious Act,
Is fit to be conſidered; in all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruine to us both.

Dut. Then you do look on theſe with fear.

D'Alv. With eys
That ſhould think tears a duty to lament
Your leaſt unkind fate; but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny o'th' ſtars, whoſe black
Malevolence but ſhoot my ſingle tragedy;
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with ſuch as I am.

Dut. What if *Columbo*
Engag'd to war, in his hot thirſt of honor,
Find out the Way to death?

D'Alv. Tis poſſible.

Dut. Or ſay, no matter by what art or motive
He gives his title up, and leave me to
My own Election?

D'Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there can
Be nothing left to crown me with New bleſſing;
But I dream thus of heaven, and wake to find
My amorous ſoul a mockery; when the Prieſt
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of mariage leave no thought at leaſure to
Look back upon *Alvarez*, that muſt wither
For loſs of you, yet then I cannot loſe
So much of what I was, once in your favour,
But in a ſigh pray ſtill you may live happy. *Exit.*

Dut. My Heart is in a miſt, ſome good ſtar ſmile
Upon my reſolution, and direct
Two lovers in their chaſt embrace to meet;
Columbo's bed contains my winding ſheet. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter General Columbo, Hernando, two Colonels, Alphonſo, two Captains, and other Officers, As at a Councell of War.

Columbo.

I See no face in all this Councell, that
Hath one pale fear upon't though we arriv'd not
So timely to ſecure the Town, which gives
Our enemy ſuch triumph.
1 Colo. 'Twas betraid
Alp. The wealth of that one City
Will make the enemy glorious.
1 Colo. They dare not plunder it.
Alp. They give fair quarter yet,
They only ſeal up mens Eſtates, and keep
Poſſeſſion for the Cities uſe, they take up
No wares without ſecurity, and he
Whoſe ſingle credit will not paſs, puts in
Two leane comrades, upon whoſe bonds tis not
Religion to deny 'em.
Colu. To repair this
With honour Gentlemen?
Her. My opinion is
To expect a while.
Colu. Your reaſon?
Her. Till their own
Surfet betray 'em, for their Souldier
Bred up with coarſe and common bread, will ſhew
Such appetites on the rich cates they find,
They will ſpare our ſwords a victory, when their own
Riot and Luxury deſtroys 'em.
1 Colo. That

Will

Will ſhew our patience too like a fear.
With favour of his excellence I think,
The ſpoil of Cities takes not off the courage,
But doubles it on Souldiers; beſides,
While we have tameneſs to expect, the noiſe
Of their ſucceſs and plenty will encreaſe
Their Army.

Her. 'Tis conſiderable, we do not
Exceed in Foot or Horſe, our Muſter not
'Bove ſixteen thouſand both; and the Infantry
Raw, and not diſciplin'd to act.

Alp. Their hearts,
But with a brave thought of their Countries honour,
Will teach 'em how to fight, had they not ſeen
A Sword; but we decline our own too much,
The men are forward in their arms, and take
The uſe with Avarice of Fame. [*They riſe and talk*

Colu. Colonell. [*privately.*
I do ſuſpect you are a coward.

Her. Sir.

Colu. Or elſe a traytor, take your choice, no more,
I calld you to a Councell Sir, of war,
Yet keep your place.

Her. I have worn other names.

Colu. Deſerve 'em, ſuch
Another were enough to unſoul an Army;
Ignobly talk of patience till they drink
And reel to death? we came to fight and force 'em
To mend their pace; thou haſt no honour in thee,
Not enough noble blood to make a bluſh
For thy tame Eloquence.

Her. My Lord, I know
My duty to a Generall, yet there are
Some that have known me here; Sir, I deſire
To quit my regiment.

Colu. You ſhall have licence. Ink and paper---

Enter

Enter with Paper and Standish.

1 *Col*. The General's displeas'd.

2 *Colo*. How is't *Hernando*?

Her. The Generall has found out employment for me;
He is writing Letters back.

Al Cap. To his Mistress.

Her. Pray do not trouble me, yet prethee speak,
And flatter not thy friend, dost think I dare
Not draw my sword, and use it, when 'cause
With honour calls to action?

Al. Colo. With the most valiant man alive.

Her. You'l do me some displeasure in your loves,
Pray to your places.

Colu. So,
Bear those Letters to the King,
It speaks my resolution before
Another Sun decline to charge the enemy.

Her. A pretty Court way
Of dismissing an Officer, I obey; success
Attend your Counsells. *Exit.*

Colu. If here be any dare not look on danger,
And meet it like a man with scorn of death,
I beg his absence, and a cowards fear
Consume him to a ghost.

1 *Colo*. None such here.

Colu. Or if in all your Regiments you find
One man that does not ask to bleed with honour,
Give him a double pay to leave the Army;
Ther's service to be done, will call the spirits
And aid of Men.

1 *Colo*. You give us all new flame.

Colu. I am confirm'd, and you must lose no time;
The Souldier that was took last night, to me
Discover'd their whole strength, and that we have
A party in the town; the River that

Opens

Opens the City to the West unguarded;
We must this night use art and resolutions,
We cannot fall inglorioussly.

1 *Capt.* That voice is every mans.

Enter Souldier, and Secretary With a Letter.

Colu. What now?

Soul. Letters.

Colu. Whence?

Soul. From the Dutchess.

Colu. They are welcome;
Meet at my Tent again this evening; yet stay,
Some Wine—— The Dutchess health—
See it go round.

Sec. It wo'not please his Excellence.

1 *Colo.* The Dutchess health.

2 *Cap.* To me! more wine.

Sec. The Clouds are gathering, and his eys shoot fire;
Observe what thunder follows.

2 *Cap.* The Generall has but ill news, I suspect
The Dutchess sick, or else the King.

1 *Cap.* May be the Cardinal.

2 *Cap.* His soul has long been look'd for.

Colu. She dares not be so insolent! it is
The Dutchess hand; how am I shrunk in Fame
To be thus plaid withall? she writes, and counsels,
Under my hand to send her back a free
Resigne of all my interest to her person,
Promise, or love; that ther's no other way
With safety of my honour to revisit her.
The woman is possest with some bold Devil,
And wants an exorcism; or I am grown
A cheap, dull, phlegmatick fool, a Post that's carv'd
I'th' common street, and holding out my forehead
To every scurrill wit to pin disgrace
And libells on't; did you bring this to me Sir?

My

My thanks shall warm your heart. [Draws a
Sec. Hold, hold, my Lord. [Pistoll.
I know not what provokes this tempest, but
Her Grace ne'r shew'd more freedom from a storm
When I receiv'd this paper; if you have
A will to do an execution,
Your looks without that engin, Sir, may serve.
I did not like the employment.
Colu. Ha, had she
No symptome in her eye, or face, of anger
When she gave this in charge?
Sec. *Serene*, as I
Have seen the morning rise upon the spring,
No trouble in her breath, but such a wind
As came to kiss and fan the smiling flowers.
Colu. No Poetry.
Sec. By all the truth in prose,
By honesty, and your own honour Sir,
I never saw her look more calm, and gentle.
Colu. I am too passionate, you must forgive me;
I have found it out, the Dutchess loves me dearly,
She expresst a trouble in her when I took
My leave, and chid me with a sullen ey;
'Tis a device to hasten my return;
Love has a thousand arts; I'l answer it,
Beyond her expectation, and put
Her soul to a noble test; your patience Gentlemen;
The Kings health will deserve a sacrifice of Wine.
Sec. I am glad to see this change, and thank my wit
For my redemption. (Master.
1 *Col.* Sir, The Souldiers curse on him loves not our
2 *Col.* And they curse loud enough to be heard.
2 *Cap.* Their curse has the nature of Gunpowder.
Sec. They do not pray with half the noise.
1 *Col* Our Generall is not well mixt,
He has too great a portion of fire.

2 *Colo.* His

2 *Col.* His Miſtris cool him, her complexion
Carries ſome phlegm, when they two meet in bed?
2 *Cap.* A third may follow.
1 *Cap.* 'Tis much pity.
The young Duke liv'd not to take the virgin off. (ers.
1 *Col.* 'Twas the Kings act to match two Rabbet ſuck-
2 *Col.* A common trick of State,
The little great man marries, travells then
Till both grow up; and dies when he ſhould do
The feat; theſe things are ſtill unlucky
On the male ſide.
Colv. This to the Dutcheſs fair hand.
Sc. She will think
Time hath no wing, till I return.
Colu. Gentlemen,
Now each man to his quarter, and encourage
The Souldier; I ſhall take a pride to know
Your diligence, when I viſit all your
Severall commands.
Omnes. We ſhall expect,
2 *Col.* And move by your directions.
Colu. Y'are all noble. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinal, Dutcheſs, Placentia.

Card. I ſhall perform a viſit dayly, Madam,
In th' abſence of my Nephew, and be happy,
If you accept my care.
Dut. You have honour'd me,
And if your entertainment have not been
Worthy your Graces perſon, 'tis becauſe
Nothing can reach it in my power; but where
There is no want of zeal, other defect
Is only a fault to exerciſe your mercy.
Card. You are bounteous in all; I take my leave;
My fair Neece, ſhortly, when *Columbo* has
Purchas'd more honours to prefer his name,

And value to your noble thoughts; mean time
Be confident you have a friend, whose Office,
And favour with the King, shall be effectuall
To serve your Grace.

Dut. Your own good deeds reward you,
Till mine rise equall to deserve their benefit.

Exit Cardinal.

Leave me a while. *Exit Placen.*

Do not I walk upon the teeth of serpents;
And, as I had a charm against their poyson,
Play with their stings, the Cardinal is subtle?
Whom tis not wisdom to incense, till I
Hear to what destinie *Columbo* leaves me;
May be the greatness of his soul will scorn
To own what comes with murmur, If he can
Interpret me so happily; art come?

Enter Secretary with a Letter.

Sec. His Excellence salutes your Grace.

Dut: Thou hast
A malencholy brow; how did he take my Letter?

Sec. As he would take a blow, with so much sense
Of anger, his whole soul boild in his face,
And such prodigious flame in both his eys
As they'd been th' only seat of fire; and at
Each look a *Salamander* leaping forth,
Not able to endure the Furnace.

Dut. Ha! thou dost
Describe him with some horror.

Sec. Soon as he
Had read again, and understood your meaning,
His rage had shot me with a pistoll, had not
I us'd some soft, and penitentiall language,
To charm the Bullet.

Dut. Wait at some more distance;
My soul doth bath it self in a cold dew;

Im-

Imagin, I am opening of a Tomb,
Thus I throw off the Marble to discover,
What antick posture death presents in this
Pale monument to fright me--- *Reads.*
Ha? my heart that call'd my blood and spirits, to
Defend it from the invasion of my fears,
Must keep a guard about it still, lest this
Strange and too mighty joy crush it to nothing.
Antonio.
Sec. Madam.
Duc. Bid my Steward give thee
Two thousand Ducates; art sure I am awake?
Sec. I shall be able to resolve you, Madam,
When he has paid the money.
Duc. Columbo now is noble. *Exit. Duc.*
Sec. This is better than I expected, if my Lady be
Not mad, and live to justifie her bounty. *Exit.*

Enter King, Alvarez, Hernando, Lords.

King. The War is left to him. but we must have
You reconcil'd, if that be all your difference.
His rage flows like a torrent, when he meets
With opposition, leave to wrastle with him,
And his hot blood retreats into a calm,
And then he chides his passion; you shall back
With letters from us.
Her. Your Commands, are not
To be disputed.
Kin. Alvarez.
1 *Lo.* Lose not
Your self by cool submission, he will find
His error, and the want of such a Souldier.
2 *Lo.* Have you seen the Cardinal?
Her. Not yet.
1 *Lo.* He wants no plot---
Her. The King I must obey;

But let the purple Gownman place his engins
I'th' dark that wounds me.
2 Lo. Be assur'd
Of what we can to friend you, and the King
Cannot forget your service.
Her. I am sorry
For that poor Gentleman.
Alvar. I must confess, Sir,
The Dutchess has been pleas'd to think me worthy
Her favours, and in that degree of honour,
That has oblig'd my life to make the best
Return of service, which is not, with bold
Affiance in her love, to interpose
Against her happiness, and your election;
I love so much her honour, I have quitted
All my desires, yet would not shrink to bleed
Out my warm stock of life, so the last drop
Might benefit her wishes.
Ki. I shall find
A compensation for this act, *Alvarez*,
It hath much pleased us.

Enter Dutchess with a Letter, Gentleman-Vsher.

Dut. Sir, you are the King,
And in that sacred title it were sin
To doubt a justice, all that does concern
My essence in this world, and a great part
Of the other bliss, lives in you breath.
Ki. What intends the Dutchess?
Dut. That will instruct you, Sir, *Columbo* has
Upon some better choice, or discontent,
Set my poor soul at freedom.
Ki. 'Tis his character--- *Reads.*
Madam, I easily discharge all my pretensions
To your love, and person, I leave you to your

Own

Own choice, and in what you have obliged
Your ſelf to me, reſume a power to cancell
If you pleaſe. *Columbo.*

This is ſtrange.

Dut. Now do an act to make
Your Chronicle belov'd and read for ever.

Ki. Expreſs your ſelf.

Dut. Since by Divine infuſion,
For tis no art could force the Generall to
This Change, ſecond this juſtice and beſtow
The heart you would have given from me, by
Your ſtrict commands to love *Colnmbo*, where
'Twas meant by heaven, and let your breath return
Whom you divorc'd, *Alvarez*, mine.

Lords. This is but juſtice, Sir.

Ki. It was decreed above,
And ſince *Colnmbo* has releas'd his intereſt
Which we had wrought him, not without ſome force
Upon your will I give you your own wiſhes,
Receive your own *Alvarez*, when you pleaſe
To celebrate your Nuptial, I invite
My ſelf your gueſt.

Dut. Eternall bleſſiings Crown you.

Omnes. And every joy your Mariage [*Exit King, who*
[*meets the Cardinal, they confer.*

Alvar. I know not whether I ſhall wonder moſt
Or joy to meet this happineſs.

Dut. Now the King hath planted us
Methinks we grow already, and twiſt our loving ſouls
Above the wrath of thunder to divide us.

Alv. Ha? The Cardinal
Has met the King, I do not like this conference;
He looks with anger this way, I expect
A tempeſt.

Dut. Take no notice of his preſence,
Leave me to meet, and anſwer it, if the King

Be firm in's Royall word, I fear no lightning;
Expect me in the Garden.
Alv. I obey,
But fear a ſhipwrack on the coaſt. *Exit.*
Card. Madam.
Dut. My Lord.
Car. The King ſpeaks of a Letter that has brought
A riddle in't.
Dut. Tis eaſy to interpret.
Car. From my Nephew? may I deſerve the favour?
Dut. He looks as though his eys would fire the paper.
They are a pair of Burning glaſſes, and
His envious blood doth give 'em flame.
Car. What lethargy could thus unſpirit him?
I am all wonder; do not believe Madam,
But that *Columbo's* love is yet more Sacred,
To honour, and your ſelf, than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the King,
From whom he took you with more pride than ever
He came from victory; his kiſſes hang
Yet panting on your lips, and he but now
Exchang'd religious farewell to return,
But with more triumph to be yours.
Dut. My Lord,
You do believe your Nephews hand was not
Surpriz'd or ſtrain'd to this? (dark,
Car. Strange arts and windings in the world, moſt
And ſubtill progreſſes; who brought this Letter?
Dut. I enquir'd not his name, I thought it not
Conſiderable to take ſuch narrow knowledge.
Car. Deſert, and honour urg'd it here, nor can
I blame you to be angry, yet his perſon
Oblig'd, you ſhould have given a nobler pauſe,
Before you made your faith and change ſo violent
From his known worth, into the arms of one,

How

How ever fashioned to your amorous wish,
Not equall to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of blood and merit.
Dut. This comparison,
My good Lord Cardinal, I cannot think,
Flows from an even justice, it betrayes
You partiall where your blood runs.
Car. I fear Madam,
Your own takes two much licence, and will soon,
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues;
Because *Alvarez* has a softer cheek,
Can like a woman trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man,
Or honour to your bed; must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur when it catches
The sent of a lost Fame--
Dut. My Fame Lord Cardinal?
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven,
I shall not urge my Lord your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Car. You are a fine Court Lady.
Dut. And you should be a reverend Churchman.
Car. One, that if you have not thrown off modesty.
Would counsell you to leave *Alvarez*.
Dut. Cause you dare do worse
Than Mariage, must not I be admitted what
The Church and Law allowes me?
Car. Insolent? then you dare marry him?
Dut. Dare? Let your contracted flame and malice, with
Columbo's rage higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand, wee'l break through all your force and fix
Our sacred vows together there.

Car. I knew
When with as chaſt a brow, you promis'd fair
To another; you are no diſſembling Lady.
Dut. Would all your actions had no falſer lights
About 'em.
Car Ha?
Dut. The people would not talk and curſe ſo loud.
Car. I'l have you chid into a bluſh for this.
Dut. Begin at home great man, ther's cauſe enough,
You turn the wrong end of the perſpective
Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far,
And leſſer ſight, but let your eys look right
What giants would your pride and ſurfeit ſeem?
How groſs your avarice, eating up whole families?
How vaſt are your corruptions and abuſe
Of the Kings ear? at which you hang a pendent,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honeſt
Nobility, like pictures in the Arras,
Serve only for Court-Ornament; if they ſpeak,
'Tis when you ſet their tongues, which you wind up,
Like clocks to ſtrike at the juſt hour you pleaſe;
Leave, leave, my Lord, theſe uſurpations,
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,
Not let in Agues to Religion;
Look on the Churches wounds.
Car. You dare preſume
In your rude ſpleen to me, to abuſe the Church?
Dut. Alas you give falſe aym, my Lord, 'tis your
Ambition and Scarlet Sins that tob
Her Altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow; which fetches grief, and paleneſs,
Into her cheeks; Making her troubled boſome
Pant with her groanes, and ſhroud her holy bluſhes
Within your reverend purples.
Car. Will you now take breath?
Dut. In hope, my Lord, you will behold your ſelf

In

In a true glaſs, and ſee thoſe injuſt acts
That ſo deform you, and by timely cure,
Prevent a ſhame before the ſhort haird men
Do croud and call for juſtice. I take leave. *Exit.*

Car. This woman has a ſpirit, that may riſe
To tame the Devils, ther's no dealing with
Her angry tongue, 'tis action and revenge
Muſt calm her fury; were *Columbo* here,
I could reſolve, but Letters ſhall be ſent
To th' Army which may wake him into ſenſe
Of his raſn folly, or direct his ſpirit
Some way to ſnatch his honour from this flame,
All great men know, *The ſoul of life is fame.* *Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Valeria, Celinda.

Valeria.

I Did not think *Celinda* when I prais'd
Alvarez to the Dutcheſs, that things thus
Would come about. what does your Ladiſhip
Think of *Columbo* now? it ſtaggers all
The Court, he ſhould forſake his Miſtreſs, I
Am loſt with wonder yet.

Celind. 'Tis very ſtrange
Without a ſpel; but ther's a fate in love,
I like him ne'r the worſe.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lo.* Nothing but mariages, and triumph now.

Val. What new acceſs of joy, makes you, my Lord,
So pleaſant?

1 *Lo.* Ther's a Packet come to Court

Makes

Makes the King merry, we are all concernd in't?
Columbo hath given the enemy a great,
And glorious defeat, and is already
Preparing to march home.
Cel. He thriv'd the better for my prayers.
2 *Lo.* You have been his great admirer, Madam.
1 *Lo.* The King longs to see him.
Val. This news exalts the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal.

1 *Lo.* He's here,
He appears with discontent, the Mariage
With Count *D'Alvarez* hath a bitter tast,
And not worn off his palat; but let us leave him.
Ladies. We'l to the Dutchess. *Exeunt. manet Car.*
Card. He has not woon so much upon the *Arragon*
As he has lost at home, and his neglect
Of what my studies had contriv'd to adde
More luster to our Family by the access
Of the great Dutchess fortune, cools his triumph,
And makes me wild.

Enter Hernando.

Her. My good Lord Cardinal.
Car. You made complaint to th' King about your Ge-neral.
Her. Not a complaint my Lord, I did but satisfie
Some questions o'the Kings.
Car. You see he thrives
Without your personal valour, or advice,
Most grave and learned in the wars.
Her. My Lord,
I Envy not his fortune.
Car. 'Tis above
Your Malice, and your noise not worth his anger,
'Tis barking gainst the moon.
Her. More temper would

Become

Become that habit.

Car. The Military thing would ſhew ſome ſpleen;
I'l blow an Army of ſuch Waſps about
The world; go look your ſting you left i'th' Camp, Sir.

Enter King, and Lords.

Her. The King. *Exit.*
This may be one day counted for.

K. All things conſpire my Lord to make you fortunate,
Your Nephews glory --

Car. 'Twas your cauſe and juſtice
Made him victorious, had he been ſo valiant
At home, he had had another conqueſt to
Invite and bid her welcome to new wars.

K. You muſt be reconcil'd to providence, my Lord;
I heard you had a controvercy with
The Dutcheſs, I will have you friends.

Car. I am not Angry.

K. For my ſake then you ſhall be pleas'd,
And with me grace the Mariage;
A Churchman muſt ſhew Charity, and ſhine
With firſt example, ſhe's a woman.

Car. You ſhall preſcribe in all things; Sir, you cannot
Accuſe my love, if I ſtill wiſh my Nephew
Had been ſo happy to be conſtant to
Your own, and my election; yet my brain
Cannot reach how this comes about; I know
My Nephew lov'd her with a near affection.

Enter Hernando.

K. He'l give you fair account at his return.
Colonel, your Letters may be ſpar'd, the General
Has finiſh'd, and is coming home.

Her. I am glad on't, ſir; my good Lord Cardinal
'Tis not impoſſible but ſome man provok'd,
May have a precious mind to cut your throat.

Car. You

Car. You ſhall command me Noble Coſonel;
I know you wo'not fail to be at th'wedding.

Her. 'Tis not *Columbo* that is maried Sir.

Car. Go teach the poſtures of the Pike and Musket;
Then dril your *Mirmidons* into a ditch,
Where ſterve, and ſtink in pickle, you ſhall find
Me reaſonable, you ſee the King expects me.

Her. So does the Devill; ſome deſperate hand
May help you on your journey. *Exeunt.*

Enter Secretary and Servants. (the

Sec. Here this, I this will fit your part: you ſhall wear Slaſhes, becauſe you are a Souldier; here's for the blue mute.

1 This doublet will never fit me, Pox ont', are theſe Breeches good enough for a Prince too? *Pedro* playes but a Lord, and he has two laces more in a ſeam.

Sec. You muſt conſider *Pedro* is a fooliſh Lord, he may wear what lace he pleaſe.

2 Does my beard fit my cloathes well Gentlemen?

Sec Pox o'your beard.

3 That will fright away the hair.

1 This fellow plays but a mute, & he is ſo troubleſome, and talks.

3 Mr. Secretary might have let *Iaques* play the ſoldier, He has a black patch already.

2 By your favour Mr. Secretary, I was ask'd who writ this play for us.

Sec. For u? why art thou any more than a blew mute?

2 And by my troth, I ſaid, I thought it was all your own.

Sec. Away you Coxcomb.

4 Do'ſt think he has no more wit then to write a Comedy? my Ladies Chaplain made the Play, though he is content for the honour and tronble of the buſineſs, to be ſeen in't.

Enter

Enter 5th. *Servant.*

5 Did any body ſee my head Gentlemen 'twas here but now? I ſhall have never a head to play my part in.

Sec. Is thy head gone? 'tis well thy part was not in't, Look, look about, has not *Iaques* it?

4 His head? two'not come on upon my ſhoulders.

Sec. Make haſt Gentlemen I'l ſee whether the King has ſup'd; Look every man to his wardrop and his part.

Exit.

2 Is he gone? in my mind a maſque had been fitter for a mariage.

4 Why mute? there was no time for't, and the ſcenes Are troubleſome.

2 Half a ſcore Deal tack'd together in the clouds, what's that? a Throne to come down and dance; all the properties have been paid forty times over, and are in the Court ſtock, but the Secretary muſt have a play to ſhew his wit.

4 Did not I tell thee twas the Chaplains? hold your tongue Mute.

1 Under the Roſe and would this cloth of Silver doublet might never come off agen, if there be any more plot then you ſee in the back of my hand.

2 You talk of a plot, I'l not give this for the beſt Poets plot in the world and if it be not well carryed.

4 Well ſaid Mnte.

3 Ha, ha; *Pedro* ſince he put on his doublet, has repeated but three lines, and he has broke five butt ons.

2 I know not but by this falſe beard, and here's hair enough to hang a reaſonable honeſt man, I do not remember to ſay a ſtrong line indeed in the whole Comedy; but when the Chambermaid kiſſes the Captain.

3 Excellent mute.

Enter

Enter another Servant.

5 They have almoſt ſup'd, and I cannot find my head yet.

4 play in thine own.

5 I hank you for that, ſo I may have it made a property, if I have not a head found me, let Mr. Secretary play my part himſelf without it.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Are you all ready my Maſters? the King is coming through the Gallery, are the women dreſt?

1 *Rogero* wants a head.

Sec. Here with a pox to you, take mine, you a player? You a puppy-dog is the Muſick ready?

Enter Gentleman-Vſher.

Gent. Gentlemen, it is my Ladies pleaſure that you expect till ſhe call for you, there are a company of Cavaliers in gallant Equipage newly alighted, have offer'd to preſent their Revels in honour of this *Hymen*; and 'tis her Graces command, that you be ſilent till their Entertainment be over.

1 Gentlemen?

2 Affronted?

5 Mr. Secretary, ther's your head again; a man's a man; have I broken my ſleep to ſtudy fifteen lines for an Ambaſſador, and after that a Conſtable, and is it come to this?

Sec. Patience Gentlemen, be not ſo hot, tis but defer'd, and the play may do well enough cold.

4 If it be not preſented, the Chaplain will have the greateſt loſs, he loſes his wits. *Hoboies.*

Sec. This Muſick ſpeaks the King upon entrance; retire, retire, and grumble not. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King, Cardinal, Alvarez, Dutchess, Celinda, Valeria, Placentia, Lords, Hernando; (they being set) Enter Columbo, and five more in rich habits Visarded; between every two a torch bearer: They Dance, and after beckon to Alvarez as desirous to speak with him.

Alv. With me! [*They Embrace and whisper.*

K. Do you know the Masquers Madam?

Dut. Not I Sir.

Car. Ther's one, but that my Nephew is abroad,
And has more soul than thus to Jyg upon
Their *Hymenrall* night, I should suspect
'Twere he. [*The Masquers lead in Alvarez.*

Dut. Wher's my Lord *D' Alvarez*? [*Recorders.*

K. Call in the Bridegroom.

Enter Columbo, four Masquers, bring in Alvarez dead, in one of their habits, and having laid him down, Exeunt.

Dut. What Mistery is this?

Car. We want the Bridegroom still.

K. Where is *Alvarez* [*Columbo points to*

Dut. Oh 'tis my Lord hee's murder'd. [*the body, they unvizard it, & find*

K. Who durst commit this horrid act? [*Alvar. bleeding.*

Col. I Sir.

K. Columbo? ha!

Col. Yes; *Columbo* that dares stay
To justifie that act.

Her. Most barbarous.

Dut. Oh my deareſt Lord!

K. Our guard seize on them all, this sight doth shake
All that is man within me; poor *Alvarez*
Is this thy wedding day? *Enter Guard.*

Dut. If you do think there is a heaven or pains,
To punish such black crimes i'th' other world,

Let

Let me have swift, and such exemplar justice
As shall become this great assasinate,
You will take off our faith else, and if here
Such innocence must bleed, and you look on,
Poor men that call you Gods on earth, will doubt
To obey your Laws, nay practise to be Devils,
As fearing if such monstrous sins go on
The Saints will not be safe in Heaven.
K. You shall,
You shall have justice.
Car. Now to come off were brave.
Enter Servant.
Ser. The Masquers, Sir, are fled, their horse prepar'd
At gate expected to receive 'em, where
They quickly mounted, coming so like friends
None could suspect their hast, which is secur'd
By advantage of the night.
Col. I answer for 'em all, 'tis stake enough
For many lives, but if that poniard
Had voice, it would convince they were but all
Spectators of my act; and now if you
Will give your judgments leave, though at the first
Face of this object your cool bloods were frighted,
I can excuse this deed and call it Justice;
An act, your honours, and your office Sir,
Is bound to build a Law upon, for others
To Imitate; I have but took his life,
And punish'd her with mercy, who had both
Conspir'd to kill the soul of all my fame
Read there,---and read an injury as deep
In my dishpnour, as the Devill knew
A Woman had capacity or malice
To execute read there, how you were cozen'd Sir,
Your power affronted, and my faith, her smiles
A jugling witchcraft to betray and make
My love her horse to stalk withall, and catch
Her curled Minion.
Car. Is

Car. Is it possible
The Dutchess could dissemble so, and forfeit
Her modesty with you, and to us all?
Yet I must pity her; my Nephew has
Been too severe, though this affront would call
A dying man from prayers, and turn him Tiger,
There being nothing dearer than our fame;
Which, If a common man, whose blood has no
Ingredient of honour, labour to
Preserve, a Souldier (by his neareſt tye
To glory) is above all others, bound
To vindicate; and yet it might have been less bloody:
Her. Charitable Devill!

K. Reads. *I Pray, my Lord, release under your hand, what you dare challenge in my love or person, as a just forfeit to my self, this act will speak you honorable to my thoughts, and when you have conquered thus your self, you may proceed to many victories, and after, with safety of your fame visit again*

The lost *Rosaura.*

To this your Answer was a free resign?
Col. Flatter'd with great opinion of her faith,
And my desert of her (with thought that she,
Who seem'd to weep and chide my easie will
To part with her, could not be guilty of
A treason, or Apostacy so soon,
But rather meant this a device to make
Me expedite the affairs of War) I sent
That paper, which her wickedness, not justice,
Applied (what I meant tryall) her divorce;
I lov'd her so, I dare call heaven to witness
I knew not whether I lov'd most; while she,
With him, whose crimson penitence I provok'd,
Conspir'd my everlasting infamy;
Examine but the circumstance.

Car. 'Tis clear,
This Match was made at home before she sent
That cunning writ, in hope to take him off,
As knowing his impatient Soul would scorn
To own a blessing came on crutches to him;
It was not well to raise his expectation,
(Had you, Sir, no affront) to ruine him
With so much scandall and contempt.
K. We have
Too plentifull a circumstance to accuse
You Madam, as the cause of your own sorrows,
But not without an accessary, more
Than young *Alvarez.*
Car. Any other instrument?
K. Yes I am guilty, with her self, and *Don Columbo*, though our acts look'd severall waies,
That thought a lover might so soon be ransom'd;
And did exceed the office of a King
To exercise dominion over hearts,
That owe to the prerogative of heaven
Their choice, or Separation; you must therefore,
When you do kneel for Justice, and Revenge,
Madam, consider me a laterall agent
In poor *Alvarez* Tragedy.
1 *Lo.* It was your love to *Don Columbo* Sir.
Her. So, so; the King is charm'd; do you observe,
How to acquit *Columbo*, he would draw
Himself into the plot; Heaven, is this Justice?
Car. Your Judgment is divine in this.
K. And yet,
Columbo cannot be secure, and we
Just in his pardon, that durst make so great,
And insolent a breach of Law and Duty.
2 *Lo.* Ha, Will he turn agen?
K. And should we leave
This guilt of blood to Heaven, which cries, and strikes,

With

With loud appeals the palace of eternity,
Yet here is more to charge *Columbo*, than
Alvarez blood, and bids me punish it,
Or be no King.
Her. 'Tis come about my Lords.
K. And If I should forgive
His timeless death, I cannot the offence,
That with such boldness struck at me. Has my
Indulgence to your merits which are great
Made me so cheap, your rage could meet no time
Nor place for your revenge, but where my eys
Must be affrighted, and affronted with
The bloody execution? This contempt
Of Majesty trar scends my power to pardon,
And you shall feel my anger Sir.
Her. Thou shalt have one short prayer more for that.
Col. Have I i'th' progress of my life
No actions to plead me up deserving,
Against this ceremony?
Car. Contain your self.
Col. I must be dumb then: where is honour?
And gratitude of Kings, when they forget
Whose hand secur'd their greatness? take my head off,
Examine then which of your silken Lords,
As I have done, will throw himself on dangers;
Like to a floting Iland move in blood;
And where your great defence calls him to stand
A Bullwark, upon his bold brest to take
In death, that you may live: but Souldiers are
Your valiant fools, whom when your own securities
Are bleeding you can cherish, but when once
Your state and nerves are knit, not thinking when
To use their surgery again, you cast
Them off, and let them hang in dusty armories,
Or make it death to ask for pay.
K. No more,

We thought to have put your victory and merits
In ballance with *Alvarez* death, which while
Our mercy was to Iudge, had been your ſafety;
But the affront to us, made greater by
This boldneſs to upbraid our royall bounty,
Shall tame or make you nothing.

Lor. Excellent.

Her. The Cardinal is not pleas'd.

Car. Humble your ſelf
To th' King.

Col. And beg my life? let cowards do't
That dare not dy, I'l rather have no head
Than owe it to his Charity.

K. To th' Caſtle with him.
Madam, I leave you to your grief, and what
The King can recompence to your tears, or honor
Of your dead Lord, expect.

Dut. This ſhews like Iuſtice. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter two Lords, Hernando.

1 *Lord.*

THis is the age of wonders.

2 *Lo.* Wonderous miſchiefs. (Angels,

Her. Among thoſe guards which ſome call Tutelar
Whoſe office is to govern Provinces,
Is there not one will undertake *Navarre*?
Hath heaven forſook us quite?

1 *Columbo* at large?

2 And grac'd now more than ever.

1 He was not pardon'd,
That word was prejudiciall to his fame.

Her. But

Her. But as the murder done had been a dream
Vaniſh'd to memory, he's courted as
Preſerver of his Country; with what chains
Of Magick does this Cardinal hold the King?

2 What will you ſay my Lord if they inchant
The Dutcheſs now; and by ſome impudent art,
Advance a Mariage to *Columbo* yet?

Her. Say? I'l ſay no woman can be ſav'd, nor is't
Fit, indeed, any ſhould pretend to Heaven
After one ſuch impiety in their ſex,
And yet my faith has been ſo ſtager'd, ſince
The King reſtor'd *Columbo*, I'l be now
Of no Religion.

1 'Tis not poſſible
She can forgive the murder, I obſerv'd
Her tears.

Her. Why ſo did I, my Lord,
And if they be not honeſt, 'tis to be
Half damn'd to look upon a woman weeping.
When do you think the Cardinal ſaid his prayers?

2 I know not.

Her. Heaven forgive my want of charity
But if I were to kill him, he ſhould have
No time to pray, his life could be no ſacrifice,
Unleſs his ſoul went too.

1 That were too much.

Her. When you mean to diſpatch him, you may give
Time for Confeſſion, they have injur'd me
After another rate.

2 You are too paſſionate Cozen.

Enter Columbo, Colonels, Alfonſo, Courtiers,
(they paſs over the Stage.)

Her. How the gay men do flutter to congratulate
His Goal delivery? ther's one honeſt man,
What pity 'tis a gallant fellow ſhould

Depend on knaves for his preferment.

1 Except this cruelty upon *Alvarez*,
Columbo has no mighty ſtain upon him;
But for his Uncle——

Her. If I had a Son
Of twelve years old, that would not fight with him,
And ſtake his ſoul againſt his Cardinals Cap,
I would diſ-inherit him; Time has took a leaſe
But for three lives I hope, a fourth may ſee
Honeſty walk without a crutch.

2 This is
But Air and Wildneſs.

Her. I'l ſee the Dutcheſs,
You may do well to comfort her,

1 We muſt attend the King.

Her. your pleaſures. *Exit Her.*

Enter King and Cardinal.

1 A Man of a brave ſoul.

2 The leſs his ſafety;
The King and Cardinal in conſult.

K. Commend us to the Dutcheſs, and imploy
What language you think fit, and powerfull
To reconcile her to ſome peace. My Lords.

Car. Sir, I poſſeſs all for your ſacred uſes.

Exeunt Severally.

Enter Secretary and Celinda.

Sec. Madam, you are the welcom'ſt Lady living.

Cel. To whom, Mr. Secretary?

Sec. If you have mercy
To pardon ſo much boldneſs, I durſt ſay,
To me--I am a Gentleman.

Cel. And handſome.

Sec. But my Lady has much wanted you.

Cel. Why Mr. Secretary?

Sec. You

Sec. You are the prettieſt,
Cel. So.
Sec. The witieſt,
Cel. So.
Sec. The merrieſt Lady i'th' Court.
Cel. And I was wiſh'd to make the Dutcheſs pleaſant.
Sec. She never had ſo deep a cauſe of ſorrow,
Her Chamber's but a Coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein ſhe walks ſo like a Ghoſt,
T'would make you pale to ſee her.
Cel. Tell her Grace I attend here.
Sec. I ſhall moſt willingly.
A ſpirited Lady, would I had her in my cloſet,
She is excellent company among the Lords,
Sure ſhe has an admirable treble-- Madam. *Exit.*
Cel. I do ſuſpect this fellow would be nibling
Like ſome whoſe narrow fortunes will not riſe
To wear things when the inventions rare, and new,
But treading on the heel of pride, they hunt
The faſhion when tis crippled, like fell tyrants;
I hope I am not old yet, I had the honour
To be ſaluted by our Cardinals Nephew
This Morning, ther's a man!

Enter Secretary.

Sec. I have prevail'd,
Sweet Madam uſe what Eloquence you can
Upon her, and if ever I be uſefull (me.
To your Ladiſhips ſervice, your leaſt breath commands

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dut. Madam, I come to ask you but one queſtion,
If you were in my State, my ſtate of grief,
I mean an exile from all happineſs,
Of this world, and almoſt of heaven, for my
Affliction is finding out deſpair,

What would you think of *Don Columbo*?

Cel. Madam?

Duc. Whose Bloody hand wrought all this misery?
Would you not weep as I do? and wish rather
An everlasting spring of tears to drown
Your sight, than let your eys be curst to see
The murderer agen? and glorious?
So careless of his sin, that he is made
Fit for new *Parricide*, even while his soul
Is purpled o'r, and reeks with innocent blood.
But do not, do not answer me, I know
You have so great a spirit, (which I want,
The horrour of his fact surprising all
My faculties) you would not let him live:
But I, poor I, must suffer more, ther's not
One little star in Heaven will look on me,
Unless to choose me out the mark, on whom
It may shoot down some angry influence.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam, her's *Don Columbo* says he must
Speak with your Grace.

Duc. But he must not, I charge you.
None else wait? Is this well done,
To triumph in his Tyranny? speak Madam,
Speak but your conscience.

Enter Columbo, and Secretary.

Sec. Sir, you must not see her.

Col. Not see her? were she cabled up above
The search of Bullet, or of Fire, were she
Within her Grave, and that the tougheſt Mine
That ever nature teem'd and groand withall,
I would force some way to see her; do not fear
I come to Court you Madam, y'are not worth
The humblest of my kinder thoughts, I come

To

To ſhew the man you have prokvo'd, and loſt;
And tell you what remains of my revenge.
Live, but never preſume again to marry,
I'l kill the next at th' Altar, and quench all
The ſmiling tapers with his blood; if after
You dare provoke the Prieſt, and heaven ſo much,
To take another, in thy bed I'l cut him from
Thy warm embracc, and throw his heart to Ravens.

Cel. This will appear an unexampled cruelty.

Col. Your pardon Madam, rage, and my revenge
Not perfect, took away my eys, you are
A noble Lady, this, not worth your ey-beam,
One of ſo ſlight a making, and ſo thin,
An Autumn leaf is of too great a value
To play, which ſhall be ſooneſt loſt i'th' Air;
Be pleas'd to own me by ſome name, in your
Aſſurance, I deſpiſe to be receiv'd
There, let her witneſs that I call
You Miſtreſs; honour me to make theſe Pearls
Your carkanet.

Cel. My Lord, you are too humble in your thoughts.

Col. Ther's no vexation too great to puniſh her.

Exit.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Now Nadam?

Cel. Away you ſaucy fellow; Madam, I
Muſt be excus'd, if I do think more honourably
Than you have cauſe of this great Lord.

Dut. Why is not
All woman kind concern'd to hate what's impious?

Cel. For my part---

Dut. *Antonio*, is this a woman?

Sec. I know not whether ſhe be man or woman,
I ſhould be nimble to find out the Experiment,
She look'd with leſs ſtate, when *Columbo* came.

Dut. Let

Dut. Let me entreat your abſence, I am cozen'd in her,
I took you for a modeſt, honeſt Lady.
Cel. Madam, I ſcorn any accuſer, and
Deducting the great title of a Dutcheſs,
I ſhall not need one grain of your dear honour
To make me full weight, if your Grace be jealous
I can remove. *Exit.*
Sec. She is gone.
Dut. Prethee remove
My fears of her return,--ſhe is not worth *Ex. Sec.*
Conſidering, my anger's mounted higher;
He need not put in caution for my next
Marriage, *Alvarez*, I muſt come to thee,
Thy Virgin, Wife, and Widdow, but not till
I ha' paid thoſe Tragick duties to thy Herſe,
Become my piety and love, but how?
Who ſhall inſtruct a way?

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam, *Don*
Hernando much deſires to ſpeak with you.
Dut. Will not thy own diſcretion think I am
Unfit for viſit.
Pla. Pleaſe your Grace he brings
Something he ſays imports your ear, and love
Of the dead Lord *Alvarez*.
Dut. Then admit him.

Enter Hernando.

Her. I would ſpeak, Madam, to your ſelf.
Dut. Your abſence.
Her. I know not how you Grace wil cenſure ſo
Much boldneſs, when you know the affairs I come for.
Dut. My Servant has prepar'd me to receive it,
If it concern my dead Lord.
Her. Can you name

So

So much of your *Alvarez* in a breath
Without one word of your revenge? O Madam,
I come to chide you, and repent my great
Opinion of your virtue, that can walk,
And ſpend ſo many hours in naked Solitude,
As if you thought that no arrears were due
To his death, when you had paid his Funerall charges,
Made your eys red, and wept a handkercher;
I come to tell you that I ſaw him bleed,
I, that can challenge nothing in his name,
And honour, ſaw his murder'd body warm,
And panting with the labour of his ſpirits,
Till my amaz'd Soul ſhrunk and hid it ſelf,
While barbarous *Columbo* grinning ſtood,
And mock'd the weeping wounds; it is too much
That you ſhould keep your heart alive, ſo long
After this ſpectacle, and not revenge it.

Duk. You do not know the buſineſs of my heart,
That cenſure me ſo raſhly; yet I thank you,
And if you be *Alvarez* friend, dare tell
Your confidence, that I deſpiſe my life,
But know not how to uſe it in a ſervice,
To ſpeak me his revenger, this will need
No other proof, than that to you, who may
Be ſent with cunning to betray me, I
Have made this bold confeſſion, I ſo much
Deſire to ſacrifice to that hovering Ghoſt,
Columbo's life, that I am not ambitious
To keep my own two minutes after it.

Her. If you will call me coward, which is equall
To think I am a Traytor, I forgive it,
For this brave reſolution, which time
And all the Deſtinies muſt aid, I beg
That I may kiſs your hand for this, and may
The ſoul of angry honour guide it.

Duk. Whither?

Her. To

Her. To *Don Columbo*'s heart.
Dut. It is too weak I fear alone.
Her. Alone? are you in earneſt? why? will it not
Be a diſhonour to your Juſtice, Madam,
Another arm ſhould interpoſe? but that
It were a ſawcy act to mingle with you,
I durſt, nay I am bound in the revenge
Of him that's dead, (ſince the whole world has intereſt,
In every goodmans loſs) to offer it;
Dare you command me, Madam?
Dut. Not command,
But I ſhould more than honour ſuch a truth
In man, that durſt againſt ſo mighty odds,
Appear *Alvarez* friend and mine; the Cardinal---
Her. Is for the ſecond courſe, *Columbo* muſt
Be firſt cut up, his Ghoſt muſt lead the dance.
Let him dy firſt.
Dut. But how?
Her. How? with a Sword, and if I undertake it,
I wo'not loſe ſo much of my own honour,
To kill him baſely.
Dut. How ſhall I reward
This infinite ſervice? 'tis not Modeſty,
While now my husband groanes beneath his tomb,
And calls me to his marble bed, to promiſe
What this great act might well deſerve, my ſelf
If you ſurvive the Victor, but if thus
Alvarez aſhes be appeas'd it muſt
Deſerve an honourable memory;
And though *Columbo* (as he had all power,
And graſp'd the fates) has vow'd to kill the man
That ſhall ſucceed *Alvarez*---
Her. Tyranny.
Dut. Yet if ever,
I entertain a thought of love hereafter,
Hernando from the world ſhall challenge it,

Till

Till when, my Prayers, and fortune, ſhall wait on you.
Her. This is too mighty recompence.
Dut. 'Tis all juſt.
Her. If I outlive *Columbo* I muſt not
Expect ſecurity at home.
Dut. Thou canſt
Not fly, where all my fortunes, and my love,
Shall not atttend to guard thee.
Her. If I dye---
Dut. Thy memory
Shall have a ſhrine, the ñext within my heart
To my *Alvarez*.
Her. Once again your hand,
Your cauſe is ſo religious you need
Not ſtrengthen it with your prayers, truſt it to me.

Enter Placentia, and Cardinal.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.
Dut. Will you appear?
Her. And he had all the horror of the Devil
In's face, I would not balk him. [*He ſtares upon the*
[*Cardinal in his Exit.*

Car. What makes *Hernando* here? I do not like
They ſhould conſult, I'l take no note; the King
Fairly ſalutes your Grace, by whoſe command
I am to tell you, though his will and actions
Illimited, ſtoop not to ſatisfie
The Vulgar inquiſition, he is
Yet willing to retain a juſt opinion,
With thoſe that are plac'd neer him, and although
You look with Natures ey upon your ſelf,
Which needs no perſpective to reach, nor art
Of any optick to make greater, what
Your narrow ſenſe applies an injury,
(Our ſelves ſtill neareſt to our ſelves) but ther's

Another ey that looks abroad and walks
In ſearch of reaſon, and the weight of things,
With which if you look on him, you will find
His pardon to *Columbo* cannot be
So much againſt his juſtice, as your erring
Faith would perſwade your anger.
Dut. Good my Lord,
Your phraſe has too much landſchape and I cannot
Diſtinguiſh at this diſtance you preſent
The figure perfect, but indeed my eys
May pray your Lordſhip find excuſe, for tears
Have almoſt made them blind.
Car. Fair, peace reſtore 'em!
To bring the object nearer, the King ſays,
He could not be ſevere to *Don Columbo*
Without injuſtice to his other merits,
Which call more loud for their reward and honour,
Than you for your revenge; the Kingdom made
Happy by thoſe; you only by the laſt
Unfortunate, nor was it rationall,
I ſpeak the Kings own Language, he ſhould dy
For taking one mans breath, without whoſe valour
None now had been alive, without diſhonour.
Dut. In my poor underſtanding, 'tis the Crown
Of virtue to proceed in its own tract,
Not deviate from honour, if you acquit
A man of murder, 'cauſe he has done brave
Things in the War, you will bring down his valour
To a crime, nay to a baud, if it ſecure
A rape, and but teach thoſe that deſerve well
To ſin with greater licence; but diſpute
Is now too late, my Lord, 'tis done, and you,
By the good King, in tender of my ſorrows,
Sent to perſwade me, 'tis unreaſonable
That Juſtice ſhould repair me.
Car. You miſtake,

For if *Columbo's* death could make *Alvarez*
Live, the King had given him up to Law
Your bleeding Sacrifice; but when his life
Was but another treasure thrown away,
To obey a clamorous Statute, it was wisdom
To himself and common safety to take off
This killing edge of Law, and keep *Columbo*
To recompence the crime by noble acts,
And sorrow, that in time might draw your pity.
Dut. This is a greater tyranny, than that
Columbo exercis'd, he kill'd my Lord,
And you not have the charity to let
Me think it worth a punishment,
Car. To that
In my own name, I answer; I condemn
And urge the bl ody guilt against my Nephew,
'Twas violent, and cruell, a black deed,
A deed whose memory doth make me shudder,
An act that did betray a tyranous nature,
Which he took up in War, the school of vengeance;
And though the Kings compassion spare him here,
Unless his heart Weep it self out in penitent tears.
Dut. This sounds
As you were now a good man.
Car. Does your Grace
Think I have conscience to allow the murder?
Although when it was done, I did obey
The stream of nature, as he was my Kinsman,
To plead he might not pay his forfeit life,
Could I do less for one so near my bloud?
Consider Madam, and be charitable,
Let not this wild injustice, make me lose
The character I bear, and reverend habit.
To make you full acquainted with my innocence,
I challenge here my soul, and heaven to witness

If I had any thought, or knowledge with
My nephews plot, or perſon, when he came
Under the ſmooth pretence of friend to violate
Your hoſpitable laws, and do that act
Whoſe frequent mention drawes this tear, a whirlwind
Snatch me to endleſs flames.
Dut. I muſt believe,
And ask your Graces pardon, I confeſs
I ha' not lov'd you ſince *Alvarez* death,
Though we were reconcil'd.
Car. I do not blame
Your Jealouſie, nor any zeal you had
To proſecute revenge againſt me, Madam,
As I then ſtood ſuſpected, nor can yet
Implore your mercy to *Columbo*, all
I have to ſay is to retain my firſt
Opinion and credit with your Grace,
Which you may think I urge not out of fear
Or ends upon you, (ſince, I thank the King,
I ſtand firm on the baſe of royall favour)
But for your own ſake, and to ſhew I have
Compaſſion of your ſufferings.
Dut. You have cleer'd
A doubt my Lord, and by this fair remonſtrance,
Given my ſorrow ſo much truce, to think
That we may meet agen, and yet be friends.
But be not angry, if I ſtill remember
By whom *Alvarez* dyed; and weep, and wake
Another Iuſtice with my prayers,
Car. All thoughts
That may advance a better peace, dwell with you.
Exit.
Dut. How would this cozening Stateſman bribe my (Faith
With flatteries to think him innocent?
No, if his Nephew dy, this Cardinal muſt not
Be long-liv'd; all the prayers of a wrong'd Widow
Make

Make firm *Hernando*'s Sword, and my own hand
Shall have some glory in the next revenge;
I will pretend my brain with grief distracted,
It may gain easy credit, and beside
The taking off examination
For great *Columbo*'s death, it makes what act
I do in that believ'd want of my reason,
Appear no crime, but my defence; look down
Soul of my Lord, from thy eternall shade,
And unto all thy blest companions boast,
Thy Dutchess busie to revenge thy Ghost. *Exit.*

Enter Columbo, Hernando, Alfonso, Colonel.

Col. Hernando, now I love thee, and do half
Repent the affront my passion threw upon thee.
Her. You wo'not be too prodigall o' your penitence.
Colu. This makes good thy Nobility of birth,
Thou mayst be worth my anger and my sword,
If thou dost execute as daringly,
As thou provok'st a quarrell, I did think
Thy soul a starveling, or a sleep.
Her. You'l find it
Active enough to keep your spirit waking,
Which to exasperate, for yet I think
It is not high enough to meet my rage---
D'ee smile?
Col. This noise is worth it, Gentlemen;
I'm sorry this great Soldier has engag'd
Your travel, all his business is to talk.
Her. A little of your Lordships patience,
You shall have other sport, and swords that will
Be as nimble 'bout your heart, as you can wish,
'Tis pity more than our two single lives
Should be at stake.
Colon. Make that no scruple Sir.
Her. To him then that survives if fate allow

That difference, I ſpeak that he may tell
The World, I came not hither on ſlight anger,
But to revenge my honour ſtain'd, and trampled on
By this proud man, when General, he commanded
My abſence from the field.
Colu. I do remember,
And I'l give your Soul now a diſcharge.
Her. I come to meet it, if your courage be ſo fortunate.
But there is more than my own injury
You muſt account for Sir, if my ſword proſper,
Whoſe point and every edge is made more keen
With young *Alvarez* blood, in which I had
A Noble intereſt; does not that ſin benum
Thy Arteries, and turn the guilty flowings,
To trembling gelly in thy veins? canſt hear
Me name that murder, and thy ſpirits not
Struck into air, as thou wert ſhot by ſome
Engin from heaven?
Col. You are the Dutcheſs Champion;
Thou haſt given me a quarrell now; I grieve
It is determin'd all muſt fight, and I
Shall loſe much honour in his fall.
Her. That Dutcheſs
(Whom but to mention with thy breath, is ſacrilege)
An Orphan of thy making, and condemn'd
By thee to eternall ſolitude, I come
To vindicate, and while I am killing thee,
By virtue of her prayers ſent up for juſtice,
At the ſame time, in heaven I am pardon'd for't.
Col. I cannot hear the Bravo.
Her. Two words more
And take your chance, before you all I muſt
Pronounce that noble Lady, without knowledge,
Or thought of what I undertake for her.
Poor ſoul, Shees now at her Devotions,
Buſie with heaven, and wearing out the earth

With her ſtiff Knees, and bribing her good Angel
With treaſures of her eys, to tell her Lord
How much ſhe longs to ſee him; my attempt
Needs no commiſſion from her, were I
A ſtranger in *Navarre*, the inborn right
Of every Gentleman to *Alvarez* loſs,
Is reaſon to engage their ſwords, and lives,
Againſt the common enemy of virtue.

Colu. Now have you finiſh'd? I have an inſtrument
Shall cure this noiſe, and fly up to thy tongue,
To murder all thy words.

Her. One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my ſtomach, and I ha' done;
You have an Uncle call'd a Cardinal
Would he were lurking now about thy heart,
That the ſame wounds might reach you both, and ſend
Your reeling ſouls together. Now have at you.

Alph. We muſt not Sir be idle. [*They fight, Columbo's Second ſlain.*

Her. What think you now of praying?

Colu. Time enough; [*He kills Hernando's Second.*
Commend me to my friend; the ſcales are even,
I would be merciſull, and give you time,
Now to conſider of the other World,
You'l find your ſoul benighted preſently.

Her. I'l find my way i'th' dark. [*They fight, and cloſe;*

Colu A ſtumble's dangerous. [*Columbo gets both the ſwords, and Hernando takes up the ſeconds weapon.*
Now ask thy life---Ha?

Her. I deſpiſe to wear it,
A gift from any but the firſt beſtower.

Col. I ſcorn a baſe advantage--ha.

Her. I am now [*Columbo throwes away one of the ſwords.*
Out of your debt. [*They fight, Hernando wounds Columbo.*

Col. Th'aſt don't, and I forgive thee.
Give me thy hand, when ſhall we meet again?

Her. Never, I hope.

Col. I feel life ebb apace, yet I'l look upwards,
And ſhew my face to heaven.

Her. The matters done,
I muſt not ſtay to bury him. *Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.*

Columbo's death doth much aflict the King. (wits

2 *Lo.* I thought the Cardinal would have loſt his
At firſt, for's nephew, it drownes all the talk
Of the other that were ſlain.

1 We are friends.
I do ſuſpect *Hernando* had ſome intereſt
And knew how their wounds came.

2 His flight confirms it.
For whom the Cardinal has ſpread his nets.

1 He is not ſo weak to truſt himſelf at home
To his Enemies gripe.

2 All ſtrikes not me ſo much,
As that the Dutcheſs, moſt oppreſſed Lady,
Should be diſtracted, and before *Columbo*
Was ſlain.

1 But that the Cardinal ſhould be made
Her Guardian, is to me above that wonder.

2 So it pleas'd the King, and ſhe, with that ſmall ſtock
Of reaſon left her, is ſo kind, and ſmooth
Upon him.

1 She's turn'd a child agen; a madneſs,
That would ha' made her brain and blood boil high

In

In which distemper she might ha' wrought something.
2 Had been to purpose.
1 The Cardinal is cunning, and how e'r
His brow does smile, he does suspect *Hernando*
Took fire from her, and waits a time to punish it.
2 But what a subject of disgrace, and mirth,
Hath poor *Celinda* made herself by pride,
In her belief *Columbo* was her servant.
Her head hath stoop'd much since he died, and she
Almost ridiculous at Court.

Enter Cardinal, Antonelli, Servant.

1. The Cardinal
Is come into the Garden, now ——
Car. Walk off,
It troubles me the Dutchess by her loss
Of brain is now beneath my great revenge,
She is not capable to feel my anger,
Which like to unregarded thunder spent
In woods, and lightning aim'd at senseless trees,
Must idly fall, and hurt her not, not to
That sense her guilt deserves a fatall stroke,
Without the knowledg for what crime to fright her,
When she takes leave, and make her tug with death,
Untill her soul sweat, is a Pidgeons torment,
And she is sent a babe to the other World,
Columbo's death will not be satisfied,
And I but wound her with a two edg'd feather;
I must do more, I have all opportunity,
(She by the King now made my charge) but she's
So much a turtle I shall lose by killing her,
Perhaps do her a pleasure, and preferment;
That must not be.

Enter Celinda with a Parchment.

Anto. Is not this she, that would be thought to have (been

Columbo's Miſtreſs? Madam, his grace is private,
And would not be diſturb'd, you may diſpleaſe him.
Cel. What will your worſhip wager that he ſhall
Be pleas'd again before we part.
Ant. I'l lay this Diamond Madam, 'gainſt a kiſs,
And truſt your ſelf to keep the ſtakes.
Cel. 'Tis done.
Ant. I have long had an appetite to this Lady,
But the Lords keep her up ſo high-- this toy
May bring her on.
Car. This interruption taſts not of good manners.
Cel. But where neceſſity my Lord compells,
The boldneſs may meet pardon, and when you
Have found my purpoſe, I may leſs appear
Unmannerly.
Car. To th' buſineſs.
Cel. It did pleaſe
Your Nephew, Sir, before his death to credit me
With ſo much honorable favour, I
Am come to tender to his neer'ſt of blood,
Your ſelf, what does remain a debt to him.
Not to delay your Grace with circumſtance,
That deed, if you accept, makes you my heir
Of no contemptible eſtate-- this way [*He reads.*
Is only left to ty up ſcurrile tongues,
And ſaucy men, that ſince *Columbo*'s death
Venture to Libell on my pride, and folly;
His greatneſs, and this gift which I enjoy,
Still for my life, beyond which term; a Kingdom's,
Nothing, will curb the giddy ſpleens of men
That live on impudent rime, and railing at
Each wandering fame they catch.
Car. Madam, this bounty
Will bind my gratitude and care to ſerve you.
Cel. I am your Graces Servant.
Car. *Antonelli*, [*Whiſper.*

And

And when this noble Lady visits me
Let her not wait.

Col. What think you my Officious, Sir; his grace
Is pleas'd, you may conjecture? I may keep
Your Gem, the kiss was never yours.

Ant. Sweet Madam---

Col. Talk if you dare, you know I must not wait,
And so farewell for this time.

Car. 'Tis in my brain already, and it formes
Apace, good, excellent revenge, and pleasant!
She's now within my talons, 'tis too cheap
A satisfaction for *Columbo*'s death,
Only to kill her by soft charm or force,
I'l rifle first her darling chastity,
'Twil be after time enough to poyson her,
And she to th' world be thought her own destroyer.
As I will frame the circumstance, this night
All may be finished; for the Colonel,
Her agent in my Nephewes death (whom I
Disturb'd at Counsell with her) I may reach him
Hereafter, and be Master of his fate.
We starve our Conscience when we thrive in State.

Exeunt.

Enter Secretary, and Placentia.

Sec. Placentia, We two are only left
Of my Ladies Servants, let us be true
To her, and one another, and be sure
When we are at prayers, to curse the Cardinal.

Pla. I pity my sweet Lady.

Sec. I pity her too, but am a little angry;
She might have found another time to lose
Her wits.

Pla. That I were a man?

Sec. What would'st thou do *Placentia*?

Pla. I would revenge my Lady.

Sec. 'Tis better being a woman, thou mayst do
Things that may prosper better, and the fruit
Be thy own another day.
Pla. Your wit still loves
To play the wanton.
Sec. 'Tis a sad time *Placentia*,
Some pleasure would do well, the truth is, I
Am weary of my life, and I would have
One fit of mirth before I leave the world.
Pla. Do not you blush to talk thus wildly?
Sec. 'Tis good manners
To be a little mad after my Lady;
But I ha' done; who is with her now?
Pla. Madam *Valeria.*
Sec. Not *Celinda*? Ther's a Lady for my humour,
A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well
Bound up, in a fair letter too; would I
Had her with all the Errata.
Pla. She has not
An honorable Fame.
Sec. Her Fame? that's nothing.
A little stain, her wealth will fetch again
The colour, and bring honour into her cheeks
As fresh; if she were mine, and I had her
Exchequer. I know the way to make her honest,
Honest to th' touch, the test, and the last tryall.
Pla. How Prethee? (riall;
Sec. Why, first I would marry her, that's a verb Mate-
Then I would Print her with an *Ind x*
Expurgatorius, a table drawn
Of her Court Heresies, and when she's read
Cum Privilegio, who dares call her Whore?
Pla. I'l leave you, if you talk thus.
Sec. I ha' done,
Placentia, thou may'st be better company
After another progress; and now tell me,

Did'st

Did'ſt ever hear of ſuch a patient madneſs
As my Lady is poſſeſt with? ſhe has rav'd
But twice; and ſhe would fright the Cardinall,
Or at a ſupper if ſhe did but poyſon him,
It were a phrenſy I could bear withall;
She calls him her dear Governour---

Enter Hernando diſguiſed having a Letter.

Pla. Who is this?
Her. Her Secretary? Sir,
Here is a Letter if it may have ſo
Much happineſs to kiſs her Graces hand.
Sec. From whom?
Her. That's not in your Commiſſion Sir
To ask, or mine to ſatisfie, ſhe will want
No underſtanding when ſhe reads.
Sec. Alas,
Under your favour Sir, you are miſtaken,
Her Grace did never more want underſtanding.
Her. How?
Sec. have you not heard, her ſcull is broken Sir
And many pieces taken out, ſhe's mad.
Her. The ſad fame of her diſtraction
Has two much truth it ſeems.
Pla. If pleaſe you Sir
To expect a while, I will preſent the Letter.
Her. Pray do *Exit Placen.*
How long has ſhe been thus Diſtemper'd Sir?
Sec. Before the Cardinal came to govern here,
Who for that reaſon by the King was made
Her Guardian, we are now at his devotion.
Her. A Lamb given up to a Tyger! may diſeaſes
Soon eat him through his heart!
Sec. Your pardon Sir,
I love that voice, I know it too, a little,
Are not you? be not angry noble Sir,

I can with eaſe be ignorant agen,
And think you are another man, but if
You be that valiant Gentleman they call --
Her. Whom? What?
Sec. That kill'd, I would not name him if I thought
You were not pleas'd to be that very Gentleman.
Her. Am I betraid?
Sec. The Devil ſha'not
Betray you here, kill me, and I will take
My death you are the Noble Colonel;
We are all bound to you for the Generals death,
Valiant *Hernando*? when my Lady knows
You are here, I hope 'twil fetch her wits agen,
But do not talk too loud, we are not all
Honeſt i'th' houſe, ſome are the Cardinals creatures.
Her. Thou wert faithfull to thy Lady, I am glad
'Tis night, but tell me how the Churchman uſes
The Dutcheſs?

Enter Antonelli.

Sec. He carries Angels in his tongue, and face, but I
Suſpect his heart, this is one of his ſpawns.
Signior *Antonelli.*
Ant. Honeſt *Antonio.*
Sec. And how, and how--- a friend of mine, where is
The Cardinals Grace?
Her. That will be never anſwered.
Ant. He means to ſup here with the Dutcheſs.
Sec. Will he?
Ant. We'l have the charming bottles at my chamber,
Bring that Gentleman, we'l be mighty merry.
Her. I may diſturb your jollity.
Ant. Farewell ſweet---
Sec. Dear *Antonelli*--- a round Pox confound you.
This is Court Retorick at the back ſtairs.

Enter

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Do you know this Gentleman?
Sec. Not I.
Pla. My Lady presently dismist *Valeria*,
And bad me bring him to her bed-chamber.
Sec. The Gentleman has an honest face.
Pla. Her words fell from her with some evenness & joy.
Her Grace desires your presence.
Her. I'l attend her. *Exit.*
Sec. I would this Soldier had the Cardinal
Upon a promontory, with what a spring
The Churchman would leap down, it were a spectacle
Most rare to see him topple from the precipice,
And souse in the salt water with a noise
To stun the fishes; and if he fell into
A net, what wonder would the simple Sea-guls
Have, to draw up the o'rgrown Lobster,
So ready boild? he shall have my good wishes,
This Colonels coming may be lucky. I
Will be sure none shall interrupt 'em.

Enter Celinda.

Cel. Is her Grace at opportunity?
Sec. No sweet Madam,
She is a sleep, her Gentlewoman says.
Cel. My business is but visit; I'l expect.
Sec. That must not be, although I like your company.
Cel. You are grown rich Mr. Secretary.
Sec. I Madam, Alas!
Cel. I hear you are upon another purchase.
Sec. I upon a purchase?
Cel. If you want any sum ——
Sec. If I could purchase your sweet favour Madam?
Cel. You shall command me, and my fortune Sir.
Sec. How's this?

Cel. I have obſerv'd you Sir a ſtaid,
And prudent Gentleman--- and I ſhall want---
Sec. Not me?
Cel. A Father for ſome Infant; he has credit [*Aſide.*
I'th' world; I am not the firſt caſt Lady
Has married a Secretary.
Sec. Shall I wait upon you?
Cel. Whither?
Sec. Any whither.
Cel. I may chance lead you then---
Sec. I ſhall be honour'd to obey, my blood
Is up, and in this humour I'm for any thing.
Cel. Well Sir, I'l try your Manhood.
Sec. 'Tis my happineſs,
You cannot pleaſe me better.
Cel. This was ſtruck
I'th' opportunity.
Sec. I am made for ever.

Enter Hernando, and Dutcheſs.

Her. Dear Madam, do not weep.
Dut. Y'are very welcome,
I ha done, I wo'not ſhed a tear more
Till I meet *Alvarez*, then I'l weep for joy;
He was a fine young Gentleman, and ſung ſweetly,
And you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would ha' ſworn he had been
A Swan, and ſung his own ſad Epitaph;
But we'l talk o'the Cardinal.
Her. Would his death
Might ranſom your fair ſenſe, he ſhould not live
To triumph in the loſs, beſhrow my manhood;
But I begin to melt.
Dut. I pray Sir tell me,
For I can underſtand, although they ſay
I have loſt my wits; but they are ſafe enough.

And I ſhall have 'em when the Cardinal dyes;
Who had a Letter from his Nephew too
Since he was ſlain.
Her. From whence?
Dut. I know not where he is? but in ſome Bower
Within a Garden he is mak ng Chaplets,
And means to ſend me one, but I'l not take it,
I have flowers enough I thank him while I live.
Her. But do you love your Governour?
Dut. Yes, but I'l never marry him, I am promis'd
Already.
Her. To whom Madam?
Dut. Do not you
Bluſh when you ask me that, muſt not you be
My Hu band? I know why, but that's a ſecret;
Indeed if you believe me, I do love
No man alive ſo well as you, the Cardinal
Shall never know't, hee'l kill us both, and yet
He ſays he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
To make me well again, but I'm afraid,
One time or other he wil' give me poyſon.
Her. Prevent him Madam, and take nothing from him.
Dut. Why, do you think 'twil hurt me?
Her. It will kill you.
Dut. I ſhall but dye, and meet my dear lov'd Lord,
Whom when I have kiſt, I'l come again, and work
A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven, the poeſy ſhall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i'th' froſt
Will ſhew like ſeed-Pearl, you'l deliver it?
I know he'l love, and wear it for my ſake.
Her. She is quite loſt.
Dut. I pray give me Sir, your pardon,
I know I talk not wiſely, but if you had
The burthen of my ſorrow, you would miſs

Some-

Sometimes your better reaſon; now I'm well,
What will you do when the Cardinal comes?
He muſt not ſee you for the world.
Her. He ſha'not,
I'l take my leave before he come.
Duk. Nay ſtay,
I ſhall have no friend left me when you go,
He will but ſup, he ſha'not ſtay to ly wi' me,
I have the picture of my Lord abed,
Three are to much this weather.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam. the Cardinal.
Her. He ſhall ſup with the Devil.
Duk. I dare not ſtay,
The Red-cock will be angry, I'l come agen. *Exeunt.*
Her. This ſorrow is no fable, now I find
My curioſity is ſadly ſatisfied;
Ha? if the Dutcheſs in her ſtragled wits,
Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal,
The Panther will not leap more fierce to meet
His prey, when a long want of food hath parch'd
His ſtarved maw, than he to print his rage
And tear my heart-ſtrings, every thing is fatal!,
And yet ſhe talk'd ſometimes with chain of ſenſe,
And ſaid ſhe lov'd me; ha, they come not yet;
I have a ſword about me, and I left
My own ſecurity to viſit death.
Yet I may pauſe a little, and conſider
Which way does lead me to't moſt honorably;
Does not the Chamber that I walk in tremble?
What will become of her, and me, and all
The world in one ſmall hour? I do not think
Ever to ſee the day agen, the wings
Of night ſpread o'r me like a ſable Herſe-cloath,
The Stars are all cloſe mourners too; but I
Muſt not alone to the cold ſilent grave,
I muſt not; If thou canſt *Alvarez* open

That

That Ebon curtain, and behold the man,
When the worlds juſtice fails ſhall right thy aſhes,
And feed their thirſt with blood, thy Dutcheſs is
Almoſt a Ghoſt already; and doth wear
Her body like a uſeleſs upper garment,
The trim and faſhion of it loſt. Ha? *Enter Placentia.*

Pla. You need not doubt me, Sir, My Lady prays
You would not think it long, ſhe in my ear,
Commanded me to tell you, that when laſt
She drank, ſhe had happy wiſhes to your health.

Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?

Pla. He was not
Invited to't nor muſt he know you are here.

Her. What do they talk of prethee?

Pla. His Grace is very pleaſant [*A Lute is heard.*
And kind to her, but her returns are alter
The ſad condition of her ſenſe, ſometimes unjoynted.

Her. They have Muſick.

Pla. A Lute only,
His Grace prepard, they ſay, the beſt of *Italy*
That waits upon my Lord.

Her. He thinks the Dutcheſs
Is ſtung with a Tarantula.

Pla. Your pardon.
My duty is expected. *Exit*

Her. Gentle Lady.---a voice too?

Song within.

S. COme *my* Daphne, *come away,*
We do waſt the Cryſtal day;
'Tis Strephon *calls.* Da. *What ſays my love?*
S. *Come follow to the Mirtle Grove,*
Where Venus *ſhall prepare*
New Chaplets for thy hair.
D. *Were I ſhut up within a Tree,*
I'd rend my bark to follow thee.
S. *My Shepherdeſs, make haſt,*
The minutes ſlide too faſt:

D. *In*

D *In thoſe cooler ſhades will I*
Blind, as Cupid, *kiſs thine ey.*
S. *In thy boſome then I'l ſtay,*
In ſuch warm Snow who would not loſe his way.

Chor. *WE'llaugh and leave the world behind,*
And Gods themſelves that ſee,
Shall envy thee, and me;
But never find
Such joys, when they embrace a Deity.

If at this diſtance I diſtinguiſh, 'tis not
Church muſick, and the air's wanton, and no Anthem
Sung to't, but ſome ſtrange Ode of love, and kiſſes,
What ſhould this mean?--- ha, he is coming hither,
I am betraid, he marches in her hand,
I'l truſt a little more, mute as the Arras
My ſword and I here. [*He obſerves*

Enter Cardinal, Dutcheſs, Antonelli, and Attendants.

Car. Wait you in the firſt Chamber, and let none
Preſume to interrupt us. *Ex. Serv.*
She is pleaſant; now for ſome art to poyſon all her inno-
Dut. I do not like the Cardinals humour, he (cence.
Little ſuſpects what gueſt is in my Chamber.
Car. Now Madam you are ſafe.
Dut. How means your Lordſhip?
Car. Safe in my Arms, ſweet Dutcheſs.
Dut. Do not hurt me
Car. Not for the treaſures of the world, you are
My pretty charge, had I as many lives
As I have carefull thoughts, to do you ſervice,
I ſhould think all a happy forfeit to
Delight your Grace one minute; 'tis a heaven
To ſee you ſmile.
Dut. What kindneſs call you this?
Car. It cannot want a name while you preſerve
So plentifull a ſweetneſs, it is love.

Dut.

Dut. Of me? how ſhall I know't my Lord?
Car. By this, and this, ſwift Meſſengers to whiſper
Our hearts to one another. [*Kiſſes.*
Dut. Pray do you come a wooing?
Car. Yes ſweet Madam,
You cannot be ſo cruell to deny me.
Dut. What my Lord? *Car.* Another kiſs.
Dut. Can you
Diſpenſe with this my Lord? Alas I fear [*Aſide.*
Hernando is aſleep, or vaniſh'd from me.
Car. I have mock'd my blood into a flame, and what
My angry ſoul had form'd for my revenge,
Is now the object of my amorous ſenſe,
I have took a ſtrong inchantment from her lips,
And fear I ſhall forgive *Columbo's* death
If She conſent to my embrace; come Madam.
Dut. Whither my Lord?
Car. But to your bed or couch,
Where if you will be kind, and but allow
Your ſelf a knowledg, love whoſe ſhape and raptures
Wiſe Poets have but glorified in dreams,
Shall make your chamber his eternall Palace;
And with ſuch active and eſſentiall ſtreams
Of new delights glide o'r your boſome, you
Shall wonder to what unknown world you are
By ſome bleſt change tranſlated; why d'e pauſe?
And look ſo wild? will you deny your Governour?
Dut. How came you by that Cloven foot?
Car. Your fancy
Would turn a traitour to your happineſs;
I am your friend, you muſt be kind.
Dut. Unhand me,
Or I'l cry out a rape.
Car. You wo'not ſure?
Dut. I have been cozend with *Hernando's* ſhadow,
Here's none but heaven to hear me, help, a rape.

Car. Are you ſo good at underſtanding then,
I muſt uſe other argument. [*He forces her.*

Her. Go to, Cardinal. [*Strikes him. Ex. Dut.*

Car. Hernando, Murder, Treaſon, help.

Her. An army ſha'not reſcue thee, your blood
Is much inflam'd, I have brought a Lancet wi'me,
Shall open your hot veins, and cool your fever;
To vex thy parting Soul, it was the ſame
Engin that pinc'd *Columbo's* heart.

Car. Help, Murder.

Enter Antonelli and Servants.

Anton. Some ring the bell, 'twil raiſe the Court,
My Lord is murder'd, 'tis *Hernando.* *The bell rings.*

Her. I'l make you all ſome ſport,--So, now we are even,
Where is the Dutcheſs, I would take my leave
Of her, and then bequeath my curſe among you.
[*Her. falls.*

Enter King, Dutcheſs, Valeria, Lords, Guard.

K. How come theſe bloody objects? (paid.

Her. With a trick my ſword found out, I hope he's

1 *Lo.* I hope ſo to; a Surgeon for my Lord Cardinal.

K. Hernando?

Dut. Iuſtice, Oh Iuſtice Sir, againſt a raviſher.

Her. Sir I ha' done you ſervice.

K. A bloody ſervice.

Her. 'Tis pure Searlet. *Enter Surgeon.*

Car. After ſuch care to perfect my revenge
Thus banded out o'th' world by a womans plot?

Her. I have preſerv'd the Dutcheſs from a rape,
Good-night to me and all the world for ever. [*Dies.*

K. So impious.

Dut. 'Tis moſt true, *Alvarez* blood
Is now reveng'd, I find my brain return,
And every ſtragling ſenſe repairing home.

Car. I have deſerv'd you ſhould turn from me Sir,
My life hath been prodigiouſly wicked,

My blood is now the Kingdoms balm; oh Sir,
I have abu'd your ear, your truſt, your people,
And my own ſacred Office, my conſcience
Feels now the ſting, oh ſhew your charity,
And with your pardon like a cool ſoft gale
Fan my poor ſweating ſoul; that wanders through
Unhabitable climes, and parched deſerts;
But I am loſt, if the great World forgive me,
Unleſs I find your mercy for a crime
You know not Madam, yet againſt your life.
I muſt confeſs, more than my black intents
Upon your honour, y'are already poyſon'd.
K. By whom? *Car.* By me,
In the revenge I ow'd *Columbo's* loſs,
With your laſt meat was mixt a poyſon that
By ſubtle, and by ſure degrees muſt let in death.
K. Look to the Dutcheſs, our Phyſicians?
Car. Stay, I will deſerve her mercy, though I cannot
Call back the deed, in proof of my repentance,
If the laſt breath of a now dying man
May gain your charity, and belief, receive
This Ivory box, in it an antidote
'Bove that they boaſt the great magiſtrall medicine,
That powder mixt with wine by a moſt rare
And quick acceſs to the heart will fortifie it
Againſt the rage of the moſt nimble poyſon,
I am not worthy to preſent her with it,
Oh take it and preſerve her innocent life. (readyneſs.
1 *Lo.* Strange, he ſhould have a good thing in ſuch
Car. This that which in my jealouſie and ſtate
Truſting to falſe predictions of my birth,
That I ſh dy by poyſon, I preſerv'd
For my own ſafety, wonder not, I made,
That my companion was to be my refuge.

Enter Servant with a bowle of Wine.

1 *Lo.* Her's ſome touch of grace.

Car. in greater proof of my pure thoughts I take
This first, and with my dying breath confirm
My penitence, it may benefit her life,
But not my wounds; oh haſten to preſerve her,
And though I merit not her pardon, let not
Her fair ſoul be divorc'd
K. This is ſome charity, may it proſper Madam.
Valeria. How does your grace?
Dut. And muſt I owe my life to him whoſe death
Was my ambition? take this free acknowledgment,
I had intent this night with my own hand
To be *Alvarez* luſticer.
K. You were mad,
And thought paſt apprehenſion of revenge.
Dut. That ſhape I did uſurp, great Sir, to give
My Art more freedom and defence, but when
Hernando came to viſit me, I thought
I might defer my execution,
Which his owe rage ſuppli'd without my guilt,
And when his luſt grew high, met with his blood.
L. The Cardial ſmiles.
Car. Now my revenge has met
With you my nimble Dutcheſs, I have took
A ſhape to give my act more freedom too,
And now I am ſure ſhe's poyſon'd, with that doze
I gave her laſt.
K. Th'art not ſo horrid?
Dut. Ha! ſome Cordiall.
Car. Alas no preſervative
Hath wings to overtake it, were her heart
Lock'd in a quarry, it would ſearch, and kill
Before the aids can reach it; I am ſure
You ſha not now laugh at me.
K. How came you by that poyſon?
Car. I prepar'd it,
Reſolving when I had enjoy'd her, which

The Colonel prevented, by ſome art
To make her take it, and by death conclude
My laſt revenge; you have the fatal Story.
K. This is ſo great a wickedneſs, it will
Exceed belief. *Car.* I knew I could not live.
Surgeon. Your wounds, Sir, were not deſperate.
Car. Not mortall? ha? were they not mortall?
Surg. If I have skill in Surgery.
Car. Then I have caught my ſelf in my own Engin.
2 *Lo.* It was your fate you ſaid to dy by poyſon.
Car. That was my own prediction to abuſe
Your faith, no humane art can now reſiſt it,
I feel it knocking at the ſeat of life,
It muſt come in, I have wrackt all my own
To try your charities, now it would be rare,
If you but waft me with a little prayer,
My wings that flag may catch the wind, but 'tis
In vain, the miſt is riſen, and ther's none
To ſteer my wandring bark. [*Dyes.*
1 *Lo.* He's dead? *K.* With him
Dy all deceived truſt. 2 *Lo.* This was a ſtrange impiety.
K. When men
Of Gifts and ſacred Function once decline
From virtue, their ill deeds tranſcend example.
Dut. The minute's come that I muſt take my leave too.
Your hand great Sir, and though you be a King,
We may exchange forgiveneſs, heaven forgive,
And all the world. I come, I come *Alvarez* [*Dyes.*
K. Diſpoſe their bodies for becoming funeral;
How much are Kings abus'd by thoſe they take
To royall grace? whom when they cheriſh moſt
By nice indulgence, they doo often arm
Againſt themſelves: from whence this maxim ſprings,
None have more need of Perſpectives than Kings.
Exeunt.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

Within. Mr. *Pollard*, wher's Mr. *Pollard* for the Epilogue?

He is thrust upon the Stage, and falls.

Epilogue.

I Am coming to you Gentlemen, the Poet
Has help'd me thus far on my way, but I'l
Be even with him; the Play is a Tragedy,
The first that ever he compos'd for us,
Wherein he thinks he has done pretily, Enter Servant.
And I am sensible; I prethee look
Is nothing out of joynt? has he broke nothing?

Serv. *No Sir, I hope.*

Epi. *Yes, he has broke his Epilogue all to peeces,*
Canst thou put it together agen?

Ser. *Not I Sir.*

Epi. *Nor I, prethee be gone, hum? My Poet,*
I have a teeming mind to be reveng'd.
You may assist, and not be seen in't now.
If you please Gentlemen, for I do know
He listens to the issue of his cause,
But blister not your hands in his applause,
Your private smile, your nod, or hum, to tell
My fellows, that you like the business well;
And when without a clap you go away,
I'l drink a small-beer health to his second day;
And break his heart, or make him swear, and rage
He'l write no more for the unhappy Stage;
But that's too much, so we should lose; faith then
And if you like his play, 'ts as well, he knew it.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of the Authors Poems already Printed

Tragedies.

The Traytour
Philip Chabot Admirall of France
Loves Cruelty
The Maids Revenge
Dukes Mistris
The Cardinal.

Comedies and Tragi-comedies.

The School of Complement
The Lady of Pleasure
Hide-parke
The Constant Maid.
* *The Coronation*
The Changes, or Love in a Maze
The Gratefull Servant
The Patron of Ireland
The Humorous Court
The wedding
The Ball, or French Dancing Master

*Falsely ascribed to *Jo. Fletcher.*

The

The Gameſter
The Example
The Bird in a cage
The Royall Maſter
The Opportunity
The Witty Fair one
The Impoſture
The Brothers
The Siſters.

A Maſque of the four Honorable Innes of Court, preſented before the King and Queens Majeſty at Whitehall *in the Banqueting houſe.*

Poems.

FINIS.

THE Court Secret,

A TRAGI-COMEDY:

Never Acted,

But prepared for the Scene at *BLACK-FRIERS.*

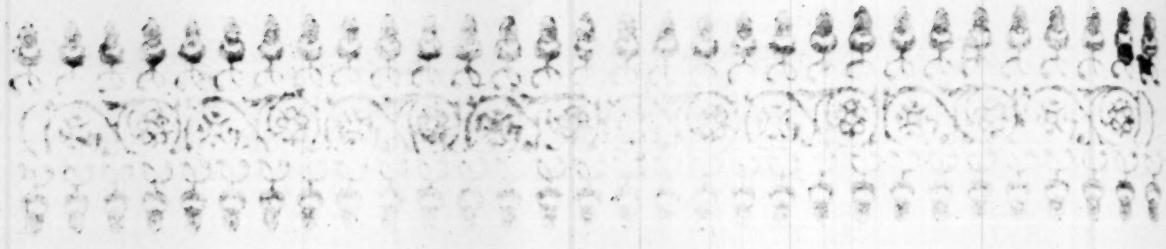
WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never printed before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the three Pigeons, and for *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Armes in Saint *Paul's* Church-yard. 1653.



TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
WILLIAM
EARL OF
STRAFFORD,
Viſcount *Wentworth*, Baron *Wentworth* of *Wentworth*, *Woodhouſe*, *Newmarſh*, *Overſley*, and *Raby*.

My Lord,

THE Character *of true* Nobilitie *is ſacred, and indeleble; that Yours is ſuch, needeth no Teſtimony, the World*

bearing witnesse to Your Honourable Mind, *upon which all other accesse of Titles wait like a fair* Train *of Attendance, not Ornaments, Your own* Virtue *giving them lustre, and enterteining them as Rewards payd down to Your Person, and Merit.*

This Principle gave me boldnesse to make this approach to Your Lordship, and not without some design in my Ambition, to renew my self to Your smile, who have enjoyed the happinesse (many yeares since) to kisse Your hand, and to observe with Admiration *the* Beauties *that shin'd upon Your Youth, which as they gained upon Time, so they have grown*

above

above the prejudice of Opinion, and improv'd their Maturitie by the Earlinesse *of their Spring.*

But my humble duty (my Lord) at this fortunate hour to attend You, cometh not alone, it bringeth a Present, such as my weak condition could reach to ; a Poem, *one, that weareth no Ribbands in the forehead; not so much as warranted by Applause ; for it happened to receive birth, when the Stage was interdicted, and wanted that publique Seal which other Compositions enjoyed ; Though it hath been read and honour'd with the Allowance of some men, whose Opinion was as acceptable to mee, as the*

Vote

Vote of a ſmiling Theater.

But this is not to preſcribe to your Honour, *whom I have by this Application made my Judge (ſhould You wave the* Patron*) and from whom there lyes no Appeal.*

If Your Honour, deſcending from your higher Contemplations, vouchſafe to look upon theſe Papers, though Your Juſtice ſhould condemn them, it would bee their Reputation to fall by ſo Honourable a Sentence: But if they happen to obtain Your Lordſhips favour, that they may live, your Name *will not onely bee a powerfull defence to them, but a laſting Record of*

Honour

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Honour upon the Composer, whose heart is full of Devotions to your Lordship, and ambitious of no greater addition, than to be known,

My Lord,

Your most obliged, and

humble Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The Names of the Persons.

The King of *Spain.*
Roderigo his Brother.
Manuel the suppos'd son of *Piracquo*, but the true *Carlo* son to the King.
Maria his Sister.
Antonio Prince of *Portugall.*
Isabella his Sister.
Mendoza a Duke.
Carlo suppos'd Prince of *Spain*, but indeed *Julio* the son of *Mendoza.*
Clara Mendoza's Daughter.
Piracquo a Nobleman.
Two Lords.
Pedro a Kinsman of *Piracquo*'s, Servant to *Mendoza.*
Celio Page to *Carlo.*
Castellano.
Servants.
} Ladies.
} Messengers.
} Guard.

Scene *Madrid.*

Plays newly printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the *Prince*'s *Armes* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard.

THe *Wild-Goose Chace*, a Comedy written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *John Fletcher*, Gent.

THe *Widdow*, a Comedy written by *Ben. Johnson*, *John Fletcher*, and *Thomas Midleton*, Gent.

THe *Changling*, written by *Thomas Midleton*, and *William Rowley*, Gent.

THE COURT SECRET.

ACT I.

Enter at one dore Don Antonio *leading* Maria ; *at another two Gentlemen.*

1. THe Prince of *Portugal*, *Don Antonio*---
2. He courts our *Infanta* close.
1. And may deserve her.

Enter Don Manuel. Maria *lets fall a Jewel from her dress, he takes it up, and offers it to her.*

Man. Your Grace——
Mar. 'Tis none of mine, *Don Manuel.*
Will your Highness walk? *Ex. Ant. & Mar.*
1. Observe you that?
2. The Prince seem'd not well pleas'd.
Man. What doth the Princess mean?
I saw it fall from her.
1 My eyes are witness,
Noble *Don Manuel.*
Man. My Lords, your servant.
2. How do you like the Spanish Court? Although
My Lord your father were a native, yet
Your birth and education were abroad;
Compell'd by your father's destiny.
Man. My unhappiness!

I have heard him say, some policies prevail'd
To make him leave this Kingdom, and his fortunes,
To try his fate at sea, till he found means
To plant himself in *Portugal*, from whence
He was but late reduc'd by the good Prince,
With promise of a pardon; and his honour
Is full securitie for us.

1. The Prince
Can do becoming things, and knows good acts
Are in themselves rewards; but the report
Was here, that fifteen thousand Ducats
Were offer'd *Roderigo* our Kings brother,
By your father Lord *Piracquo*, to assure
His reconcilement here, for trespasses
He did at sea.

2. But not accepted.
I know not which will be his more vexation,
To know the Prince's act, restore *Piracquo*,
Or so much money lost.

Enter Prince Carlo, *and* Celic *his Page.*

1. The Prince.
Car. Don Manuel,
You are become a man of mighty business,
Or I have lost some interest, I had
Since I left *Portugal*; but I'll not chide.
Where is the King?

2. In his Bed chamber, Sir,
With Duke *Mendoza*.

Car. I'll not interrupt 'em.
You may redeem your error, and we both
Converte again. *Exit.*

Man. You infinitely honor,
And with it bind the obedience of your creature.

1. Now he is going to his Mistris.

2. To *Clara*

The Duke *Mendoza*'s Daughter.

Man. Miſtris? do you forget, my Lord, the treaty,
And his own perſonall contract, the kiſs warm
On *Iſabella*'s lip, and ſtrengthned by the hope
And expectation of another Mariage,
Betwixt *Anthonio* and *Maria* his Siſter?

1. We are us'd
To freedom here, with as much innocence
I may, perhaps, hereafter ſay, the Princeſs
Maria meant you honor, when ſhe dropt
A Jewel; Sir, it cannot be much blemiſh
For you to own her ſervice.

Man. 'Twere an inſolence
(Beyond her mercy to forgive) in me,
To think ſhe meant it grace, or I apply it
At ſuch a diſtance of my blood and fortune.
This in a whiſper, but convey'd through Court,
Would forfeit me for ever: As y'are honourable,
Preſerve me in my humbler thoughts.

1. Be confident.

2. And pardon my expreſſion; Sir, your ſervant. *Exe.*

Man. I have obſerv'd the Princeſs ſcatter beams
Upon me, and talk language with her eyes
Sometime, ſuch as I dare not apprehend
With ſafety, or Religion; for I find
My heart anothers conqueſt. But the Prince!
Why ſhould he move my jealouſie? I know
His amorous thoughts, already plac'd upon
Fair *Iſabella*, muſt inhabit there,
And meet their juſt reward; he cannot be
So careleſſeſs of his honour.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Can you direct me, Sir, to *Don Piracquo*,
Your noble father? I bring affairs concern him.

Man. You wait upon the Duke *Mendoza*, Sir?

Pe. I was i'th' first number of those attended
His Dutchess, while she liv'd; his Grace doth now
Acknowledge me a waiting movable
Within his family; my name is *Pedro*,
A poor kinsman of yours, if you be, Sir,
My Lord *Piracquo*'s son, and might have been
His heir, had not you Mother been more fruitfull
At sea, before she died, who left you an infant;
'Twas something to my prejudice, but your Father —

Ma. Is in the privy Garden, Sir.

Pe. Your servant. *Exit.*

Ma. What means this fellow to survay me? ha! *Clara!*

Enter Mendoza *and* Clara.

And her Father Duke *Mendoza*! I
Must wish a time without his presence, to
Confirm, how much I honour her: Loud fame
Speaks him a noble Gentleman, but of late
(By what misfortune 'tis not known) he hath
Some garbs, that shew not a clear spirit in him.
But that his Lady's dead, men would interpret
His starts proceed from jealousie: I'll leave 'em.
And wait some private opportunity. *Exit.*

Cla. I must confess, Prince *Carlo*, Sir, hath courted me,
But with a noble flame. (family

Me. Flame me no flame, unless you mean to turn our
And name to ashes in the Kings displeasure.
Thou do'st not know the Prince, as I doe, *Clara.*

Enter Piracquo *and* Pedro.

Pe. Sure you have known me, Sir, I have expected
Some time, when you would own me——

Pi. Your name's *Pedro*—— promis'd

Pe. You thought me of your blood, Sir, when you
I should be your heir; I did a service for't
Deserves your memory, not contempt, my Lord.

Pi. Oh

Pi. Oh, thou didſt well, and though as I then ſtood
Proſcrib'd, I wiſht it otherwiſe, I now thank
Thy witty cozenage, and allow thy faith
Religious to thy Prince; be honeſt ſtill.
Pe. Honeſt? you are miſtaken, I have been
Honeſt to none but you, Sir.
Pi. Be to thy ſelf.
Pe. I know not what you mean by witty cozenage;
But to my danger, I may ſay, I did
The feat as you deſir'd; you know I did,
And 'tis my wonder, what we both projected
To make your own conditions for your pardon,
And ſafe return, after proſcription,
Hath not been worth your uſe ſo many years;
Where is the Prince?
Pi. The Prince? you are witty, Kinſman.
Pe. Nay if you ſlight me, Sir, and pay my ſervice
With this neglect, I can undoe my ſelf
To make you find repentance —— [*offers to go in.*
Pi. Come nearer——
Me. Therefore upon my bleſſing, if thou haſt
Such an ambitious thought I charge thee leave it.
Cla. Sir, you may ſpare theſe preeepts, I have not
Given away my freedom, or by promiſe
Of more than may become my duty, offer'd
The Prince an expectation; I am
Not ignorant he is deſign'd a Bridegroom
To the fair *Iſabella*, and it were
Sawcie injuſtice to diſtract a bleſſing
Now hovering o'r two Kingdoms---
Me. Thou art wiſe;
Preſerve this duty. Ha! is not that *Pedro*?
I doe not like their whiſper——
Cla. You look pale, Sir.
Pi. Can this be truth? was it Prince *Carlo*, then
Without impoſture was deliver'd me?

Didſt thou not couzen me?

Pe. If I be mortall, Sir,
It was my Ladies art, for her own ſafety,
To put this trick upon the Court, which ſhe
Kept me from my Lord, untill upon her death-bed
She made him overſeer of the Secret.

Men. Did he not name a Secret?

Cla. You are troubled.

Men. I? thou art deceiv'd.

Pir. Ha! 'tis thy Lord *Mendoza.*

Ped. He may take
Some jealouſie, if he obſerve our whiſper.

Pir. Adde, *Pedro,* but to this, thy future ſecreſie,
Till I mature ſome act, my thoughts now fix upon,
And chooſe thy place within my heart; meet me——

Ped. Enough, you ſeal the myſtery agen.

Men. Pedro, come hither; What did you whiſper?

Enter a Gentleman.

1. Duke *Roderigo,* my Lord, deſires
Your conference in the garden.

Pir. I'll attend him. *Exeunt.*

Ped. He is my Kinſman, Sir, and did ſalute me—

Men. I would thou wert his Coſen ten removes
(*Pedro*) as far as the two Poles are diſtant.

Cla. My father need not fear Prince *Carlo* now;
I find another gueſt here, 'tis *Don Manuel*
Holds chief intelligence with my thoughts.

Men. Well *Pedro,*
Take heed, my life is in thy lips——

Ped. I know my duty, Sir, if you ſuſpect,
Command me to be dumb; Sir, you muſt truſt me.

Men. I know not how to help it, wait upon
My daughter. *Exeunt*
I would my Lady had liv'd, or died without
Bequeathing me this Legacy on her death-bed,

A Secret to consume me; this servant, whom
I dare not much displease, is all the witness
Survives, sworn with the rest to secresie,
And though I have small argument to suspect him,
After so long a silence, yet I am
Not safe to be at his devotion:
I could soon purge him with a Fig, but that's
Not honest: Was it ever known, a man
So innocent, should have so many Agues
In's conscience? I am weary of the Court;
I must have some device——

Enter Roderigo *and* Piracquo.

Duke *Roderigo*,
And *Don Piracquo*? they are whispering too;
This jealousie will take my brains apieces. *Exit.*

Ro. I have said, & now expect, my Lord, your answer.

Pi. I must acknowledge from your Grace, a favour,
That you have been so clear, and free with me;
I might have thought my self secure i'th' dark,
And ignorant of this expectation,
Incurr'd your Graces jealousie.

Ro. I had allwaies
A firm opinion of your Lordships gratitude.

Pi. But for the sum, he fifty thousand Ducats,
I must acknowledge, if your Grace had mediated
My pardon then with the good King, your brother,
It had oblig'd my payment; but my cause
Not worth your Graces agitation,
Or breath, was like a vessell struck upon
Some shelf, without all hope t' have sayl'd agen,
Had not the Prince's mercie, when he came
To *Portugal*, reliev'd it with a gale,
And set my bark afloat.

Ro. The Prince?
Why? doth your Lordship think I had no part

I'th' work of your repair? the power, and office
I hold at Court, is not asleep, my Lord,
When any act of grace is done by th' King.
Pi. I dare not do so much injustice to
The Prince's bounty, to divide and ow
But half the benefit to his Grace; I not
Extenuate your prevalence at Court, but
His Highness did compassionate my exile,
And I am return'd by his commands, my Lord,
I am his creature for it, and shall sooner
Lose what he hath preserv'd, my life and peace here,
Than doubt his honour, or dispute his power
In my behalf.
Ro. Sir, you are not safe yet,
There has past no seal, I take it, for your pardon.
You hang i'th' air, not fixt to th' roof of heaven,
As when you shin'd a star; take heed you prove
No Comet, a prodigious thing snatch'd up
To blaze, and be let fall agen, upon
Their eyes, that so mistook the region
Where you were plac'd.
Pi. I know, my Lord, your greatness,
And hold it not becoming, to contest
In language wi'ee; but I am confident——
Ro. Of what?
Pi. And will wager, if your Grace please,
The to'ther fifty thousand Ducats, Sir,
That I'll not pay you a Marvedie; if I may
On other honourable terms possess
Your favour, I shall meet your just commands,
But if you set such price upon your smile,
After the Prince's honor to secure me,
I know my self, my fortune, and upon
What strength I must depend.
Ro. I shall, my Lord,
Send you to sea agen.

Pi. I made a ſhift, and may agen, my Lord,
Amongſt the Merchants.
Ro. Pirate——
Pi. 'Tis confeſt,
I was ſo, but your Grace may be inform'd
I was not born to th' trade, I had a ſoul
Above my fortune, and a toy I took
To loſe what was benearh my birth and titles,
Or purchaſe an eſtate fit to ſuſtain 'em;
The ſea was my Exchequer; for I thriv'd,
I thank my watry Deſtinies, and commanded
Many a tall ſhip, won with ſo much horror,
As poſſibly would have made your Lordſhip (had you
But in a cloud, or airie ſcaffold ſtood
Spectator of our fight) ſweat out your ſoul
Like a thin vapour with the fright, and after
Drop your forſaken body on our deck,
To encreaſe the number of the dead.
Ro. But we
May deal with you at land agen. (withall my age,
Pi. With reverence to your blood as 'tis the Kings,
My wounds upon me, and that innocence,
The Prince's word hath new created in me,
I do not fear——
Ro. Whom?
Pi. The Devil.
Ro. I ſhall conjure down the ſpirit.
Pi. Hell hath not art to keep it down.
Ro. So brave?
Pi. So juſt.
Ro. Thou talking fool, do'ſt think I have no ſtings?
Pi. I know you are a Stateſman, Sir, but he
That fears with his own innocence about him,
Deſerves not a protection— [*offers to go in.*
Ro. Piracquo,
Stay, I now ſee thou haſt a gallant ſpirit,

Let

Let me embrace thee, and with this confirm
An honourable friendſhip; I have not
A thought ſo baſe to injure thee.
Pi. I have——
An eaſy faith my Lord——
Ro. Farewell——
Noble *Piracquo*, I have tri'd and found thee.
Pi. I wo'not truſt you for all this; I know
The Devill's excellent at the hug; your Servant.

Enter Manuell *and* Clara, *at the other dore* Maria.

Man. The Princeſs.
Mar. I doe not like his Courtſhip there.
Don Manuel-- (Manuel *leaves* Clara, *and goes to* Maria.
Ro. So gratious with my Neece? I'll make him curſe
Thoſe ſmiles—— *Exit.*
Cl. All is not well within me, and the Princeſs
Was never ſo unwelcome; they conferr
With much delight, or elſe my fears abuſe me.
What hath ſhe in the greatneſs of her birth,
That I ſhould be ſo paſſive? Heaven look on
Our hearts, and if my love want a degree
Of noble heat, when they are both compar'd,
Let what I carry be the Funerall pile,
And my own flame conſume it. Ha, the Prince

Enter Carlo.

I ſhall betray my ſelf too ſoon I fear.
Car. My ſweeteſt *Clara!*
Mar. Either there were no Ladies that could love
In that Court, or you could not want a Miſtris.
Man. They are not born with incapacity
Of loving, where they find a worth t'invite:
The fault was in my undeſert, that could
Attract no Ladies grace to own me there,
So inconſiderable a ſervant Madam.

Ma. There

Ma. There is some hope, you wil not be thought here
Unworthy of a nobler Character;
I doe not think but *Clara* hath a better
Opinion of your merit.
Car. You cannot be so cruell; what could in
My absence interpose, to make your heart
Unkind to those desires at my return?
Cla. My justice, and the care of both our honours,
I have not lost; nor can Time make me forfeit,
(What Nature, and the Laws of Heaven and Earth
Command me to preserve) my duty Sir.
What is above, would tast ambitious.
Car. This was not wont.
Cla. If any of your smiles,
Or favours Sir before, have led my tongue
To unbecoming boldness, you have mercy:
Some things of errour are exalted by
Our bold belief, when Princes make themselves
But merry with their servants, who are apt
To antedate their honour, and expound,
In their own flattery, the text of Princes.
Car. But is all this in earnest?

Enter Roderigo *and* Antonio.

Ro. Is not that
Don Manuell with the Princess? Observe Sir.
An. They are pleasant.
Ro. Dare he presume?
An. Vexation!
Cla. While I have
The memory of what you are, a Prince,
And dare believe what is as true, as talk'd of,
Your Contract made in *Portugall* to the Princess
Isabella ———
Car. No Contract Madam; I confesse,
To please my Father, who engag'd me to

The

The travel, I did ſeem to court the Princeſs,
And with ſome ſhadows of a promiſe, might
Advance her expectation; but here
I left my heart, and dare appeal to thine.

An. Madam——

Mar. Your Graces pardon but a minute.

An. Sir—— [*To* Manuell.

Mar. Nay then I ſhall repent I ask'd your pardon.

An I ha' done, and will attend your Graces pleaſure.

Mar. I am now at your commands. *Exe.*

Ro. Clara his Miſtris?

Car. Poſſible! was not that Prince *Antonio*, Uncle?

Ro. Yes Sir, and gone diſpleaſed,
He hath been affronted by that Gentleman.

Car. He dares not be ſo rude.

Ro. He dares be inſolent, and court your Siſter.

Car. How? my Siſter? be leſs ambitious, *Manuel.*

Ro. Your favours have exalted him too much.

Car. But I can change my brow.

Ro. It does become you. *Exeunt.*

Mar. The Prince did frown upon me, Madam, you
Are wiſe, as well as fair, can you reſolve
The Prince's riddle?

Cla. Sir, I have no art
To decypher myſteries, but if I erre not,
He nam'd his Siſter.

Ma. Ha!

Cla. With caution you ſhould be leſs ambitious.

Ma. 'Tis ſo, he's jealous of my courtſhip there,
It can be nothing elſe, can it, ſweet Madam?
I dare make you the judge of all my thoughts,
Unboſom every counſell, and diveſt
My ſoul of this thin garment that it wears,
To let your eye examine it; if you find
Within that great diaphanal an atome
Look black, as guilty of the Prince's anger,

Let

Let him doom me to death, or if that be
Not punishment enough, be you more cruel,
And frown upon me too.
Cla. If I were judge,
Without such narrow, and severe dissection,
Don Manuel, of your heart, I should declare
Boldly your innocence, and rather than
A frown of mine should rob your thought of quiet,
I would deprive mine eyes of what they honour,
By a more cruel absence. *Ma.* But to be
Assured of so much charity I could wish
My self in some degrees a guilty person,
And stand the Prince's anger; but if I
Be cleer'd in your opinion, I dread not
The malice of accusers; yet if you had
Wav'd my integrity, I had an argument
To have convinc'd you, Madam, that *Maria*,
Though sacred in her person, was to me
No more enflaming than a peece of Alabaster,
Which some great Master's hand had shap'd a Virgin;
For if you dare believe me, you have won
By your virtue here so much dominion,
There is no room to entertain a guest,
Much less a competition. Oh Madam,
I took so strange a charm in at my eyes
When first your presence made 'em happy, that
To say I onely lov'd you, were prophane,
And would detract from that religious honour,
My heart in that first minute promis'd you.
Cla. I know not in what language, Sir, to dress
My answer, but in that small skill I have,
Sir, of my self, I am not guilty of
Unkind rewards, where I can understand
A fair respect invite 'em; yet if you
But flatter, for it is hard to say, when men
Dissemble not at Court----

Ma. The

Ma. The curſe of Virgins, and
What elſe can make a Lover miſerable
Feed on my heart, that minute I betray
Your faith by any treaſon of my tongue:
I muſt not live with your ſuſpicion on me;
Why doe you obſcure your face?
Cl. I doe but hide
Sir an unruly bluſh that's ſtoln into
My cheek; I fear a Spy, that hath diſcovered,
And would tell what complexion my heart has.
Pray leave me.
Ma. That command
Receiv'd but faint commiſſion from your heart,
From whence thoſe am'rous ſpies your bluſhes came;
It had a ſound like Virgins, when they teach
A way to be denied. Pardon ſweet Madam,
If I preſume to interpret my own happineſs;
Your eyes are not ſo kind to obſcure themſelves
Behind that cloud, they may behold me kiſs { *He kiſſes her hand.*
Your hands with this devotion, and not
Repent to be a witneſs. Did you not
Feel a chaſt trembling on my lip? with ſuch
A fear doe Pilgrims ſalute holy Shrines,
And touch the fleſh of Martyrs: but this circumſtance
Is but the pomp, no eſſence of affection.
Say, can you love me, Madam? if your tongue
Not us'd to ſuch a dialect, refuſe
Articulate conſent, a ſmile will make
No noiſe, ſpeak that way; I will keep this hand
Both a white pledge, and priſoner, till your eye
Or welcome accent doe redeem it from me;
Or if you ſtill be ſilent, I'll ſecure
My fate, and teach your hand without a voyce
To chant a Song to *Hymen.*

What help of tongue need they require,
Or use of other art,
Whose hands thus speak their chast desire,
And grasp each others heart?
Weak is that chain that's made of air,
Our tongues but chafe our breath,
When Palms thus meet, there's no despair
To make a double wreath.
Give but a sigh, a speaking look,
I care not for more noise,
Or let me kiss your hand, the Book,
And I have made my choyce.

Weeping? I'le kiss those drops away.
Cla. Away——
Ma. That eccho was not sweet, yet being thine---
Cla. I am too much thine.
Ma. There's no place for fears;
Love is the purest, when 'tis washt in tears.

ACT. II.

Enter King *and* Roderigo.

Ki. DAres he be so insolent allready? we
Shall humble him.
Ro. He durst affront me Sir;
And when I urg'd the folly of his pride,
Tell me, he knew himself, and on what strength
He must depend; words of a dangerous consequence.
Ki. My Son hath been too forward.
Ro. He affects him strangely.
Ki. Whose undertaking must not bind beyond
The rule of our own greatness.

Ro. Your Son is full
Of honourable thoughts, but being young,
May meet with ſubtle natures, whoſe oblique
And partial ends want no diſſembled forms
Of duty to betray him. This *Piracquo*
In his experience of the world, hath art,
And can from every accident extract
A cunning uſe of time, and diſpoſitions;
And 'tis not to be doubted but the man
Practiz'd in ſtorms, and rapine (by which he
Hath drawn a wealth above your treaſury)
May find a minute apt for his revenge
Upon your juſtice ———
He that is a Pirate
In the firſt act of ſpoyl he makes, doth open
His conſcience at ſea, and throws the key
Into the waves.

Ki. He hath acquir'd a mighty wealth.

Ro. But who can number their undoings and wet eys
That have been rob'd? how many lives and fortunes
Of your own ſubjects have increas'd the pile
Of his eſtate and cruelty? think o'that:
And if you can bring nearer thoughts, and look
Upon your ſelf, your preſent ſums are lean,
Compar'd to what did ſwell your treaſury;
Your cuſtoms are leſs numerous for his theſts,
And your great debts and charge upon your crown,
Are call'd upon, but drouzy with their weight,
They make no anſwer to the kingdoms clamour.
Some King, to whom the waves had ſent a wrack
So great upon his ſhore, would both ſecure,
And call the timely benefit, a providence.

Ki. 'Tis not too late.

Ro. Wiſe Princes that have law & ſtrength about 'em,
Muſt take all forfeits; he that is too tame
In Soveraignty, makes treaſon his own judge,

And

And gives a patent to be disobey'd.
Ki. Let him be sent for streight.
Ro. To hear him plead?
What Traytor did want reasons of defence?
Command him safe first, see his wealth seal'd up
Against the confiscation; Kings must act,
And not dispute their maxims; I could much
Amaze you, Sir, with other argument
To prove *Piracquo*'s insolence; his son
(And 'tis to be believ'd, in things of consequence
Their counsels often meet) *Don Manuel*,
Hath been ambitious to court *Maria*,
Your daughter, Sir.
Ki. Unsufferable impudence!
Ro. Antonio too suspects him, and what honor
You can maintain with the Prince, & what danger
It may produce; if this resented, and
Proclam'd, beget a War upon your country——
For Treaties are the immunities of Kings,
Subjects adulterate the Prince's coyn,
Not without high injustice, but he that
Doth play the wanton with his royal promise,
Defaceth his own stamp, and teacheth, by
His violation, others not to trust him.

Enter Antonio *and* Manuel *fighting.*
Enter Lords.

Ki. Treason!
Man. Be fearless, Sir, I am provok'd
Beyond the sufferings of a Gentleman.
Ro. Where is the guard? no mischief the result
Of such a skirmish?
Ma. I was not made for servitude, nor must I
Have patience, when the greatest man is in *Spain*,
Whose title cannot challenge my subjection,
Throws infamy upon me.

An. Do the Kings
Of *Spain* allow this ſawcy privilege
Againſt a Prince.
Ki. Not we: To priſon with him.
You ſhall be judge your ſelf, and ſet the puniſhment
Upon his inſolent act; away with him.
Man. Not hear me? this is tyranny.
Ro. Away, d'ee make a cypher of the King? { Manuel guarded off.
Ki. May we
Entreat to know the circumſtance?
An. I muſt
Acknowledge, Sir, I had ſuſpicion
Of ſome attempts by him againſt my honor,
Which made me firſt provoke him.
Ki. Dare he hope
To keep a thought unpuniſhed?

Enter Piracquo.

Pi. Sir, I met
My Son by your command lead priſoner hence,
It will not unbecome your royall juſtice,
To let me know his crime, I am no father
To any ſin he dares commit againſt
Your Laws, or perſon.
Ki. You came in good time.
Another guard for him.
Pi. A guard? for what?
Ki. You ſhall know that hereafter.
An. I ſhall beſeech, my cauſe againſt *Don Manuel*
May not involve his innocence; my Lord
Piracquo is full of honor.
1. The Duke's gone.
2. Nay he is right, at the wrong end of a cauſe ſtill.
An. If they be crimes againſt your ſtate, I am not
To preſcribe your Juſtice, Sir.
Ki. Away with him.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman with a Letter to Antonio.

An. To me? I have ſeen this character.

Enter Carlo, Piracquo, *Guard.*

Car. Return him at my peril, Sir.

Lord 2. What do you think of my Lord *Piracquo?*

Lord 1. I think he's gone to priſon; yet I think
He's here agen, if that be he; for we are
Not ſure of any thing at Court. Now, my Lord---

Pi. Do any of you know, my Lords, wherefore
I am under guard?

1. Not we.

Pi. I could not ſatisfie the Prince's queſtion.

2. Your ſons offence was an affront to th' Prince *Antonio.*

Pi. That was not well; 'twas
Some high provocation made him loſe his temper.

1. They were at it with their ſwords.

Pi. No hurt, I hope?

2. The Prince's feather diſcompos'd, or ſo.

Pi. This was not my fault, Gentlemen.

Car. Proclame to th' world I'm not your ſon, take off
Mine and your peoples expectation,
And then 'tis no diſhonor; for to be
Believed the Prince at the ſame time, and one
That dares betray a Gentleman from's Sanctuary,
To be a ſacrifice at home, are things
Of inconſiſtent nature, and deſtructive.
Charge him with new committed crimes, ſince I
Gave him my word and honour to ſecure him,
And there he ſtands, without an Altar to
Protect him; but far be it from the King,
To make it a new treaſon to be rich;
It will be thought your avarice to his wealth,
And read in ſtory to your ſhame for ever,

Piracquo died to pay your debts.
1. The Prince
Solicites hard; the King inclines.
Ca. I know
This doth not, Sir, proceed from your own soul,
But some malignant nature, that hath drop'd,
And would infect your ear with wicked counsell;
'Twas some malicious enemy to me,
And to your fame (as well as *Don Piracquo*
His life and fortune) hath conspir'd to make
Me less than Prince, and you unfit to be
A King, when once men catch at your inconstancie.
For I must pray you to remember, Sir,
I had your royall promise to confirm
My undertaking for his facts at sea,
And give me leave to say, Sir, this dishonorable
Retreat will stagger all your peoples faith:
A King to break his sacred word, will teach
The great men to be safe without your service;
Who will beleeve your smiles are snares to catch
Their fortunes; and when once the crowd takes sent
Of this, you leave your self no oath to swear by.
2. The Prince bestirs himself bravely in your cause.
Pi. I may do something to reward it, one day.
Sir, shall I speak? not in my own defence;
For since I came to *Spain*, I have not been
Guilty in thought of any breach of duty;
Nor for my son, if youth or ignorance
Have made him erre, my humble knees beseech
My cause may take no royall beam from him,
That now is pleas'd to be my Advocate,
Your son; in whom there's such an active heat
Of honor, better all my blood was scatter'd
Than you should frown upon him. But I know
If I had payd the Duke your brother, Sir,
But fifteen thousand Ducats——

Ki. Ha?

Ki. Ha? what then?

Pi. I had bought my peace, and been commended by His Grace to your full pardon.

1. Boldly urg'd.

Ca. Was it his act?

Ki. We reſtore thee,
Piracquo, to thy ſelf, and us; and let
Our largeſt pardon for all paſt offences
Be ready for our ſignature; my brother,
I'll promiſe reconcil'd too: *Carlo*, thou
Haſt but confirm'd our hope, nor did we purpoſe
This other than a tryal of thy temper,
Thy gratitude, and jealouſie of thy honor:
Preſerve them ſtill thus, *Carlo*, nothing wants
To fix our Kingdoms joy, but the compleating
Thy mariage with the Princeſs *Iſabella*,
Which ſhall be done by Proxy, when *Antonio*
Hath made his courtſhip perfect with thy Siſter.
Who ſaw the Duke *Mendoza*? ſend for him;
He doth too much abſent himſelf. *Exe.*

Manet Carlo.

Car. By Proxy?
The Duke *Mendoza*'s counſell is too buſie
To advance that, and *Clara* is grown cold,
Or ſeems ſo, in her cunning to provoke
My flame; but I muſt teach her how to meet it.
My father may be wrought to a conſent
When things are done; forgive me, *Iſabella*,
My firſt thoughts cannot on thy beauty wait,
I am not maſter of my love, or fate. *Exit.*

Enter Pedro.

Pe. Things are not now ſo deſperate, whilſt my Lord *Piracquo* keeps poſſeſſion; but if I were
Worthy to adviſe his Lordſhip, he ſhould not loſe
Much time to ſettle things, ſecrets do burn——

Enter Mendoza.

His grace; now for a fit of jealouſie——
I'll be here——

Men. He's troubleſome in my eye, and yet I cannot
Endure him from my ſight.

Pe. That's I.

Me. Methinks he hath every day a more diſcover-(ing look,
There's Scaffolds in his face; I ſhall prevent him,
And ſend him far enough, with the next Fleet
He goes, the Sea may roar, and crack the Cabbins,
Or he may meet the Calenture; I have heard
Of Hericanoes that have torn up Mountains,
One boyſterous enough would ſtrike his Ship
Clean through, a'tother ſide to the Antipodes,
And that would cure me; all my Art muſt be
To win him to the Voyage, and not ſtir
His jealouſie; the Knave is apprehenſive.

Pe. Are you good at that? *Exit.*

Me. I doe not like his buſineſs with *Piracquo*,
'Tis for no good, I'll break their correſpondence;
Piracquo has been honourable, yet
I doe not much confide in him——he's here;

Enter Pedro.

Come hither *Pedro*.

Re. Your Graces Pleaſure?

Me. What conſult
Have you with *Don Piracquo?*

Pe. Pleaſe your Grace,
He hath been fiſhing, ſome or other have
Infus'd a ſcruple, I'll engage my life:
But though he be my Kinſman and a Lord
I honour, and from whom I have receiv'd
The promiſe of a Fortune, and a great one,
Yet, I have ſaid little——

Me.

Me. Haſt ſaid any thing?
Pe. How could I chooſe Sir? he did ſqueez me ſubtly,
But I was wiſe, and faithfull to your truſt,
He knows no more than I, or you——
Me. Ha?
Pe. Wou'd wiſh him Sir, let me alone to be cautious.
Me. Th'art honeſt *Pedro*, and I have been ſtudying
How to encourage and reward thy ſervice,
And I have thought of a preferment for thee.
Pe. Your Grace was ever bountifull.
Me. A place
Of honour and command.
Pe. That will do well Sir;
And ſhal I come in as your Churchmen do?
No firſt-fruits to be paid twice in a year,
No buying of a Jewell at the rate
Of fifteen hundred times the value Sir?
Me. Remove that care.
Pe. That care is well remov'd.
Me. I have conſider'd, that to live at home
My Servant, is to dark thy abilities,
That will abroad ſhine, and doe ſervices
Worth *Spain*'s acknowledgement.
Pe. Abroad? why, muſt I travell?
Me. By any means.
Pe. Whither, an't pleaſe your Grace?
Me. But to the *Indies*.
Pe. No farther? *Columbus* did it in 7 years,
And leſs.
Me. In the next Fleet thou ſhalt have an imployment
Shall ſpeak my care of thee, and intereſt
With his Catholick Majeſtie; he ſhall deny
Me hard, but I'll prevail to make thee of
His Councill there, and the State Secretary.
Pe. This is a mighty honour.
Me. We may hold

Correſpondence ſtill by Letters, thou art wiſe;
The King ſhall knight thee too of *Calatrava*;
How will it joy my heart to write to thee,
Al Signor illuſtriſſimo Don Pedro.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Sir, the King hath ſent for you?
Me. For me?
Pe. Yes, Sir, I could have told your Grace
His Majeſty commanded your attendance.
Me. For what?
Pe. I know not that, but I ſuſpect
There hath been ſome intelligence, however
Go, Sir, it may do worſe, and argue guilt,
To be commanded twice.
Me. Intelligence?
It will be worth my ſafety to confeſs.
Pe. By no means, Sir, that ſimplicity
Would rather become me.
Me. Why? wo't thou confeſs?
Pe. Not, unleſs you begin; go Sir, an't be
But to prepare his Majeſty, for me
To wear the order of the *Caletrava*;
You have put me, Sir, into the gang of going
This *Indian* voyage.
Me. Well, I muſt to the King.
Pe. Shall I attend you? (on't
Me. Yes-- no-- do what thou wilt; yet now I think
'Twill be as well to go-- yet do not neither.
Pe. Be chearfull, Sir, why doth your head ſhake ſo?
Me. My head? (feel it?
Pe. It trembles like the Needle of a Sun-dial, d'ee not
Me. Ha? yes 'tis here; but do not breath upon me;
I feel the very wind of thy words blow it
To and agen like a Weather-cock; but I muſt go.
Pe. I will prepare my ſelf for this voyage.

Forget

Forget not the *Calatrava.*
Me. I would thou wert ſhipt——
Pe. And ſunk.
It ſhall go hard but I'll requite your Lordſhip. *Exe.*

Enter Clara *and Servant.*

Cla. A priſoner ſaiſt?
Ser. 'Tis a confirm'd report.
Cla. I fear Prince *Carlo*'s jealouſie is cauſe
Of this; poor *Manuel*, it will not be
Safe, or ſeem honorable for me to viſit him:
But ſince I cannot ſuffer with him, he *Ex. Ser.*
Shall hear I dare confine my ſelf to ſorrow.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Princeſs
Maria is coming up the ſtairs.
Cla. I muſt diſſemble now my grief, and meet her, yet
I may intreat her Graces mediation
To the King for his enlarge.

Enter Maria.

Ma. Let us be private.
If e'r thou lov'dſt me, *Clara*, now expreſs it.
Cla. I have an humble ſute to your Highneſs, which
In hope to proſper, will direct my faith,
And ſervices to what you can preſcribe me.
Speak your commands.
Ma. Don Manuel ſtands committed by the King,
And I would have thy counſell, how I ſhould
Beſt work his liberty.
Cla. That, Madam, is
All my petition to your Grace.
Ma. I know my leaſt deſire let fall to th' Prince
Antonio, were enough to engage, and make him
The Orator to effect it, but in honor

I would not contrive him the means, and inſtrument
To advance his Rival's liberty.
Cla. Rivall, Madam?
Ma. For I muſt tell thee, *Clara*, and with it
Give up the ſecret of my ſoul, I love
Don Manuel, I fear, better than my ſelf.
Cla. You do not mock me, I hope, Madam?
Ma. No,
By all that Ladies once in love do pray for,
By him thou lov'ſt, who e'r he be, and this
Kiſs (that I rather wiſh on *Manuel*'s lip,
Would modeſty and honor give it privilege
And durſt entruſt thy faith to carry it to him,
In my experience of thy virtue, *Clara*)
I ſpeak no fable.
Cla. It becomes my truth
To anſwer yours, though not ſo cheerfully;
I ſhould not much repent, to carry, Madam,
Your kiſs to *Manuel*, but I fear, I ſhould
Forget who ſent it. If you have a plot
To raiſe mirth from my weakneſs, when you know
How much my heart is his, I yeeld my ſelf
Your triumph, Madam, but the glories of
Your blood, and title are not price enough
To buy him from my thoughts, could you inveſt
My name with their poſſeſſion.
Ma. Doth ſhe love him?
I have deſtroy'd my own hope then; alaſs
Poor *Clara*, I muſt pitty thee, and for that
Love that hath been between us, I'll apply
To cure thy wound; for mine is not ſo deſperate,
Though I bleed inwards, I confeſs, ſince he,
Whom I eſteem beſt, ſuffers for *Maria*.
Cla. Suffer for you? pray Madam, clear this myſtery.
Ma. It is poor *Manuel*'s fortune to affect
Me with a paſſion great; as mine, and love,

That

That like a rebell forrageth our ſoul,
And can obey no law, but what it likes,
Impatient that *Antonio* lov'd me too,
Made him forget the Prince, and gave the affront,
For which he ſuffers in the Kings diſpleaſure.
Cla. No repetition of this ſtory, Madam,
Leſt you deſtroy all my belief in virtue;
It cannot be, you may as ſoon perſwade
That ſnow, the innocent fleece of heaven, that's born
Upon the fleet wings of ſome ſportive wind,
Is *Ethiop*'s wooll, as call this truth.
Ma. This will be rudeneſs, *Clara*, if you do not
Convince, and with more reaſon, and with temper.
And 'tis no little wonder, that when I
Have fairly thus diſclos'd my thoughts of *Manuel*,
You ſhould retain a murmuring thought, and dare
Pretend rivality with me.
Cla. The law
You gave to love, that ſtoopes to no prerogative
Of birth, or name (mine only a degree
Beneath your own) will anſwer your diſdain,
And juſtifie my paſſion; and if reaſon
And temper (which in vain you think are loſt
In me) be aſſign'd judges, I dare more
Than ſay I love, I can deſerve him ——
Ma. Better?
Fate bring it to a tryall.
Cla. So juſt are my affections, I dare make
A Saint my judge.
Ma. That Judge you make, is not
A friend to ſo much pride.
Cla. You are but my accuſer, Madam.
Ma. This affront I muſt
Remember, *Clara*, and find time to teach
You know me better.
Cla. Madam, as you are

The Princeſs, I can fall thus low, to kiſs
Your hand, and pay all duties that become me,
Or your command; but if you think by being
Great, I muſt own no paſſion, but in what
Degree you are pleas'd to fix it, nor compare
My ſoul born with its freedome to affection,
With yours, becauſe one ſhaft hath wounded both,
I riſe my own defender.

Ma. Thy own ruine
For this preſumption.

Cla. I'll not bribe your mercy,
When you can love as I doe, we may both
Deſerve him equally: Oh *Manuell!* *Ex.* Maria.
Though I defend thy honour to the Princeſs,
Yet he hath ſcatter'd ſeeds of jealouſie
About my heart, if this ground fertile prove,
I wo'not curſe his faith, but my own love. *Exit.*

Manuell *in Priſon.*

Man. Why ſhould we murmur to be circumſcrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?
When the whole World was meant but to confine us;
Wherein who walks from one Clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedome of the Priſon;
Our Soul was the firſt Captive, born to inherit
But her own Chains, nor can it be diſcharg'd
Till Nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone to be at liberty.

Enter Carlo.

The Prince, he brings a ſtorm, I ſee it riſing
As Seamen doe, the wind far off.

Car. Don Manuell, (holds

Man. You have nam'd a ſuffering man, but one that
His life and death at ſuch an even rate,
No matter which is firſt employ'd, with honour.

I dare ſubmit me to your juſtice Sir. (love
Car. Your Cauſe would droop to truſt to that, my
Willing to juſtifie the choyce it made
In thee, hath pleaded better, and prevail'd
With me to bring thee counſell to redeem
Thy ſelf becomingly.
Ma. Your goodneſs flows ſtill,
'Twas not the Prince that frown'd.
Ca. Submit your ſelf to Prince *Antonio.*
Man. Submit my ſelf?
Ca. Ask him forgiveneſs.
Man. I muſt be guilty firſt of an offence,
Ere my tongue be ſo baſe, and ask a pardon.
Ca. Then I muſt chide you *Manuell*; deny
This triviall ſatisfaction? your crime
Will upon ſecond thoughts be much enlarg'd,
Nor will the Prince be ever thought to merit
His birth and name, unleſs he kill thee for't,
'Tis an affront of ſo ſupreme a nature.
Man. Hath it no name Sir?
Car. Doſt not ſhake to ask it?
Are you Sir a fit Rivall for the Prince?
Abſtract that ſhe's my Siſter, which conſider'd,
Carries ſo vaſt a guilt againſt the Kings,
Mine, and *Maria*'s honour, all thy bloud
Mixt with repentance cannot purge; you are
Inſtructed Sir.
Man. Not yet, to know my ſelf
Conſcious of any action ſhould contract
The Prince's brow, or yours, much leſs deſerve
The horrid name of guilt againſt the Kings,
Yours, and *Maria*'s honour.
Car. Did not you Sir court my Siſter?
Man. Never Sir.
Car. Doe not you love her?
Man. Heaven in that word includes all that we owe
His

His precept; 'Tis my juſtice, Sir, to love her;
But with a greater diſtance, than ſhe is
From me remov'd by birth; and if her ſmile
Meant the reward of my attendance, Sir,
At any time have met with falſe obſervers,
Their tongues, and no audacious thought of mine,
Or application, are in fault; I have,
Beſide the leſſon of my birth, been taught
A piety from your favours, Sir, to know
My ſelf their creature, and with humble thoughts
To ſhew my gratitude, not proudly aſſume
(Could ſhe deſcend) a Courtſhip to *Maria*,
Who by the King, & every good mans vote,
Is meant a ſacred pledge to *Portugal*,
To chain two kingdoms.
Car. If this, *Manuel*,
Be truth——
Man. Without condition of my liberty,
Or dread of what *Antonio* ſhall attempt
In his revenge, my ſoul dare wth ith an oath
Confirm it at the Altar.
Car. This doth pleaſe me.
Poſſeſs thy firſt place in my friendſhip, *Manuel*;
Antonio ſhall embrace thee too, his ear
And mine have been abus'd.
Man. There was
A providence upon our Swords, that meant
Leſs fatall than his paſſion ſhew'd, when we
Laſt met, againſt whoſe weapon threatning me firſt,
The ſafety of my fame, more than my life,
Call'd up my juſt defence.
Car. I do beleeve thee;
To what a loſs of virtue, and of blood
Credulity engageth? this ſhall be
No more thy dwelling; Prince *Antonio*
Shall for thy honor make it his own act,

Who yet believes thy intereſt in *Maria*
Hath made his Courtſhip vain, and will I fear,
Not preſently admit thy innocence
Into his quiet faith, but I'll convince him.
Man. If he but knew my heart, he ſhould not need
Much argument; no man can love with honour,
And let his thoughts divide upon two Miſtriſſes.
I have contracted love———
Car. With whom? may Time,
When this World fails, and Nature grows decrepit;
Preſent it to Eternity. (within it,
Man. This prayer opens my heart, and all the wealth
Commands me draw the Curtain from her name,
That you may read my *Clara*,
And I ſhall beſeech your Graces ſmile---
Car. Your *Clara*? what
The Duke *Mendoza*'s Daughter?
Man. You have nam'd her.
Car. No, I am i'th' dark ſtill, ſpeak agen,
Or rather ſay, thou haſt miſtook, it is
Some other *Clara*, and not the Lady
I underſtand.
Man. Life cannot bribe me with another wealth,
Or death with all his horrours make me deſert
That name.
Car. What a ſtrange Sea-breach has
This little ſtorm of breath made here allready?
I was taking pains to unconcern the jealouſie
Of *Antonio*, and find him my own Rivall;
Thou hadſt been kinder to have lov'd *Maria*
My Siſter, though *Antonio* had ſworn
Thy death, and the Kings anger with my own
Had met thee like a torrent, than preſum'd
This intereſt in *Clara*.
Man. I ſee no
Such mighty danger in't.

Car.

Car. I'll tell thee, *Manuel*,
Thou haſt invaded all my joys, I love her.
Man. Honor forbid it, Sir.
Car. Honor's a dream,
And a cold everlaſting ſleep muſt chain
My ſoul up; for if once it wake, and know
What thou haſt torn from't, it will vex it ſelf
Into a flame, and turn thee into aſhes.
Ma. Never til now unhappy, with my weight
I ſee my ſelf now bea ring down before me,
A rotten part of ſome prodigious mountain
Into the ſea, with which I ſhall ſoon mingle.
Ca. Collect thy ſelf betimes, and give her back
Unſullied with thy clame, releaſe thy own,
And with her, every thought as much a virgin
As her ſoul was, when firſt I courted her,
Or thou art loſt——
Man. With greater juſtice, Sir,
Command to uncreate my ſelf, as call
My faith or heart agen.
Ca. How?
Man. Sir, my life,
The cement that doth hold this frame together,
You have power to melt, or but command my exile,
And I may live far off, and be forgotten
By all, but *Clara*; but to ask that back,
Which with the full conſent of heaven I gave her
(And in exchange receiv'd her equall vow)
I dare not, or if I had will, to be
So falſe to honour, 'tis within my heart
So rivetted, I may with as much innocence
Commit a rape, or murder, as attempt it.
Ca. You have no doubt a valour too, that dare
Love with ſo fierce a reſolution.
Man. When I am maſter of my ſword, I dare
Not draw it againſt you; but he that lives

Beneath

Beneath you, may have little time to wiſh
Himſelf unmade that would divorce us.
Car. Leave me, leave me—— *Ex.* Man.
How many lones are ſhaken with one tempeſt?
And if one ſuffer, ruin'd all? I know
The faith he bears me, and the reverence
He gives my blood, will never be provok'd
To fight againſt my perſon; but I muſt not
By tameneſs give my ſelf a publike wound;
He ſhall be maſter of his ſword and freedom,
And then let fate determine; *Clara* muſt
Be mine, or make a Brideg room of his duſt. *Exit.*

ACT. III.

Enter Gentlemen of Prince Antonio, *preparing a Banquet.*

1. PRince *Carlo*'s not come yet.
2. My Lord *Piracquo*
And his ſon *Manuel* are expected too.
1. I wonder at this haſty reconcilement;
We did imagine it as poſſible
The two Poles ſhould have met, as they together
Friends at a Banquet.
2. In my opinion, peace, and wine, and muſick,
Are more convenient for the naturall body,
Than ſwords or guns.
1. And for the politick too,
If men were but ſo wiſe to like, and cheriſh
Their own eſtates: If I had all the Plate
In the *Indies*, I'd not give a ſilver ſpoon
To have my head cut off.
2. Why is not the great Duke *Roderigo* here?

1. Who, the Kings Evil Genius? he was
Invited, but excus'd himſelf.
2. Why, there's
A Stateſman, that can ſide with every faction,
And yet moſt ſubtly can untwiſt himſelf
When he hath wrought the buſineſs up to danger.
He lives within a labyrinth, ſome think
He deals with the devil, and he looks like one,
With a more Holiday face.
1. But he hath ſo behav'd himſelf,
That no man now dare much confide in him.
They are come.

Enter Antonio, Carlo, Piracquo, Manuel.

An. *Don Manuel*, the Prince hath made me know
My error, and your worth.
Ma. He has too much honor'd me,
And you have reaſon to command for this
The ſervice of my life.
An. You are not pleaſant, Sir--
My Lord *Piracquo.*
Pi. Your Highneſs humble ſervant.
Car. All is not
Reconcil'd here, I but ſuppreſs a flame,
To give it vent more dangerous.
An. A free welcom to all;
Sit, and ſome wine; this Muſick is not
Sprightly enough: To his Majeſty of *Spain*—
Pi. He that doth pledg the Kings health with a murmur
May his next thirſt inflame him to drink poyſon.
Car. The King hath a true ſervant in *Piracquo.*
Man. He that is not, had never ſenſe of honor;
And may he periſh all but ſoul, that dares
Harbour a thought diſloyall. To your Highneſs——
An. Give me another:
This wine looks cheerful as my heart, to drink

The Princeſs fair *Maria*'s health.
Car. My turn
Will come, Sir, to be gratefull.
An. Here my Lord.
Pi. May ſwift time perfect by your ſacred Loves,
The happineſs of both kingdoms.
Man. May that day,
That ſeals your glorious *Hymen*, Sir, be ever
Holy within our Calendar, and beget
A faith, that all things then begun, may proſper.
An. I thank thee, *Manuel*.
Car. Sir, you may
Believe *Don Manuel*'s language, and his heart
Are twins, they bear one date of time, & ſenſe.
You muſt now give me leave, Sir, to requite
You in part; A health to the King of *Portugal*;
Let it move this way, *Manuel*.
Ma. It ſhall
With humble thoughts be entertain'd-- you honor me.
Pi. It is but Juſtice *Manuel*; for when *Spain*
Would not acknowledge, nor allow us being,
Our lives were welcome there, till better ſtars
Sent him, to whoſe bounty we ow all that's left us.
Car. No more o'that my Lord, I am very confident,
In any honorable cauſe, you dare
Expreſs your faith to me; and for your ſon,
We two have been companions, I dare ſay,
Our hearts are toucht by one Magnetick virtue,
And ſuch a ſympathy, I cannot wiſh
What's deareſt to me, but he flies t'embrace it.
Ma. I like not this——
Car. Manuel, begin a health:
We have had my Siſters and the Kings already,
Name your own Miſtris for the next. (Sir,
Ma. I ſhould conclude her worthy of remembrance,
If one were firſt preferr'd. Will your Grace pleaſe

To let me have the honor——

An. Come, to me.

Ma. To the white hand of faireſt *Iſabella.*

An. Would ſhe were
Preſent to thank you *Manuel.*

Car. 'Tis an affront, as *Clara* were his own
Allready; ha! civilitie and honor
Preſcribe me patience, dares he inſult?
When this hath had the ceremony, *Manuel*,
'T ſhall be my office to remember *Clara*;
I muſt have time to quit the favour, Sir,
Y'ave done my Miſtris; in your ear; though I
Was pleaſed to reconcile you to the Prince,
And order your enlargement, *Clara* muſt
Be mine, or one of us be nothing; you
May think on't yet.

Ma. I have Sir, and to ſhew
How much I can obey, and that I have not
Intruded like a thief upon your treaſure,
And filcht her heart away, 'tis now within
Her choice agen, if you prevail upon
Her kinder thoughts, I can ſit down deſpis'd.

Car. Thou art my beſt friend now. *Antonio*---
Me-thinks we are not pleaſant--- if ſhe ſhould
Be a little obſtinate, it would become,
And ſpeak the bravery of thy ſoul, and ſervice,
To uſe ſome language for me, wo't thou *Manuel*?
Thou doſt not know the ſufferings of my ſoul
For *Clara.*

Man. But I pitty 'em.

Car. 'Tis new balſom
Into my wounds; where is the health, *Piracquo*?
I feel new ſpirits dancing in my blood,
The health begun to *Clara* languiſheth,
Why ſhould I want it, Gentlemen?

An. It was nam'd

By

By *Manuel* to my Sister *Isabella*;
Prince *Carlo*, you forget.
Car. To *Isabella*?
Your Graces pardon, I confess my error,
I forgot her indeed, but could your wishes
Translate that Princess hither, she should be
A witness of my honourable thoughts.

Enter Isabella *with Ladies.* (*Musick.*)

What Magick's this? do any know that face?
Pi. 'Tis very like the Princess *Isabella.*
Ca. I would she were a Ghost; *Antonio*,
Ha you got enchantments?
Is. You may stay, Sir.
Ca. I love not to converse with spirits.
Ma. Sir,
This is no shadow.
Car. It is to me, Sir.
Meet me at *Clara*'s, or be lost to honour. *Exit.*
Is. It was your Counsell brother, that reserv'd me
For this first entertainment. My good Lord
Piracquo, and *Don Manuel*, you seem not
So much affrighted, as the Prince.
Pi. A devill
In such a shape could never fright me, Madam;
But persons of your quality shift not so
Much air without a noise; the motion
Of Princes has much rumor to attend it.
Is. I chose to come so private, I arriv'd
The City but last evening.
Ma. You have much
Honour'd *Madrid.*
Is. Why, how now brother, are
You frighted too?
An. Yes, and do sweat at soul,
To see our selves neglected.

Is. Some are not fortified againſt a ſudden accident;
In my deſert, and innocence, I can
Interpret nothing yet in my diſhonour,
Since joyes have extaſies ſometimes, and with
Their rapture may tranſport our ſenſes from us,
As ſoon as any other paſſion.
Beſides, I heard him wiſh me here a witneſs
Of honourable thoughts, he has but now
Remov'd his perſon, to acquaint the King,
With greater preparation to receive
A Gueſt ſo unexpected.

Pi. But I like not the Prince's humor, you
Had whiſperings *Manuel* I obſerv'd.

Man. I ſhall
Keep nothing Sir in Clouds from you.

An. Thou ſha't direct me *Iſabella*, wee'l to Court
My Lord *Piracquo*, *Manuel*.

Is. How ere
I put a valiant brow on his neglect,
And ſeem to make a gloſs in his defence,
My ſoul is ſick with fear.

An. Come *Iſabella*.

Pi. We both attend your grace. *Exit.*

Enter Roderigo.

Ro. My engins want ſucceſs, *Piracquo* is
Reſtor'd to his full being, and his Son
At large, and reconcil'd by *Carlo*'s act.
My Nephew had been better to have wak'd
A ſleeping Dragon, than have croſt my aims;
He has reſcu'd them, but drawn upon his boſome
As many wounds as policy and my
Revenge can make. I was too tame, to ſtrike
At uſeleſs Shrubs, that hinder not my proſpect;
My thoughts ſhould have no ſtudy but a Kingdome;
It is my Heaven, and this young Cedar ſpread;

Betwixt

Betwixt my eyes, and it; I have allready
Betray'd his love to *Clara*, and the King
That hath made up an Idoll to himself
Of honour, is inflam'd to my own wishes;
I know the Prince will be impatient
To hear his Mistris tost by the Kings anger,
And he may leap into some disobedience,
That may be worth my second charge to sink him;
And then *Piracquo*, *Manuel*, and the Kingdome
Shall stoop to my devotion; yet I carry
A smiling brow to all, and please the King,
To think I am reconcil'd.

Enter Carlo.

My Nephew ——————

Car. Where is the King? (coming

Ro. Where I left him displeas'd, and was now
To Prince *Antonio*'s Lodgings to acquaint you.

Car. With what?

Ro. Have you contracted love with Duke *Mendoza*'s
Daughter, the Lady *Clara*?

Car. What officious
Tongue hath been bold to mention her?

Ro. He has
Had some intelligence, and is almost grown
Wild with the strange resentment, I not knowing
What to object against his passion, thus
Surpriz'd, you may believe apply'd what lenitives
My understanding could collect o'th' sudden,
With confidence, when you came to give account,
The accusation would fall off, and he
Appear too credulous against your honour.

Ca. It were no treason to *Castile*, my Lord,
If I confest this mighty fact.

Ro. 'Tis justice
If you doe love her honourably, to avow it.

Ca. *Isabella* is no Angell.
Ro. Nor is *Clara*
Of an extraction to digrace a Prince.
Ca. Though he be my Father, he did not
Beget my Soul; who's with him?
Ro. I left the Duke *Mendoza.*
Ca. Has he made
Complaint o'me? 'tis well; let me preserve
Good Uncle still your loving thoughts; it is
In vain to move my Father now.
Ro. There is
A way, if you could but dissemble, Sir,
To set your wishes right, and Letters may
Be so contriv'd to *Portugall.*
Ca. The Princess
Is here allready Uncle.
Ro. *Isabella?*
Ca. Now with *Antonio*, and I am lost.
Ro. Would thou wert never to be found agen.
Ca. I must doe something.
Ro. The Princess thus
Affronted may be worth my own ambition.
Calm thoughts attend you Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Mendoza.

Me. I'm glad I came so well off from the King,
His anger made me tremble, I was jealous
Of more discovery, when he nam'd the Prince:
This Treason is a kind of a quotidian,
It leaves a man no intervall; I durst
Not mention *Pedro* at all, for fear
The King had skill in *Cabala*; I'm afraid
There's something in the very name, that may
With a small key be open'd to my danger.
Ca. You are well met my Lord, doe you know me?
Me. Know you Sir? yes I know you for——

Car.

Car. For what?
Me. The Prince, I hope; now I'm betray'd for certain,
Yet if he know it, he will not be ſo furious.
Car. Are you ſo much an enemy to your ſelf,
To tell the King?
Me. I tell the King? alaſs
I dare not tell it to my Ghoſtly Father,
I have more regard to you, and my own life,
My Family's undone by it.
Car. By what Sir?
Me. Nay if you know not, I know not neither, Sir;
What doe you mean?
Car. Am not I worthy in your opinion
Your Daughter *Clara*'s love?
Me. Oh, is that all?
Car. But you muſt dote, and tell the King on't.
Me. I? I diſclaim it, by my life and honour.
Car. I thought you had lov'd me Sir.
Me. He is a Traitour
That dares accuſe me; now I may ſpeak boldly;
My Bloud and Fortune have a little name
I'th' World, to which make an addition of
My Life, my Daughter *Clara* too, were theſe
In ballance againſt you, they would be light,
And their whole loſs repaird, to ſee you happy:
If this be falſe, a Whirlwind ſnatch me Sir,
And let me hang in ſome prodigious Cloud
'Twixt Earth and Heaven.
Car. This is a bold expreſſion.
Me. But I muſt tell you Sir, for your own ſake,
I would not have you love my Daughter *Clara*,
Were ſhe in beauty, perſon, and all ornaments,
Fortune and Nature could beſtow, more excellent
Than *Iſabella*.
Car. Why an't pleaſe your Wiſedome?
Me. Sir in my love to you, and *Iſabella*,

My

My duty to your Father, and the Kingdome,
Nay for my Daughter's ſake, and all my hope
Of after-joyes, and for one other reaſon
Above all theſe, which I conceal; yet I
Complain'd not to the King.

Car. Excluding me,
Your Grace can be content, *Don Manuel*
Should have your Daughter.

Me. Rather than your Highneſs,
I know a reaſon for't.

Car. I muſt ſo too.

Me. Your Grace ſhall pardon me at this time.

Car. I wo'not Sir.

Me. If you'l needs have it, I have made a vow
I wo'not ask my Daughter bleſſing Sir;
If you two meet, and marry, ſhe may live
To be a Queen, and then I'll kneel to her,
Which is not in the Oath of my Allegiance.

Car. The old man raves. *Exit.*

Enter King, Maria.

Me. The King.

Car. He ſhall not ſee me
Till I know all my fate. *Exit.*

Ki. How doe you like the Prince *Antonio*?

Ma. Sir, if you allow me freedome ——

Ki. You enjoy it.

Ma. His Perſon, Bloud, and expectations, are
High as the wiſhes of a Queen, and I
With pious gratitude acknowledge all
My duty, and my prayers a juſt return
To your great care; but give me Sir your pardon,
If I prefer ſome thoughts that prompt me to
A better choyce.

Ki. A better choyce? look back
Upon that character your breath but now

Deliver'd

Deliver'd in his honour.
Ma. I confirm it;
But when you hear me humbly beg I may
Perform religious duties Sir to Heaven,
You wil think nature hath a place beneath 'em:
If I could find any consent to marriage,
Antonio would prefer himself the first
To my election: but if you were pleas'd——.
Ki. You would be a Nunn?
Ma. That hath expreſt my wiſhes.
Ki. So I ſhould
Affront the Prince: how long *Maria* has
This fit of your Religion held you? ha!
No more, leaſt I ſuſpect this a pretence
To hide your love plac'd otherwiſe unfitly,
If I find where your heart is wandring——
Ma. It knows obedience better, and your name,
Than to chooſe any path leads not to honour.
Ki. I muſt direct it then to love *Antonio.*
My Children are turn'd rebell.
Ma. Sir I hope
My offer with your leave, to dedicate
My life to prayer, and Virgin-thoughts, will merit
A better name.
Ki. Your brother *Carlo* too
Will find himſelf at loſs, if he collect not
Himſelf, and make our Royall Promiſe good
To *Iſabella*; while my ſtudies are
To make the Kingdome firm by our alliance
With *Portugall*, he courts the Lady *Clara.*
Ma. I would ſhe were his Bride, ſo I had *Manuel.*
Ki. And you at the ſame time, and height of both
The Kingdoms expectations, would take a Cloyſter;
Is this to pay obedience to a Father,
Whoſe cares have kept him wake to make you happy?
Ma. Goodneſs forbid, that *Carlo* or *Maria*

Should

Should move me to juſt anger.

Ki. This is virtue.

Ma. He is paſſionate, and Love that makes all Ladies
Apt and ingenious to contrive, cannot
Inſpire or help me with an heart to advance
A little hope.

Ki. It cannot be! *Maria*,
We are ſurpriz'd, the Princeſs *Iſabella*
Is privately arriv'd, and come to Court:
Where is our Son? all ſhould prepare to meet her. *Exe.*

Enter Carlo *and* Clara.

Car. You may believe I trifle not.

Cla. The Princeſs *Iſabella* come?

Car. Now if but *Clara* think I honour her,
And inſtantly accept what I am willing
In preſence of the Prieſt and Heaven to give her,
The Ceremony waits to make all perfect.

Enter Manuell.

Cla. I dare not Sir.

Car. Say but you love, and that will teach you valour;
I bring not onely proof of my own loyalty,
Which if examin'd muſt invite thy faith,
But thy ſecurity, a Releaſe from *Manuell*;
His ſoul is on my ſide, and comes to render
In pity of thy wound, a balm into
Thy breath; be gentle *Clara.*

Cla. A Releaſe? of what?

Ma. Of all, thy Promiſe hath made mine;
Obſerve me wiſely *Clara*, and diſtinguiſh,
As far as honour will permit, how long, (thee;
And with what bleeding thoughts the Prince affects
For I have look'd into his ſoul, and back
Upon the feeble merits of my ſelf,
And therefore giving thy own Vows agen,

I dis-engage their strength to bind thee *Clara*,
And to that sweetness thy first bosome had,
Remit thy quiet thoughts.
Car. Th'art just.
Cla. Pray give
Me leave to understand this mystery,
To give me back all those assurances
Of Love my Promise made, I'll not dispute
For what unworthiness I am neglected.
Ma. I dare not be so impious.
Cla. Then here I take
My liberty again.
Ma. You have it.
Cla. Now I with safety of my honor, may
Choose where I please.
Ma. You may.
Cla. And you desire it;
You have power I must confess to give me from you
Into my own possession, but no title
Now to direct my heart, then though I meet
My own despair, here I give *Clara* back,
And with new Vows as strong as my Religion,
And Love can make, contract my self agen
To Death, or *Manuell.*
Car. A Conspiracy!
Cla. I have resign'd no interest in him,
And by new choyce—am not my own agen.
Car. So, so, it is as possible in our destinies
We should enjoy her both, as live together,
When *Clara* is thy Bride.
Cla. That sound was tragicall;
Oh call those fatall words agen, and think
That if with safety of my faith I cannot
Meet your desires allready, you will force
My soul to greater distance, by destroying
What most I love; I know you doe but fright me.

Ma.

Ma. If I be mark'd for ~~your~~ revenge, I dare not
Think you will ſtain your honour, to contrive
My death ignobly. [*They whiſper.*
Cl. What was that he mention'd?
Sir, by your name and blood I charge you hear me,
By theſe (your rage compels) a Virgins tears,
I can kneel too, take your revenge on me,
'Tis I that have offended, for your ſake
He did return the intereſt I gave him,
But 'twas not in his power to revoke
Himſelf made mine, nor dare I quit poſſeſſion.
Car. I have but tryed thy virtue, *Manuel*
And I are friends.
Cl. That was a heavenly language.
Car. Our ſwords ſhall ſerve to nobler uſes, *Clara*,
I'll not diſturb the progreſs of your Mariage;
And ſince I ſee you're fixt ſo glorioufly,
Proceed to your own *Hymen*, I'll attend you,
And witneſs all your holy rites.
Cl. Bleſt change!
What prayers and duty can reward his goodneſs?
Car. I hope you'll not deny for my paſt ſervice,
Madam, your ſmile upon me, which ſhall be
A triumph after all my wounds receiv'd,
And boaſt a glory next to be your husband;
For I conſider now I am unfit.
Farewell, we may ſalute. Remember, *Manuel*,
The time and place. *Exit.*
Cla. What was it the Prince whiſper'd?
Ma. Nothing, Madam,
To fright your cheek to paleneſs.
Cl. I do tremble.
Ma. Were all this reconcilement a diſguiſe,
And that he meant revenge, ſhould time and place
Fit his inteuts, and I ſhould meet his anger,
t this ſecure thy peace, his honor will

Not

Not let him wound me baſely, and when I
Lift up a ſword 'gainſt him, fate let me dye.

Exeunt.

ACT. IV.

Enter Pedro.

Pe. My Lord is coming to my chamber, he
Has been with the King, I ſee my ſelf allready
Knight of the order of the *Calatrava*,
And my Commiſſion ſign'd for the State Secretary.
I am not the firſt ſervant of the Court
Has kept his Lord in aw; theſe Secrets are
An excellent curb to ride a Stateſman with,
That is not come to the art of poyſoning.
I know he wiſhes heartily I were hang'd;
I tryed him once for the wars; to find his pulſe,
And I was liſted Captain, before ſome
The Generall knew had been ſeven years in ſervice
(As Uſhers to right honourable Ladies)
There was his Graces commendations
To a Field-officer, that ſhould drill me out,
The firſt to dye, with honor on ſome on-ſlaught;
So quitted that preferment.

Enter Mendoza.

He is come; I'll take no notice.

Men. If he liv'd at the t'other end of th' world,
He might betray me in the next packet: Ha!

Pe. Item I bequeath——

Me. What art thou doing?

Pe. Only making up my Will, Sir; and my ſelf
eady for the *Indies*; 'tis a long voyage,

And

And therefore I would ſettle every thing
Before I go; if your Grace pleaſe to honor me,
I would make you my Executor.

Me. But when,
Will you dye *Pedro*? ha?

Pe. Sir, there be ſtorms,
Abroad, and who does know how ſoon the waves
May rore, and crack the cabins?

Me. Ha!

Pe. There may be Calentures, my Lord, and twenty
Devices to be met at ſea, beſide
The land diſeaſes; there be Hericanoes
Are boyſterous enough to tear up mountains,
And ſtrike a ſhip clean through o't'other ſide
To the Antipodes.

Me. He deals with the devil, and knows my thoughts.
There's no haſt to make your will, I have
Conſider'd o'the buſineſs, and truth is,
I cannot find my heart willing to part with thee,
So far thou haſt been faithfull; we will live
And dye together.

Pe. By no means, my Lord:
I am reſolv'd I will not live in *Spain*
A moneth, for as much plate as the next Fleet
Brings home; no, I beſeech your Grace excuſe me.

Me. Why *Pedro*?

Pe. If your Grace pleaſe I ſhall be Knighted,
Or have the Office you have promis'd, do't,
And do't betime, it will be worſe for both elſe.

Me. You do not threaten to reveal the buſineſs?

Pe. 'Laſs, there be other matters, Sir, as dangerous.
And if you love your ſelf, or honor, finiſh——
I cannot help it.

Me. I am all a bath!
Pedro, why doſt thou fright me ſo? if thou
Beeſt honeſt, ther's no mortal can betray us.

Pe. Worſe,

Pe. Worſe, worſe than that; let me go travel, Sir,
And far enough; it is not poſſible
That I ſhould ſtay, and you preſerve your wits.
Me. The reaſon?
Pe. It will make you mad to hear it, Sir,
But 'tis my deſperate fate, the ſtars command it;
Would I had never ſeen ——
Me. What?
Pe. A face that I could name.
Me. If it concerns not
The other myſtery, let me hear it, *Pedro*,
I will be arm'd.
Pe. Why then you'll cut my throat;
You cannot hold your hand; pray let me go,
And you may ſave all yet.
Me. Thou doſt torment me.
P. And yet it is no fault of mine, directly,
We are all fleſh and blood — oh Sir.
Me. Out with it.
Pe. You'll curſe me when you know it.
I would your Grace would gueſs, but 'tis impoſſible;
'Tis working to get out, I am ——
Me. Well ſayd.
Pe. Oh Sir, I am -- I am -- in love -- now 'tis out.
Me. That all?
Pe. All? a Piſtol to a Maravide you draw
Your Rapier preſently upon me, and
If I name but the party, will not have
The patience to foin, but tilt it at me.
Sir, do not know't; what will become of me?
It will be ſafer, Sir, to hoyſt ſayls yet,
No matter whither, So I never come
Agen; for if I ſee one face too often,
Both you, and I, and ſhe's undone: I have
Beaten my ſelf allready, faſted, prayed,
Been drunk, and pray'd agen, nothing will kill

Concupiſcence—— oh Sir.

Me. Why, this is raving.

Pe. I, you may call it what you pleaſe, but here
She lies a croſs that muſt, or doe the deed,
Or make poor *Pedro* miſerable.

Me. How he ſweats?
Pedro do not deſpair, this feaver may
Be cur'd, it may.

Pe. Indeed you can do much;
For to ſay truth, your Grace is both acquainted,
And has no ſmall command upon the party.

Me. Nay then be confident —— who is't?

Pe. It is-- ſhall I name her?

Me. By my honor I will beat thee elſe.

Pe. Why ſo then;
The pretty ſoul, I will confeſs to you,
Whom, if I ſtay, I muſt——

Me. Enjoy; this ſuch a buſineſs?

Pe. Is-- is--*Clara*, your Graces one, & only daughter.

Me. Ha! [*draws.*

Pe. I told you this afore, but do not do't, Sir, now,
I rather look for't in the next ſallad,
Or in my mornings draught; there's ſpice i' your cloſet;
Or we have *Spaniſh* figs. (hope

Me. Thou moſt unheard-of impudence! how can'ſt
I ſhould not cut thy head off? ſirrah, raſcall.

Pe. To theſe things humane nature has been prone;
But if you kill me, Sir, there is a ſcedule,
A Secret in a bag of writings, left
In a friends hand-- - nay I did look for this,
There is an Inventory of Goods were ſtoln;
The *Anno Domini*, with *Ætatis ſuæ*
Set down, the day o'th' moneth, and place remembred,
If theſe do not revenge my death——

Me. Why ſo; a pox upon thee---yet come hither,
And let me cut thy tongue out.

Pe. I

Pe. I confeſs
I am not fit to marry, Sir, a Lady of
Her Princely birth and fortune, all conſider'd;
Alas, I know I am a wreth--- but——
Me. Thou wouldſt have her to be thy whore, & me
Thy pander to ſpeak for thee-- rogue, devill,
I muſt kill thee, there is no remedy.
Pe. Hold, you miſtake me, Sir, 'tis no ſuch buſineſs.
Me. What wouldſt thou have then?
Pe. I would go beyond ſea, I, to the *Indies*, Sir,
Or turn a Haddack by the way; ſend me
To the new Iſlands, or *Japan*.
Me. From whence you may ſend Letters to the King;
No ſirrah, I'll not truſt you.
Pe. 'Tis a hard caſe, my Lord, I have dangerous ſailing
Betwixt your Graces *Scylla* and her *Caribdis*.
Me. I dare not kil him; why do I not kil my ſelf then?
No, I wo'not, I will talk reaſon to him;
Come hither ſirra, my tormentor.
Pe. I Sir——
Me. If your hot blood muſt have a cooler, will
None ſerve your rogues turn, but my daughter *Clara*?
Say thou art mad--
Pe. I have too many ſenſes.
Me. Or if your wantonneſs muſt be confin'd
Within my walls——
Pe. The more my ſorrow——but I'll try my Lord,
If you will give me leave, for your ſake, Sir,
Among her Gentlewomen, what I can do
To conjure down my devil, I will take
Some phyſick too, Sir, every thing will help;
Would I were whipt, my Lord——
Me. Whipt with a vengeance?
Pe. But I am griev'd
For your vexation, and my ſcurvey fortune;
But if there be a wench, a witch, a medicine

Above ground, that can give me any charm,
Your Grace ſhall hear no more on't--- So, your pardon.
And now my Lord, let your unworthy ſervant
Have leave to ask one queſtion; does not your Grace
Suſpect me monſtrouſly? nay d'ee not think
I do preſume too much upon your fears?
And that the knowledge of this Secret makes
Me bold and ſawcy, my good Lord?

Me. 'Tis all too true, but 'tis not in my brain
To help't, unleſs I take ſome courſe to kill thee.

Pe. How?

Me. I fear I ſhall be driven to't; one fit
Like this will work my impatience up: look to't.

Pe. Why, then I'll tel your Grace an eaſie way
To remove all your jealouſie, and never
Trouble your brain with ſtudy how to kil me,
A moſt compendious way.

Me. I would I knew it.

Pe. 'Tis but my going to the Court, my Lord,
And if you be not cur'd within an hour
After I have told the King a ſtory, how
Your wife the Dutcheſs loſt - I ha' done--
Fear nothing.

Enter Lord.

Lo. Is not Prince *Carlo* here?

Me. Not here, my Lord.

Lo. 'Tis the Kings pleaſure you attend him preſently,
Your daughters preſence is expected too
Among the Ladies, for the entertainment
Of Princeſs *Iſabella*, new arriv'd the Court.

Me. We humbly wait to kiſs his hand.

Pe. Shall I attend?

Me. I am reſolv'd now not to ſleep without thee,
And in the day, I'll look upon thee, *Pedro*,
As thou wert my great Seal, and I thy keeper.

Pe. Yet

Fe. Yet I may give ycu a ſlip.
Me. We'll to *Clara*:
The Princeſs *Iſabella* come ſo private, ha! *Pedro*?
Pe. I am here, my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Manuel.

Ma. This is the place by his commands to meet in;
It has a ſad and fatall invitation.
A Hermit that forſakes the world for prayer,
And ſolitude, would be timorous to live here.
There's not a ſpray for birds to perch upon;
For every tree that over-looks the vale,
Carries the mark of lightning, and is blaſted.
The day which ſmil'd as I came forth, and ſpread
Fair beams about, has taken a deep melancholy,
That ſits more ominous in her face than night;
All darkneſs is leſs horrid than half light.
Never was ſuch a ſcene for death preſented,
And there's a ragged mountain peeping over
With many heads, ſeeming to crowd themſelves
Spectators of ſome Tragedy; but I'll
Prevent 'em all; though my obedience
Inſtructed me to wait here, it ſhall not
Be brib'd to draw my ſword againſt the Prince;
And in his honor I am ſafe, how e'r
This ſenſe of *Clara*'s loſs tranſport him, 'tis not
Within his nature to be impious.
And if I gain his friendſhip, I return
With triumph to my *Clara*.
Within——help, help.

Enter Prince Carlo's *Page.*

Pa. Oh help, *Don Manuel*, help for heavens ſake.
Ma. Celio the Princes page? where is the Prince?
Pa. Oh Sir, I fear he's ſlain.
Ma. By whom?

Pa. The Devill, or one not very much unlike him,
A More, that baſely ſet upon him, ſure
He has diſpatcht the Prince, he perſues me,
And if he have, Death ſhall be welcome to me,
For I am not fit to live, and loſe my Maſter.
He's here, and his ſword bloudy.

Enter Carlo *like a More.*

Ma. Villain! were all thy bloud rivers of balm,
Or ſuch a floud as would reſtore a life
To the departed World, it ſhould be all
A ſacrifice to *Carlo.* (*They fight.*)
Pa Hold, hold *Don Manuell.* (derer?
Ma. Canſt thou be mercifull to the Princes Mur-
Pa. Curſe on my Duty to obey ſo far.
My Lord, the Prince is ſlain, you are wounded too.
Ma. The Prince!
Car. Don Manuell, I forgive thee.
Ma. Pray Heaven this be a Dream; for if my hand
Have been ſo much a Traitour, it ſhall call
No other aid in your revenge: Are you
Prince *Carlo?*
Car. I was.
Ma. That voyce ſhall be my ſentence.
Car. Hold, I charge thee by thy honour, *Manuell.*
Ma. Why did you wear this black upon you Sir?
Or how could art of man contrive a Cloud
Which this Soul had no eyes to penetrate? (ingly,
Car. I knew thou wouldſt not fight againſt me know-
And if I fell, I meant it to ſecure
Thy act from puniſhment, when in this darkneſs
I took my leave o'th' World; onely that boy,
Whom I compel'd to feign me wounded, ſo
To make thee draw thy ſword; but with my bloud
I feel my ſpirits vaniſh, if I have
But breath enough, I ſend by thee a kiſs

To

To thy own *Clara* now.
Ma. Oh, help good boy!
For 'tis no time to curse thee now, my horse
Is not far off, this scarf may stay his bleeding
Untill we meet with better Surgerie.
Now Heaven reprieve my strength but to convey him
To some good place, and I resign my self
To all the justice you will call me to. *Exit.*

Enter King, Mendoza, Roderigo, Antonio, Pedro, Lord.

Ki. Y'are all but my tormentors; where's *Piracquo*?

Enter Piracquo.

Ro. His son is absent too.
Pir. Have comfort Sir.
An. Our neglect is lost in the Generall Cause,
What doe you think my Lord *Mendoza*? (fortable.
Men. This no news of the Prince is not so com-

Enter 1 *Lord.*

Ki. The news you bring?
Lo. Unless he had left the Kingdom--
Ki. Be dumb— and he had left the World
Your cares might have persued him; if he
Return not, you have murdred him.
Ro. My Stars are now
At work in Heaven, their influence is powerful,
I will adore the Sun if it dissolve not
This mist in which the Prince is lost; I am
Content thou be a Constellation *Carlo*,
In any Sphere but this.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to Piracquo.

Pir. To me? 'tis *Manuel's* character.
Lo. Unless we hear some good news of the Prince,

I fear we loſe the King too. (Page.

An. 'Tis ſtrange none ſhould attend him but his

Ro. I fear ſome plot is practis'd 'gainſt his life,
But dare not ſpeak.

2 *Lo.* That's it diſtracts the King,
Whoſe fears are helpt by a ſad dream he had
Laſt night.

Ro. My Lord *Piracquo*'s ſon is miſſing too.

Pi. Comfort your ſelf till my return,
I'll find 'em, or ne'r ſee your face agen.

Ki. Well ſaid *Piracquo*, all my prayers go with thee.

Me. Pedro. *Exit* Pir.

Pe. My Lord.

Me. I know not what to ſay, but ſtand
Before, they may not ſee me weep.

Pe. Sir, I muſt confeſs———

Me. Ha! Confeſs?

Pe. You are ſtill ſuſpicious, have a true heart,
And let your conſcience look leſs abroad Sir,
If he be dead, your trouble's over Sir;
We muſt all dye, Death has his ſeverall waies
And times to take us off, ſome expire humbly
I'th' Cradle, ſome diſmiſt upon a Scaffold——

Enter Iſabella, Maria, Clara.

Me. Come hither, doe not name a Scaffold, I
Was innocent thou knowſt, the plot was all
My Ladies, and not one ſurvives the Secret,
But we two.

Pe. Keep your own counſell Sir,
This Fatherly affection may doe harm,
He could not dye in better time.

Ki. Madam, can you,
Whoſe honour ſeems to ſuffer by this abſence,
Have ſo much charity to comfort me?

Iſa. He is not deſperate, while we have hope.

My

My Lord *Piracquo*'s ſon may wait upon him.

Enter Manuell.

An. Don Manuell.
Ki. Haſt brought news of my Son?
Ma. I can inform you a ſad ſtory Sir.
Iſa. Where is the Prince?
Ma. Not dead I hope.
Ki. Haſt thou a jealouſie will concern that fear?
My ſoul has been a Prophet: what misfortune?
Ma. If you have ſtrength to hear a truth
So ſad, he has been wounded. *Ex. Ladies.*
Ki. By what Traitour? look to the Princeſs.
Ma. I had not with ſuch boldneſs undertook
The Tragick Story, if I had not brought
The great Offender.
Ki. Oh, welcome *Manuell*——where's the Body?
Ma. Where it doth want no Surgery, but my Father
Is gone with all the wings his fear and duty
Can aid him with, at his return to acquaint you
With *Carlo*'s life, or death.
Ro. Would I were his Surgeon.
Ki. Thou haſt not nam'd the Villain yet, he may
Eſcape.
Ma. I have took order for his ſtay,
Untill your anger and the Laws conclude him.
Ki. Thou haſt done us ſervice.
Ma. And it will ſink by ſlow degrees into
Your faith, that he, who gave him all his wounds,
Was one that lov'd him faithfully.
An. Lov'd him?
Ma. Above his own life.
Ro. Torments oretake the Traitour.
Ma. 'Tis not well ſaid, with pardon of the King;
When I ſhall bring you to the weeping heart
Of this poor man, ſome may allow his penitence,

So

So great, it may invite a mercy to him;
Alaſs, he was betray'd to the black deed,
Both ſword and ſoul compell'd to't.

Ki. Here's a prodigie!

Ro. Are you acquainted with the guilty perſon,
That you dare thus extenuate his fact?

Ma. I am, and dare produce him——here he ſtands,
So far from wiſhes to out-live the Prince,
He begs to wait upon his Shade.

An. Does he not bleed?

Ki. Apprehend his perſon.

Ma. They are but churliſh drops,
And know not their own happineſs; this wound
Was made by *Carlo*, yet how ſlow it weeps
To anſwer his effuſion? could I reach
Their orifice, I'd kiſs the crimſon lips,
For his dear name that made 'em.

Men. Did he kill him?
Juſtice Sir, Juſtice! I beg for Juſtice
Upon this Murderer.

Be. Now it works.

Ki. You? by what nearer intereſt in *Carlo*
Should you imagine we are ſlow to puniſh him?
'Twas a black hour when *Carlo* ſaw thee firſt,
Rewarded now for all his love; to priſon with him,
And let him ſee no day. *Ex. guarded.*

Ma. I kiſs your Sentence.

An. This circumſtance is ſtrange, I am not ſatisfied.
Ex. Ant. *after* Manuell.

Enter Clara.

Ki. How is the Princeſs?

Cl. Sir ſhe is alive,
And would be glad to hear the Prince were ſo.

Ki. We cannot promiſe, *Clara*. *Roderigo*,
We ſhould be ſatisfied where his Body is,

For

for 'tis without a Soul, I fear, by this time.
Ro. I could inſtruct the Surgeon a way
To make that ſure. (derer. [*To* Clara.]
Me. And *Manuell* hath confeſs'd himſelf the Mur-
Pe. This change was unexpected.
Cla. Is he gone to Priſon then?
Me. Go home, by that time thou
Haſt wept out all thy tears, I'll come, and tell thee
A little ſad tale *Clara*, that ſhall make
An end, and we will break our hearts together.
Ki. Mendoza?
Me. Sir.
Ki. Why does thy grief appear
So rude to out-ſwell mine? he was my Son.
Me. My tears are anger Sir, as well as grief,
That he that did commit this Paricide,
Should be ſo impudent to ſay he lov'd him.
Ki. That amazes me.
Me. But Traitours have their Gloſs,
And dare expound their diſobedient acts,
A branch of their allegiance: precious juggling!
Treaſon would be too ugly to appear
With his own face, but Duty and Religion
Are hanſome viſors to abuſe weak ſight,
That cannot penetrate beyond the bark,
And falſe complexion of things; I hope
You wo'not think a ſingle death ſufficient,
If *Julio* dye.
Ki. Carlo thou meanſt——
Me. I, I, the Prince, I know not what I ſay Sir,
Things make me wild——
Pe. Take heed Sir what you ſay.

Enter Antonio, Roderigo *at one dore, and at the other dore* Piracquo, *and a Lord diſcourſing.*

Piracquo is return'd.

Pi. My ſon confeſs the deed, and ſent to Priſon? ſo.
Ki. Now Sir.
An. How is the Prince, my Lord?
Pi. This was an act of his laſt ſtrength, as when
A ſhort-liv'd Taper makes a blaze, it has
Direction to your Siſter Sir, and I
His laſt commands I fear--- [Pir. *gives* Ant. *a Letter.*
An. For the conveyance,
Truſt that to me---give this Sir to my Siſter. [*To his*
Ki. Then he is dead, *Piracquo*? (*Servant.*
Pi. Not yet Sir,
But he hath ſuch a wound will not allow
Him many minutes life, 'tis mortall Sir,
They ſay, and wo'not pain him paſt next dreſſing.
Ro. How things ſucceed to my Ambition---Sir---
Me. I care not for my head, now let him take it,
'Tis but for keeping counſell.
Ro. It is apparent this misfurtune grew
From both their loves to *Clara.*
Ki. Thy ſon, *Piracquo*, dyes.
Pi. Great Sir, hear me.
An. *Manuell* affirms he did not know the Prince
I'th' habit of a More, and that his Page
By the command of *Carlo* told him, that
His Maſter had been wounded by that More,
To engage their fight.
Pi. All this the Prince acknowledg'd.
Ro. Theſe are devices to paint *Manuel*'s Treaſon.
Pi. I ſooner dare believe one accent from
The Prince's breath, when his juſt ſoul was parting,
Than all your Commentaries; I am bold;
Nor can the Law, and all your anger weigh
So heavy as my curſe, upon his head
That durſt lift up a Sword to wound the Prince:
But let not paſſion take away your juſtice,
'Tis that I kneel for.

Ki.

Ki. Againſt whom *Piracquo*?
Pi. 'gainſt him that's guilty of the Prince's loſs,
You may incline to think poor *Manuell* innocent.
Ki. What riddle's this?
Ro. Has not your ſon, *Piracquo*,
Confeſs'd himſelf the Murderer?
An. *Manuel's* fortune
Diſtracts the old man.
Pi. Pardon my love of truth, I here accuſe
Mendoza, that hath ſlept ſo long in Treaſon.
Me. Ha—— *Pe----Pedro.*
Pi. If he deny, I ha' proof to make him bluſh,
And ſink him with diſhonour; *Pedro* can
Relate a Story will be worth your wonder.
Me. Nay then 'tis come about, I ſee,
I cannot Sir confeſs in better time.
Don Manuel has accus'd himſelf unjuſtly
For *Carlo*'s death, that Prince, if I may truſt
A Wife upon her death-bed ——

Enter Iſabella.

Ki. *Roderigo*——
Give us account from their examination,
And guide us in this Labyrinth. *Piracquo*
Return toth' Prince, what Death hath left of him
Command may be attended hither.
Iſa. Sir, if you pleaſe, I have a great deſire
To take a ſad leave of the Prince, and kiſs
His pale hand, ere his Body be embalm'd,
And ſear-cloths hide him from us.
Ki. It will but
Enlarge your grief.
An. I will attend my Siſter; my Lord *Piracquo*
You can beſt direct us. (*Exe.* Ant. Pir. Iſa.
Ro. Convey 'em with a ſtrong guard. [Men. *and* Ped.
(*under guard.*
Pe. What think you of an *Indian* voyage now Sir?

Ro.

Ro. My joyes are firm at root, *Don Manuel*,
Sir, is not guilty of the Prince's death,
Yet ſtain'd with blood to merit execution.
He that is ſlain did but uſurp your bleſſing,
And was by the art of Duke *Mendoza*'s Lady,
Then Governeſs to the Prince, after the loſs
Of *Carlo*, that was ſtoln away an infant,
Put in his place; the Court has been long coſen'd.
Ki. This ſtory will want faith.
Me. The circumſtance will make all clear.
Ki. Expound the riddle as we walk, there's no
Condition more expos'd to care than Princes.
Private men meet the force of common ſtings,
But none can feel the weight of Kings, but Kings.

Exeunt.

ACT. V.

Enter Mendoza, *and the Caſtellano.*

Me. A Very goodly pile; a hanſom priſon!
Ca. It has been grac'd with perſons of ſome (honor.
Me. They had but little grace, as well as I,
That came to be your Tenants for all that.
Signior, where is my quondam ſervant?
My fellow priſoner, *Pedro.*
Ca. He is ſinging, Sir.
Me. What?
Ca. Catches.
Me. He has a fine time on't.
He need not clear his throat for a confeſſion,
He has done that already, and I too;
That trouble's over; and yet call him hither;
But I'll not ſing. Poor *Julio*, thou art gone,

And

nd with thy eyes all my delights are clos'd,
y ſenſes vaniſh too apace--- I was
oo haſty when my Dutcheſs lay a dying
o viſit her ; had I but ſtayd one hour,
he had been ſpeechleſs, and I had been happy
Vithout the reach of this unlucky Secret.

Enter Caſtellano and Pedro.

Pe. Does the houſe fill, Sir? theſe are active times,
And if all men had their deſerts, the State
Muſt be at charge to build new tenements
For Traytors.
Ca. The times are buſie, Sir.
Pe. They are indeed,
Good for al ſquires of the delinquent body
And ſable Twig.
Ca. You are very pleaſant, Sir.
Pe. You would not ſmile, I think, ſo much, if Juſtice
Should take a toy and turn about, it is
Within the hand of fate to fetch a compaſs,
With your own rod, & whip, you know what follows.
Me. Is this a time and place convenient, *Pedro*,
To ſing your catches? *Ex. Caſt.*
Pe. Yes, and pleaſe your Grace.
And cauſe my ſongs are ſet for three parts, Sir,
If it will pleaſe your Grace to take the Tenor,
And get the Prince's Page, newly committed,
To ſing the Treble, for the Baſe, let me alone.
Me. You can ſing that part at firſt ſight.
Pe. I can reach double ef-fa-uth: Shall the boy come?
Me. Yes, yes, why ſhould I grieve?
Pe. Why now you are right;
Let men that have no hope to get their freedom
Be ſullen, whine like whelps, and break their ſleep,
We muſt be jolly, and drink ſack, and ſing.
Me. We? why we? is any thing in our condition

Can

Can promiſe hope to be enlarg'd before
The reſt? our ſtate, if you conſider, *Pedro*,
Exceeds, in being deſperate, other mens,
As we out-ſin them in the fact.
Pe. Why, there's your error, we are in for Treaſon, Sir,
That's to our comfort.
Me. Comfort? can there be
A greater charge?
Pe. Oh our diſcharge the nearer;
Poor thiugs, whoſe higheſt thoughts are pilfering,
Lye by't, and languiſh Seſſions after Seſſions,
Till they have worn away their clothes, and skins too,
And often are repriev'd, when he that's ſent
Hitherfor Treaſon, quickly comes to th'bar,
Pleads his not guilty, and is hang'd compendiouſly.
Me. Yet ſome, with reverence to your obſervations,
Are not diſpatcht.
Pe. Then, doubt their cauſes mainly;
Your Grace, I hope, ſhall not complain for want
Of timely execution; I am thinking
What Speech is beſt to pleaſe the people at it.
Me. I ſhall have cauſe to name your treachery.
Pe. Why ſo, there's more argument by that
To ſtuff out your confeſſion.
Me. Tell me, and tell me truly,
How long ſince you diſcover'd this Court Secret
To *Don Piracquo*?
Pe. I was tender hearted, Sir,
And knew that I had but a weak memory,
Therefore the firſt time that I ſaw his Lordſhip,
After he came from *Portugal*, I told him
The punctual ſtory, leſt I ſhould forget, Sir;
What ſhould a man diſſemble, & loſe time for?
I did it for your good.
Me. It does appear.
Pe. It was no fault of mine, you came no ſooner

To

To this preferment.
Me. It might have sav'd my *Julio*'s life indeed,
And then though I had dyed——
Pe. Yet you were against it still;
These jealousies and fears do seldom prosper;
I knew by instinct t'were better, but as it is
'Tis well, your death will be more pittied,
And remarkable.
Me. But what have you got by betraying me?
Pe. The credit to be hang'd for treason, as
I told your Grace, besides the benefit
Of being read in Chronicles with Lords,
And men of worship, I have prepar'd a business,
For the present, a provision, Sir,
Will serve any turn.
Me. What's that?
Pe. A ballad, Sir,
Before I dye, to let the people know
How I behav'd my self upon the scaffold;
With other passages, that will delight
The people, when I take my leave of the world,
Made to a Pavin tune,
Will you hear it?

Enter Castell. and Clara.

Me. Away you knave.
Cast. Sir, your Daughter.
Pe. She comes to condole.
I'll see you another time; your Graces servant. *Ex.*
Cl. Sir, I beseech you tell me, for I dare not
Believe the busie noise, they say you have
Confest strange things, and he that was receiv'd
These many years, Prince *Carlo*, and so lately
Slain, is my brother *Julio*.
Me Sad truth, *Clara*.
Cl. I have heard my Mother say, he dyed an infant.

Me. And I believ'd it too, but at her death
She told me another ſtory, *Clara*, that
Prince *Carlo* by ſome Pirats had been ſtoln
An infant from our Caſtle, on which loſs,
She ſent me word to Court, my ſon dyed ſuddenly;
At which the King fearing ſome danger might
Follow to the Prince her charge, commanded him
To court, inſtead of whom, ſhe ſent thy brother,
Who was believ'd the Kingdoms heir, untill
Pedro, who waited then neareſt thy Mother,
And knew the impoſture, brake his oath, and told
Piracquo all the Secret, by whoſe charge
My death and ſhame muſt make up the full Tragedy.
Cla. Manuel kill'd my brother then?
Me. He has don't;
And if thou haſt a Siſter's ſoul, thou muſt
Joyn with thy father, to pull curſes on him.
Cl. That wil not call poor *Julio* back again;
They ſay that Charity will open Heaven. (derer?
Me. Charity? will you not curſe your brother's mur-
Upon my bleſſing I command thee curſe him.
Cl. That would but wound us more, & not reach him;
Beſide, 'twere an intrenchment upon heaven,
So boldly to preſcribe our own revenge,
It were a ſin might draw another puniſhment,
Great as the loſs of you.
Me. You are a baggage;
But if thou haſt a thought to wiſh him live,
Here I diſclame thee; if thou wert a ſon,
I would pronounce thee baſtard, if thou didſt not
Kill himſelf thy ſelf, but as it is, I ſha'not
Be ſatisfied, ſince my own hands are bound,
If thou attempt not ſomething in his danger.
Cl. Good Sir, you ſpeak, as you were to expect
No killing ſentence from the offended Law.
Me. I'll ſtudy ſome revenge my ſelf. *Exit.*
Cl. He's

Cl. He's loſt;
And in this ſtorm like a diſtracted paſſenger,
Whoſe bark has ſtruck upon ſome ſand, I look
From the forſaken deck upon the ſeas,
I find my own deſpair, which every wave
Swels high, and bids me die for fear of drowning.

Enter Caſtellano.

May I not ſee *Don Manuel* your priſoner?
Ca. Yes Madam, if you expect untill
Princeſs *Maria*, who is come to viſit him---
Cl. My affairs concern 'em both,
Direct me with more haſt.
Ca. Then this way, Madam. *Exe.*

Enter Manuel *and* Maria,
(*a Taper on the Table.*)

Ma. Madam, I ow to your charity this light,
And yet this little Taper may be uſeleſs,
I fear the King will loſe part of his ſentence
When you go hence, for ſuch a full light waits
About you, when you take away your perſon,
It will be ſome day ſtill, as I foreſee
As you appear'd ſome dawning of the morning.
Ma. I would I could bring comfort to thee, *Manuel.*
Man. What comfort can you wiſh me?
Ma. Life and liberty;
With theſe my ſelf, if fate, and thy conſent
Were to allow the gift.
Man. It is not well,
Unleſs you doubted, Madam, my repentance,
To afflict me with theſe mockeries.
When will you rather perfect what your own
Revenge muſt prompt you to, my death for *Carlo*,
Your Princely Brother, Madam? I confeſs
This hand rob'd him of life.

Ma. Yet in my heart
I dare pronounce thy pardon, *Manuel.*
Man. It is not poſſible.

Enter Clara.

Is not that Clara?
That's come to take her leave, before I print
My everlaſting farewell on her lip?
Which I ſhall hardly find, if this rain laſt,
To drown theſe lovely meadows; thou ſhalt be
A Judge between the Princeſs and poor *Manuel*,
To enable thee for ſentence, take upon thee
Her perſon, *Clara*; Be the Princeſs, wo't?
And hear me plead againſt my ſelf and her,
Till ſhe repent her love, and leave me to
A quiet death. I know not how to think
(*Maria*) you can mean this love to me,
Or that your voice, when it does chime the ſweeteſt,
Is more than preface to my dirge; ſay that
You have a heart leſs penetrable than
The ſcale of Dragons, and as many ſtings
When they make war, and I'll give faith to you;
For ſuch an enemie as I, muſt not
Be look'd on, but with all your wrath upon me;
Me-thinks I hear your brother call you, Madam,
And hovering, as he ſcorn'd to touch the earth
Suſtains his Murderer, is pointing to
The wounds I made, whoſe fountains are ſtill weeping.
I feel a purple dew deſcend upon me,
And I am all a bloody rock allready;
Are not you ſtiff with wonder yet? if once
You had when I appear'd a man, fair thoughts
Of me; it is too much to love me now,
You muſt convert them into curſes, Madam,
And I will call it juſtice.
Cla. I came not

To hear this Comment on my brother's ſtory,
Whom you have kill'd.
Man. Obſerve her act your perſon,
And ſpeak now, as if the ſorrow were her own,
And ſhe had loſt a brother.
Cl. Indeed,
I have wept before, and came not now to learn
A grief for him that was ſo near my blood:
But I've conſider'd too, the ties of nature
Should have no force againſt the rules of Juſtice;
Allthough it be a ſorrow, to remember
He took his great misfortune from your ſword,
You did not murder him, nay you did not kill him,
You fought in his revenge, and while he came
Hid in the name and perſon of a Traytor,
It was your virtue made him bleed, and yet
He was my brother, Sir.
Man. Your brother? more,
He was your Prince too, Madam, think o'that,
The full blown expectation of the Kingdom,
One that redeem'd my life from baniſhment,
And yet I kill'd him, can you forgive me?
You cannot, muſt not, Madam.
Cla. Yes, and dare
Say, I ſtill love you.
Man. She will puniſh me,
For giving up my intereſt to *Carlo*,
If ſhe encourage thus *Maria*, Madam,
Do you conſider how few ſands are left
In my poor glaſs of time, I cannot promiſe
Three minutes here, Law and the Kings decree
Have turn'd two parts of me to duſt allready;
I feel the third unſettle, and make fit
To be diſſolv'd, but could fate give my life
The period to be wiſhed (remember whom
I ſpeak to *Clara*) and I need no more

Accuſe my ſelf, my heart was long ſince given
Away, and you as ſoon may reconcile
Time and Eternity to one growth, and age,
As hope my love and yours ſhould ever meet.
Cla. Then it is time to dye.
Man. Madam, ſhe faints,
Oh help, ſhe has forgot her part, this was
Not meant to *Clara.*
Mar. Madam, Madam.
Man. *Clara*, ſo, ſo, ſhe returns,
I ſhould have quickly followed elſe.
Mar. I ſee
Your loves are ſacred, and 'tis ſin to attempt
Your ſeparation; though I lov'd thee *Manuel*,
I can reſign to *Clara*, whom I hop'd
Her Brothers death might have provok'd to leave thee.
Man. Her Brothers? let me hear *Clara* ſpeak; her Bro-
Having ſo little time to ſtay with thee (thers death?
Alive, why didſt thou make ſuch haſt?
Cla. Did not
You Sir pronounce it was impoſſible
That our two loves ſhould meet?
Man. Thou didſt not
Repreſent *Clara* then, thou wert the Princeſs.
Cla. I know not, but your laſt profeſſion
That our two hearts ſhould never grow together,
Followed ſo cloſe my Brother's death, I thought
The meaning look'd on me.
Man. Thy Brothers death? (*Manuel*,
Mar. You have not ſlain the Prince my Brother,
But *Clara's*, this may yet appear a myſtery.
Cla. 'Tis too true.
Man. But ſtay; and can my *Clara* then forgive me?
No man deſpair to find Mercy in Heaven,
There is ſo great a Charity upon Earth.
But doe not leave me loſt i'th' wonder, Madam,

Although

Allthough it would be happineſs to know
The Prince not dead, I cannot hear without
A wound next his, that I ha' kil'd thy Brother;
It cannot be, allthough thou wouldſt forgive me,
I cannot be ſo miſerable.

Mar. How
Their Souls agree? 'twere tyranny to part 'em.
Clara, I envyed, now allow thy happineſs,
And will have no more thoughts upon your loves,
But what ſhall be employ'd in hearty wiſhes
That *Manuel* may live ſtill to reward it;
Thou haſt deſerv'd him better than I have
Antonio.

Cla. If my death may ſpeak
Addition to the love I owe thee; 'tis
In my reſolution, at that minute
Thy Soul takes leave, my own ſhall wait upon it,
And take a journey through the Clouds together:
Who knows but they may fill one Star? Farewell,
Till we begin that progreſs.

Man. Doe not make
Death horrid to me *Clara*, for to think,
When this unworthy Frame muſt fall to pieces,
Thy Soul, a fairer Tenant to this building,
Should wander in perſuit of mine——

Mar. No more;
Let me adviſe your griefs, I have tears for both,
Divide at diſtance, you may kiſs in heart. (part.

Man. With ſuch a groan ſouls from their bodie

{ *The Caſtellano lights away the Ladies,* }
{ *and* Manuell *retires to his Priſon.* }

Enter Roderigo and *Iſabella*.

Iſa. How, an Impoſtor! though the Peoples tongues,
That catch at every noiſe, and wave their duty,

As they are preſcrib'd by Faction, or lewd Pamphlets,
Doe talk this loud——

Rod. Upon my honour, Madam.

Iſa. I hope your Lordſhip has another knowledge,
And faith, than to diſgrace your bloud, the Prince--

Ro. I ſay he is no Prince, and we are ſorry
A Lady of your greatneſs ſhould i'th' height
Of ſuch a glorious expectation, loſe
What did invite your perſon hither.

Iſa. Ha!
Then I am loſt, that Letter has undone me,
Which full of love and ſatisfaction, made
Me haſty to deſtroy my ſelf.

Ro. 'Tis yet
Within your choice to loſe no honour, Madam,
And in my ſenſe of what you elſe might ſuffer,
I come to tender reparation,
Both to your love and greatneſs.

Iſa. 'Tis not poſſible.

Ro. If you can find within your heart a will
To entertain my love, I'm no Impoſtor,
The King will call me Brother, be kind Madam,
And what is paſt ſhall vaniſh like a dream.
Secure me with a ſmile.

Iſa. My Lord, I thank you;
But there will ſtill remain ſome characters
By which the world may gueſs at my ſad ſtory.

Ro. There cannot.

Iſa. Yes, I find ſome printed here,
For I did love the perſon, I confeſs,
Of him you call the Impoſtor: did he know
Himſelf a Counterfeit?

Ro. Let me be juſt,
And quit him from that Treaſon.

Iſa. That is ſomething
To plead his innocence to me; I dare not

Yet

Yet ask his name, when I remember what
My tongue consented to before the Priest
So late; yet 'twill be known; if he be not
The Prince we thought, tel me his other name;
Say, is he basely born?

Ro. He is the Duke
Mendoza's son.

Isa. That is a comfort yet,
And in the confidence of this truth, my Lord,
I am well again, I thank you.

Ro. If this please you,
Doe you remember Madam, he hath wounds
Fatall upon him, that allready may
Exclude him from the living?

Isa. 'Twould be impious,
While there is any life remaining Sir,
To make another promise; when you say
He's dead, I may with modest freedom hear
What you too early now prepare me for. *Exit* Isa.

Ro. You honour me enough.
I find her judgement
Allready meet what I propound, he cannot,
He sha'not live to cross me.

Enter Piracquo.

'Tis *Piracquo*,
He can assure me; you look sad my Lord,
As if with *Julio*'s giving up the ghost,
Your sons life now were forfeit.

Pir. 'Tis too true.

Ro. I'll follow, and acquaint her; yet 'tis safer
She take it from another.

Pir. All my hopes
Are in your Grace, the King is coming hither,
If you will bind an old mans prayers, and service,
Second my feeble breath, and mediate

His

His mercy to my boy, you may be ſatisfied
In conſcience, he had no thoughts to kill him;
The Prince's death will not engage you now
To be poor *Mannel*'s enemy; good my Lord,
Forgive what paſt in my raſh language.
Ro. Does not
Your Lordſhip call to mind there was a ſum
Of fifty thouſand Ducats?
Pi. They ſhall be ſent to your Grace's Secretary, nay
I'll make 'em fifty thouſand more, and think
It cheap to ſave his life, now you are mercifull---
Ro. The bargain would doe well, but you are co-
I will not take a Maravide, not I, zen'd,
If upon other honourable tearms
I may poſſeſs you favour, I ſhall meet
Your juſt commands; ha' you forgot my Lord?
Some men doe keep Records, but I am charitable,
And will not rack your patience——
Pi. Y'are gratious.
Ro. Ten millions of Ducats ſhall not ranſome
Your Darling from the Scaffold: you obſerve?
You know your ſelf, your fortune, and upon
What ſtrength you muſt depend, now I have ſaid---
Pi. Will your Grace hear?
My ſon ſhall live then, and not loſe one hair,
If you would pawn your ſoul to have it otherwiſe.
I have ſaid too.
Ro. So peremptory?
Pi. Your Grace muſt pardon me the truth, I have
A ſcurvy ſullen humour where I meet
A worſe, and cannot hold, though I ſhould hang for't,
And ſo God bu'y to your Grace, we are alone----
Ro. Be merry with your head on--time may come--
Pi. I would take boldneſs, once more, to intreat
That the young man may live till the next Spring,
And then your Grace may purge——

Ro.

Ro. So Sir,
I ſhall find waies to ſtay your vomiting---
The King.

Enter King and Lords.

1. *Lo.* Good Sir be comforted.
Ki. Good Sir give me reaſons ;
I had a ſon till now, yet long ſince loſt him.
Ro. Now you may take revenge.
Ki. T is well remembred.
Mendoza is the Traytor, he ſhall bleed
For *Carlo*'s loſs.
Ro. And he deſerves, that would
Have cozen'd the whole Kingdom.
Ki. Send for him ;
I'll ask him in what wilderneſs the boy
Has hid himſelf, command him hither preſently,
And if he give me not a ſatisfaction,
It will be juſtice then to ſend his ſoul
About the world, to find him out.
1. *Lo.* The Prince *Antonio*, Sir.

Enter Antonio *and* Maria.

An. If at a time, when ſorrow
Hath exerciſed his ſting, you can admit
To hear me happy in *Maria*'s love,
Let me begin to call you father, and
Till *Carlo* find your bleſſing, think you have
One to ſupply his duty.
Ki. It is ſome
Allay to *Carlo*'s loſs, *Maria* has
Not left her father.
Ma. I ſhall ever live
Within your precept to expreſs a daughter
As unto him a wife.
Ki. Both to my heart !

Sit down, where is your ſiſter *Iſabella*?

Ro. She not deſpairs
To be a Bride to one, that may repair
My Nephews loſs; and if ſhe ſmile on me,
It wil not draw I hope your frown upon it.

Enter Iſabella, Julio, Piracquo.

An. Is not that *Iſabella*?

Iſa. And this he,
Who, if you call me Siſter, muſt be worth
Your nobleſt Friendſhip, and embrace.

Ro. Alive?

Ju. Your pardon Sir, they knew me innocent,
Made me uſurp Prince *Carlo*'s name for *Julio*'s.

Ro. Confuſion!

Enter Manuel *and* Clara.

Pi. I appeal Sir to your juſtice, and have brought
My ſon, to hear your breath pronounce his pardon.

Ki. Thus all meet happineſs but I; receive
Him free *Piracquo*, onely I muſt mourn
The loſs of mine.

Enter Mendoza *and* Pedro.

Ju. I am no Prince, *Don Manuel*, my fate
Has been unriddled.

Cla. My Brother living? we are all ſafe.

Me. Ha! my *Julio*?

Ju. Your bleſſing now.

Me. Take it, and with it all my tears, I ſcorn
To ſhed one other drop, my joyes are mighty,
My heart is all one bonefire——

Ki. Plead no more,
Mendoza dies, the ſentence is irrevocable.

Pe. There is a cooler Sir after your bonefire.

Ju. Siſter, I'll kiſs theſe ſorrows off.

Cl. You cannot while my Father's doom'd to death.
Ro. Why does *Mendoza* live?
Pi. Becauſe he muſt not dye yet. *Pedro*-----
Pe. My Lord. [Pi. *and* Pe. *whiſper with the King.*
Men. I'll give thee *Clara* firſt, here take her *Manuel*,
I ſee ſhe loves thee, loſe no tears for me,
My Taper has burnt dim this many years.
Ki. Antonio! Maria! Iſabella!
Mendoza! witneſs all-----proceed *Piracquo*-----
Pi. I was that Pirat Sir, that ſtole your ſon,
And being deſperate meant by this ſurpriſe
To make my peace-----
Pe. I was in the Confederacy,
And muſt affirm this truth.
Pi. But juſt when I had fitted my deſign,
And did expect t'have brought *Don Carlo* home,
I heard he was at Court, no loſs deplor'd,
For by the Dutcheſs of *Mendoza*'s art
Julio ſupply'd the Princes name, and perſon.
Me. And ſent me word to Court my Son was dead? ha!
Pi. This made me think my Kinſman had deceiv'd me,
And then reſolv'd my ſtay in *Portugal*,
Where, as my own, I bred, and call'd him *Manuel*;
Till after many years your Grace redeem'd us,
And I at my return confirm'd i'th' ſtory
By *Pedro*, hitherto protracted time,
With hope to ſerve *Don Julio* for our freedome.
I have your pardon Sir for all.
Ki. Thou haſt.
Pe. I am included, truſt me with a Secret Sir
Another time, I knew 'twould come to this
At laſt, and with ſome juſtice did but puniſh
Your fears and jealouſies; is not this better
Than ſending me to the Wars, or ſhipping me
For t'other World before my time?
Me. Th'art my beſt Servant.

Pi. And my heir agen.

Car. Depose me from this glorious title, Sir,
Unless my *Clara* may divide the honor.

Ki. Providence meant her thine, both call me father.

Ro. There is no remedy, Nephew, welcom home,
And Neece, we shall be kindred now *Mendoza*,
Piraequo we are friends too, and I'll try,
How I can love you heartily.

Ki. I hear
The Altar call, make haste, the triumph will
Attend too long, the clouds are chac'd away,
Night ne'r was mother to so bright a day.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
